



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 39– Number 2

July/August 2021

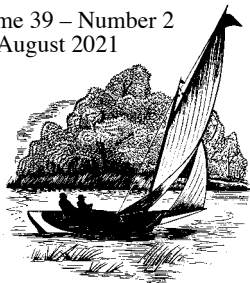


SEMPER  
PARATUS  
ALWAYS READY

# messing about in BOATS

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# Commentary



**BOB HICKS**

What's this, a new image of the Editor leading off this month? New now but only for this issue, it harks back to our first issue in May of 1983, picturing me emerging from below decks on a traditional wooden vessel at Mystic Seaport in the late '70s when I first became interested in traditional small craft and learned that the Seaport was the place to see some and learn more about them.

This came to mind as I included in this issue seven articles about activities at maritime museums which we hear about pretty regularly, directly or from readers who tell us what is going on at their favorite museums. That 1970s introductory visit led to my organizing a small craft group on my native Massachusetts North Shore, which led soon to launching this magazine in 1983. Maritime museums have continued to be part of our overview of messing about in boats ever since.

Over these intervening 38 years we have connected with a number of museums as *MAIB* continued to grow. While Mystic Seaport gave us the liftoff inspiration, nearby Salem's Peabody/Essex Museum provided a place where we could gather together local small boat enthusiasts and hold regular meetings (still meeting now at Maritime Gloucester as a TSCA Chapter). After we launched *MAIB* our range of maritime museum contacts grew for various reasons.

Currently we have been engrossed again in our local Essex Shipbuilding Museum ("Frame Up") with its focus on that town's 300-year history of shipbuilding for the Gloucester fishing fleet, but it's not the first time we connected with them. Back around 1998 we were there when the derelict 1920s schooner *Evelena M. Goulart* came home to become a centerpiece of their displays.

Over many years now, in addition to returning to Mystic for its Small Craft Workshops and the Peabody/Essex to greet the arrival of Salem's tall ship, *Friendship* at Salem's historic Derby Wharf, we have visited a number of others:

The Hull Lifesaving Museum in Hull, Massachusetts, for its annual Snow Row event every March.

The Herreshoff Marine Museum in Bristol, Rhode Island, from where came those fantastic America's Cup yachts of yesteryear.

The Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle, Washington, back when it was still Dick Wagner's dream for his floating boathouse.

The Custom House Marine Museum in Newburyport, Massachusetts, when they were sponsoring the Mighty Merrimac Rowing Races.

The Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake, New York, for their No Octane Regattas.

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland, for many of their wonderful Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festivals.

The Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York, for their Race Boat Regattas where I once declined to take a ride on one of the race boats at speed.

The Lake Champlain Maritime Museum in Charlotte, Vermont, when their scuba diving director and staff were investigating all the many historic sunken wrecks preserved in the cold clear waters.

The Maine Maritime Museum in Bath, Maine, for an auction of traditional small craft at which we offered a Charles River racing canoe we had acquired.

The Strawberry Banke Museum in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for the building and launching of the first of the gundalow replicas, the *Edward Adams*.

The Penobscot Maritime Museum in Searsport, Maine, to view their unique collection of small craft.

Maritime Gloucester in Gloucester, Massachusetts, where that port's tall ship, *Adventure* and others of its fleet of replica fishing schooners dock.

We no longer travel afar to places and events of interest, just too demanding on my remaining driving skills on those 80mph interstates to get there and too expensive for the overnight stays involved too far from home for day trips. This issue, however, reveals that we do hear from some museums more often and have contributors such as Greg Grundtisch with his western New York museum reports keeping us in touch with what they are doing.

My ongoing interest over now 40 or so years has been in those museums where boats were being built, restored or otherwise used to demonstrate their original purposes in the long history of small boats on our coastal and inland waters. I always felt a surge in enthusiasm from these visits to get back to whatever project I had underway or was considering undertaking. Turns out that the most enduring of these has been this magazine.

## On the Cover...

Big action scene this month, it's not surprising if you do not recognize what is happening. It's from this issue's USCG coverage on page 24, a major rescue attempt that didn't make it. Off the Louisiana coast the call for help came from a 129' commercial lift vessel which capsized. Despite USCG arrival in 30 minutes, 12 crew members went missing, five were rescued from the water. A sobering reminder of the risks that await us out there on the open ocean.



## You write to us about...

### Information of Interest...

#### Another Graveyard Pic

Here is another graveyard pic, an old shed at an abandoned homesite in the middle of a woods. How long will that boat and jetski be around after the wooden shed is long gone?

Spencer Rowe, Ocean City, MD



#### Buckrammer is for Sale

The article in the April issue, "The Family, Me and The Catboat, 25 Years Ago in MAIB," shows the catboat *Buckrammer* on her mooring. It reminded me of the two books John E. Conway had written some years ago about that famous catboat. The books, *Catboat Summers* and *Buckrammer's Tales*, were fun and interesting stories about the "adventures" he and his friends and family had on that historic 1908 Crosby catboat.

I know Mr Conway is restoring another historic catboat currently (been following his progress on these pages), but the reason for this note is to inform anyone that may have interest that *Buckrammer* is again for sale. It is in a side yard on jack stands near Wareham, Massachusetts. I found it posted on craigslist Cape Cod. The owner states he has reinforced the trunk, recaulked all seams and painted the hull. The outside looks very good. The inside is the real project and has yet to be started.

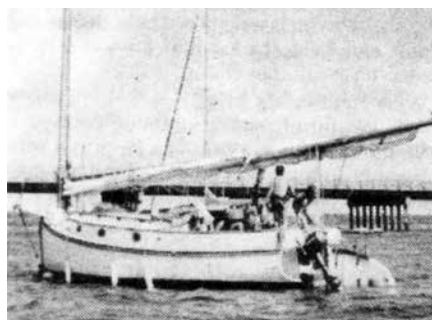
Not sure the reason for the sale but my guess is that it is a lot more time and work than the owner anticipated. I had given it some consideration for purchasing but I had promised Naomi that I would not take on any more boat "projects" until the house is in tiptop shape. And the asking price is more than our boating budget allows for. And we already have three catboats.

And the cost of a slip at marinas has risen higher in the past few years than we are willing to pay. Moorings are very limited here and there are no moorings available for a boat that size and weight. She is 24' and heavy.

But she's a very nice looking boat, even in her present state a real temptation, and I feel inspired to speed up my home repair efforts to get all in tiptop shape ASAP. But after restoring a Friendship sloop with similar needs 20 years ago, it may be time to give up on all extensive boat projects and concentrate on sailing.

Just a thought. I gotta go rig the new sink now. And she wants hot water, too! This indoor plumbing thing may spoil her. Happy sails!

Gregg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY



#### Never Been in the Water

In mid May I drove to New Hampshire and picked up the guideboat advertised in the May/June issue. The seller was very helpful, readying the trailer, hubs, tires and all of those important details. As every boat has a story or three attached to it, I will skip the

details right now but the boat is just shy of 20 years old and has never been in the water. So I will be required by nautical tradition to christen this boat before its first voyage.

MAIB does an excellent job helping those who love small boats to communicate with each other. This is the first time in my many decades on earth that I got to meet someone (who is not a blood relative) with my exact last name. I thought that was a sign from the spiritual world that this change of ownership was intended to be.

Kent Lacey, Captain Commanding steam launch *Golden Eagle*, Old Lyme, CT



#### Schooner on the Rocks

Following on all those photos of schooners being built at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in your "Frame Up" series, here is the schooner *Henry Tilton*, wrecked on Toddy Rocks off the shores of Hull, Massachusetts, during the Hurricane of 1898, also known as the Portland Gale, one of the great disasters in New England maritime history.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, Hull, MA



## Dreaming of the Sea

The ocean is filled  
with the salty tears  
of lost sailors' wives  
A sailor's dreams lie  
just beyond the horizon

Home from the ocean  
its motion still  
echoes in my ear  
So like a cat  
the sea only  
permits your presence

This mooring line  
one tenuous thread away  
from water's freedom

An old wooden yacht  
idles alone in a boatyard  
dreaming of the sea

## Of Loneliness

None is more handsome  
than a sailing captain  
white cap and beard  
staring toward the harbor  
hands upon the wheel  
with one salted foot  
in water atop the gunnel  
and yet none seems lonelier

No crew is more beautiful  
than the one he married  
waiting ashore near the dock  
hair blown by the same wind  
that brings him home  
but it is she who knows  
most well of loneliness  
though she will never tell him so

## Force Five

A full cool breeze  
paces down from the north  
crisping her sails  
and straining the sheets  
as they rein  
the mare of my small sloop

I feel it carve  
through the rising whitecaps  
that glitter our  
translucent track as we  
dip and rise  
in the foaming waves

Tacking away  
we taste the salted spray  
from the port and  
sense the distant scent  
of home yet again

## Waiting

The winter blows unbound  
up the channel to my window  
where I watch the streaks  
of water flecked with foam  
ride the wind as it races  
wave after unending wave  
ever rushing – never filling  
the harbor waiting here

I eye each wave rise and fall  
lined in formation with the last  
pacing on with the bitter wind  
that too never fills the space  
here where I watch and wait

## At Sea Threads, Yarns, Musings and Verse

By Randy Cadenhead



for the days to lengthen  
and for spring to return

## Mirage in Ice

Glassy sheets of ice edge the rocky shore  
harboring the chill of the season  
as I make my way with care  
down the frosted dock's planks  
to check the heat within  
the hull of a beloved ancient boat  
resting there with bare poles  
under sodden gray and lonely skies  
that dim the sight of her chilled presence  
both of us left to dream  
of once and future summer seasons  
reflected now in icy images  
grazed beneath my longing feet  
waiting again for the roll of the seas

## Frostbite Racing

He who goes to sea for pleasure  
would go to Hell for a pastime  
Samuel Johnson

Frostbite racing takes place deep  
into January's  
biting chill with ice sculptures forming  
along the shore from the water's windblown  
spray  
as gusts form its chill waves into frothing  
rollers

Clad deep in layers of fouling gear  
we huddle together in a shallow cockpit  
beating our way through the windward wash  
that ices our clouding breath

As we round the mark and set the spinnaker  
it lifts its veil of white for us to follow –  
our gossamer snowflake glistening  
in a rolling march atop a crystal sea

Numb to all but the will of the boat  
we run our way past the finishing mark  
rounding our path and turning toward home  
where new tales of the sea wait to be told

## Landlocked

This is one of those moments  
when I miss the salted scent  
of the winded water  
here as I am washed ashore  
in the gray of a winter's day  
deep in December's  
weary damp and chill  
with the sleeting snow  
silting hard against the  
two windward portals that  
have frosted from the hoar  
that holds me here

I sit high and not so dry  
grieving the loss of one season  
and wishing for the one to come  
housed here silent and almost alone  
but for the memories that reside  
within this the cabin of my lonely boat  
propped on the dry so near  
and ever so longingly far  
from some tomorrow's sail

## Impressions

The impatient sea pads its way  
in ever pawing ripples

A disdainful cat that knows  
my presence but sees me

as the toy I am in its  
domain of watery expanse

Its sandy tongue laps  
at the foot of my thirsty soul

begging me to taste  
its whispered salt

Calling me to play  
in footsteps awash with foam

that only distant sand remembers  
paths that only the sea recalls

## Surface Tension

Such a strange name for the  
way two fluids of one kind  
meet without mixing –  
white water roiling over blue

So oddly ironic like the names  
given to quarks by the  
twisted minds of physics  
strange up down sad and such

We watch these whirling  
white swells in the parted sea  
whipped from dark waters  
by this cruise ship of fools

So many alone together  
watching waves rejoin  
in the waning wake  
we leave behind

## The Misadventures of a DIY Boat Owner

"The sea finds out everything  
you did wrong."  
Francis Stokes

Whether from ignorance, stubbornness  
or poverty, any project on my Cape Dory  
inevitably begins with, "Heck (stronger  
words will follow), how hard can that be?"



or the more innocent, “It’s a boat, what could go wrong?” Such lines may seem naïve, even bordering on added, but after all, I’m a boat owner so you may say that question has long been answered.

My Cape Dory is of a fortunately good year that has proven to age well and still draw a wistful look or two when seen from a distance. Up close and in the eye of its owner, there is always work to do or some project to bring her into this century. Some are as simple as switching bulbs to LEDs, which involved no more than three obligatory trips to my friendly local marine store. Others are infinitely more complex and have prompted its patient employees, who have seen it all, to ask, “You want to do what?”

Some years ago, when such things were still relatively new, I decided my boat’s look deserved freshening so I bought an asymmetrical spinnaker. (Yes, you can find nice used ones online from owners who also thought this was a good idea.) After all, I had a spare halyard that had nothing better to do. Because I often sail solo, I invested in a top down self furler with all its cash register ringing bells and whistles. A few embarrassing wraps around the forestay and jibes that the bow pulpit seemed offended by sent me looking for one of those sporty bowsprits that all the fast boats have.

Sparing little expense, I found a carbon fiber setup that avoided having to drill holes in my deck, which I’ve learned from sad experience can lead to drips during rainy nights. What it did require was putting two holes in the bow to attach the bobstay (that classic looking bit of standing rigging below a bowsprit on old clipper ships). After hours of measuring to be sure the holes would be well above the waterline and a few mental calculations of how long it would take to get to the nearest haulout facility, I winced and drilled away. To my surprise it worked, I now have my own bowsprit and have even received a few compliments from passersby, though what they say once out of earshot I’d rather not know.

Flushed with victory, I decided I’d replace my old hand pumped head with a new low flow electric one that might entice my patient, but skeptical, wife to sail a bit more often. I had rebuilt the old pumping mechanism so often that I kept two spare repair kits on hand and had good reason to know that you call it a head because anyone who works on one needs his own examined.

My first task was to find not the most reliable and recommended model (trust me, skip the bidet), but one that would physically fit in the space opposite and no larger than my foul weather gear locker, along with the unit’s bewildering array of hoses in, around and out of its throne. After assuring this was the case, I realized that at some point I would have to disconnect the hose to the holding tank. The gentleman who operates my local pumpout station fortunately speaks little English so I was spared questioning over why I had him empty my tank three times with me hand pumping it full after the first and second. Being reasonably sure it was “clean” (the marina doesn’t allow use of chemicals in holding tanks) and more importantly empty, I donned rubber gloves and a mask and set to work.

I went through the obligatory three Hail Mary trips to my marine store but could not find sanitary quality hoses flexible enough to work around the tight space I had for them all, which was complicated by the fact

that newer toilets (or at least this one) have smaller hose connections than ones from a century ago. I turned to my old reliable hardware store handyman to find a solution. The terms “head” and “holding tank” stumped him but we found just what I needed.

Not to bore you with ugly details but the holding tank was dry and stuffing a rag into its inflow pipe minimized any unpleasantness. The new toilet fit and the halo of hoses around it is rather impressive, at least to me. Of course, then I had to wire power to the pump which required another trip to the marina store for a higher amp circuit breaker, which it turns out they still make for a boat as old as mine.

I was set to go, but my long suffering boat was not. My mostly reliable Yanmar diesel, which was oddly enough built before they invented oil filters, had grown reluctant to respond to the starter switch and, perhaps feeling neglected, it turned more balky than in the past. Anticipating this some time ago, I had a replacement starter on hand but was reluctant to tackle the job because electrical things involve words foreign to me and, as George Carlin astutely observed, “Electricity is just organized lightning.”

This problem, of course, occurred in the heat of summer but I was on a roll so I dove energetically into the engine “room.” Oddly enough the job was not that complicated, though it did require me to invest in an extensive and expensive set of socket wrenches that are rather impressive looking, even if they may never be used again.

Sadly, but not unexpectedly, my engine then would not start at all. It seemed that, having me in its clutches (sorry), it was not yet finished with me. I replaced the starter button and key mechanism (yes, you should do that first since they cost less than starters) but the engine didn’t even shrug in response.

Not knowing what to try next, I took to rewiring the entire boat with new cable in colors that corresponded to those wiring diagrams that always look so neat and almost sensible but have no relation to the way things fit into a boat. Some new wiring seemed to correspond to things working that sometimes had not, but not my Yanmar. I found it did spark to life, and I do mean spark, when I used a screwdriver (insulated!) to cross connect the starter to ground. I was stumped and had an otherwise perfectly good boat sitting idly in the marina on a perfectly good summer weekend.

Now completely at a loss, I rummaged around YouTube for lay Yanmar experts to little avail. Turning to cruising forums, I found an owner who also had experienced a finicky starter. His solution was to replace the one wire I had not yet replaced, from the starter to the switch, with one of a lower (which paradoxically means thicker) gauge wire. Presto! I had done it and lived to tell the story.

There are other misadventures I could relate, like the times I ventured into mast climbing, but you may be wondering what my wife thought of my newly installed head. “Isn’t that cute,” she said, “and it’s even clean, though you look a mess.”



## I’m Still Sanding

By Richard Honan

I’m still sanding (yeah, yeah, yeah)  
You know I’m still standing  
better than I ever did.  
Looking like a true survivor,  
feeling like a little kid.  
And I’m still sanding after all this time.



## My Most Efficient Sanders

As a boat builder I have access to multiple sanding machines, belt sanders, vibrating pad sanders, small triangular detail sanders and random orbital sanders, but the best and most efficient sanders are my two granddaughters, Emily and Anna.



The Sailor  
Frank Bullen  
*The Log of a Sea Waif* (1899)

**Command and Morale**

We had sailed from the Bay of Bengal and now were near the end of our passage, in the English Channel in a following gale.

"Captain Smith, though thoroughly at home on the Indian coasts, had a great dread of his own shores... He shortened sail, much to everyone's disgust. Ship after ship passed us and sped away homewards. Before we had sighted land or light it came down a thick fog... we hove to, keeping the foghorn going with its melancholy bray for six hours."

The anxiety was exceedingly great for at any moment we were liable to be run down by a ship whose commander was more venturesome than ours. Suddenly, out of the gloom, came a hoarse hail, "D'ye want a pilot, sir?..."

Without a moment's hesitation the old man replied, "Yes, where are you?" He had hardly spoken when the dim outlines of a lugger came into view close alongside...

"How much?" queried the captain.

"Five pounds sir!" came promptly back.

"All right, come aboard!" said the old man...

"Heave us a line, please, sir!" came up from the darkness where we could see the shadowy form of the big boat tossing and tumbling in the heavy sea. The main brace was flung out to her and, as she sheered in toward us, a black bundle seemed to hurl itself at us and in a few seconds stood erect and dripping on deck, a man swathed in oilskins 'til he looked like a mummy. Only pausing to dash the water out of his eyes, he shouted, "Square the mainyard!" and, walking aft to the helmsman, ordered him to "Keep her away."

A minute before all had been miserable in the extreme and the bitter gale roaring overhead seemed to be withering the life out of us. But what a change! The man seemed to have brought fine weather with him, the perfect confidence that everyone had in him dispelling every gloomy thought.



Stories  
From the Days of Sail

Submitted by Duncan Wright

High Land and Wind  
Coastal Hills

*The Times* (1878)

*HMS Eurydice*, a sail training frigate, had sailed from the West Indies. On March 24, 1878, she was a mile and a half off the southern coast of the Isle of Wight. The wind was light. A hiker in the hills, 500' above the sea, saw her below, a black hull under all plain sail, "bowling along" at 9 knots.

In mid afternoon a violent squall, "accompanied by a blinding fall of snow," swept across the island and struck the ship. She heeled suddenly, water rushed through the gun ports, which had been left open. The ship capsized and sank. Thirty minutes later the squall had passed. The sun came out brilliantly, the air turned icy cold.

The coal schooner *Emma*, four or five miles offshore, encountered the same squall and rescued the two survivors. At the Court Martial the schooner's captain, William Jenken, said he "noticed the storm brewing for about half an hour before it struck. It came on very suddenly. The cloud was very black and had every appearance of having wind out of it... They felt a puff of wind" and began to shorten sail. When the heavy part of the squall came on he had the remaining sails taken in, except the standing jib. He continued on his course. "He considered it a violent squall of wind, but he had experienced heavier ones..."

He was asked, "You stated that your ship was four or five miles from land. Do you think that a ship under the high land would have had the same opportunity that you had for observing the storm brewing? Captain Jenken replied, "It would not."

Cliffs and Williawaws  
Frank Bullen

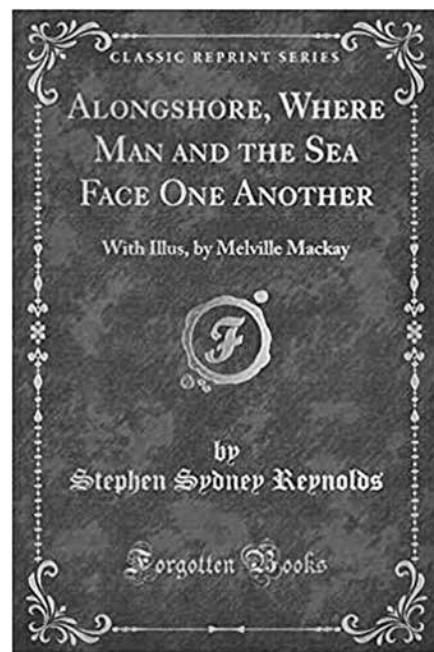
*Log of a Sea Waif* (1899)

The shadow of our ship on the cliffs was like an etching, an etching that moved, as we glided along the coast of Saint Helena. A light breeze was blowing off the land. "Suddenly down a gorge rushed a fierce blast" that made the canvas flap with a thunderous noise. We quickly set to getting sail off her, but the ship payed off smartly and "crack went the mizzen topmast before the sails came down." It was the only spar that we lost during the whole of the passage from India to London.

Stephen Reynolds  
*Alongshore* (1910)

When sailing near the high cliffs of the Devon coast, "If 'tis only cat's paws, you can often dodge 'em. But if the puff comes on black on the water, you look to your tiller and luff up, 'an you sees 'em coming green, jest you keep the sheet in your hand an' luff up and ease the sheet off too, 'an if they rushes on you all white and roaring, all of a boil and froth, then you let fly the sheet an reef down snugger, or haul down and take to your oars, an' get in out o' it as quick as you can. Don't you play wi they shiny harum scarum jokers. My senses! Don't you get caught by one o' they!"

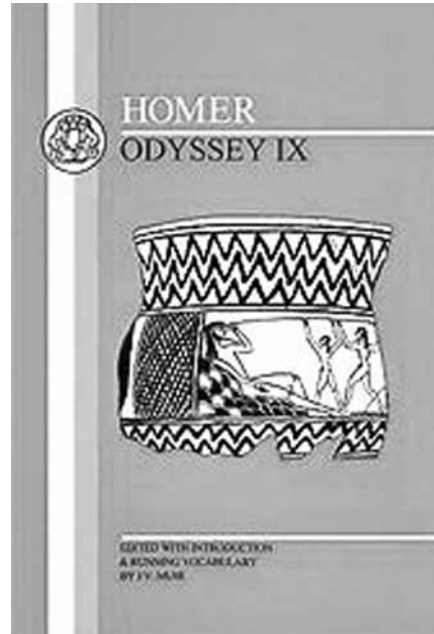
(Benji, a fisherman with 50 years' experience)



Capes  
Homer

*The Odyssey IX* (c 800 BCE)

On the dawn of the third day "we set up the masts and hoisted the white sails, and took our seats, and the wind and the helmsmen steered the ships. And now all unscathed should I have reached my native land, but the wave and the current and the North Wind beat me back as I was rounding Cape Malea, and drove me from my course past Cythera."



A Passage in a Freighter  
Synesius of Cyrene

*"Letter to His Brother"* (ca 404 CE)

To return to Cyrene I boarded a freighter in Alexandria. We departed on January 28, in the "early dawn..." In the afternoon, "a gale commenced to blow from the north, and the violent wind soon raised seas mountains high... as the hours passed the seas increased in volume... in the middle of the night" the captain said, "We are clearly in danger of death." On this the tumult sprang up afresh..."

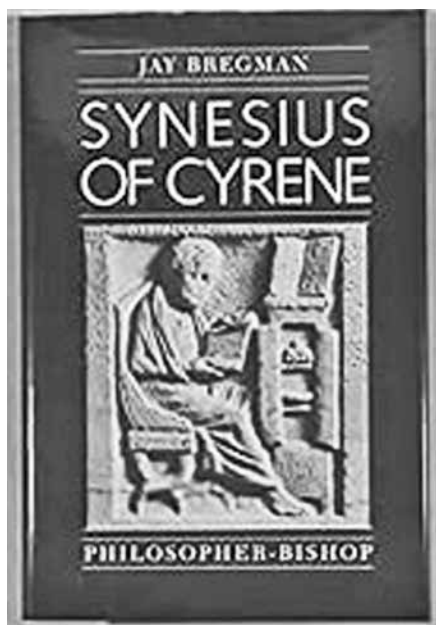
"All called upon the gods and cried aloud, all called to mind those they loved. Aramanthus alone was in good spirits, for he thought to himself that now at last he would foil his creditors..." I noticed that the Arab soldiers on board were standing with drawn swords. "On inquiring the reason for this, I learned from them that they regarded it as more honorable to belch out their souls to the winds while still on the deck than to gape them out to the waves. These men are by nature true descendants of Homer, thought I, and I entirely approved of their view of the matter.

Then some loudly proclaimed that everyone possessing gold should suspend it about the neck, and those who possessed it did so, as well those who had anything of the value of gold. The women themselves put on their jewelry, and distributed cords to those who needed them, such is the time honored custom. Now this is the reason for it. It is a matter of necessity that the corpse from a shipwreck should carry with it the fee for its burial, inasmuch as whoever comes across the dead body and profits by it... will scarcely grudge a little sand on the one who has given him so much more in value..."

"Now what made death gape at our feet was the fact that the ship was running with all sails spread, and there was no means of taking them in, for as often as we attempted this we were thwarted by the ropes, which stuck in the pulleys, and again we had a secret fear lest in the nighttime, even if we lived out the sea, we should approach land in this sorry plight."

"But day broke before all this had time to occur, and never, I know, did we behold the sun with more joy. The wind grew more moderate as the temperature became milder, and thus as moisture evaporated, we were able to work the rigging and handle the sails... We took in the sail "like the swelling folds of a garment, and lo, in four hours' time we, who had imagined ourselves already in the jaws of death, were disembarking in a remote desert place..." and "embraced the earth as a real living mother. We sent up hymns of gratitude to Providence..."

"Farewell, give my kindest messages to your son Disoscuros and his mother and grandmother" ... Salute for me Hypatia, that most holy and revered philosopher..."



## Tacking

### Tacking a Schooner Rigged Launch U.S. Naval Academy

#### Seamanship Department Notes (1918) Manual of Seamanship (1908) Command Duties

a) Ready About! Given as a warning for the crew to prepare for the evolution. The coxswain gives the boat a good full, waits for a smooth time, then eases down the tiller. At the same time, the man tending the mainsheet slowly hauls the main boom amidships.

b) Ease Off The Jib-Sheet! Given when the jib begins to shiver.

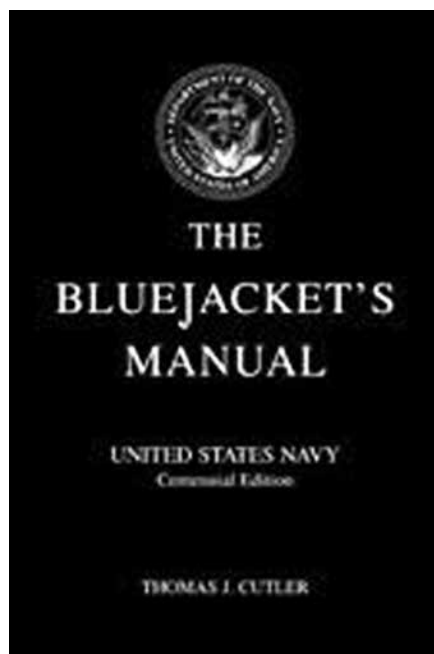
c) Let Go Fore Sheet! Given when the foresail ceases to draw.

d) Shift Over Main Sheet! Given when the wind is ahead.

e) Haul Aft Fore And Jib Sheets! Given as soon as the bow has passed the wind, leaving the main sheet slack until the boat is well around, then trim by the wind.

#### Note on Tacking

The helm should be eased down gently and the boat sailed through the wind onto the other tack. In a light breeze the boat may stop head to wind. If this occurs, haul aft the new weather jib sheet. This will be taken aback and will pay her head around. If the boat gathers stern board, shift the tiller the other way and move the men to the old weather quarter to lighten the bow, the boat will pay off on the new tack. If, after having gotten around, the boat falls off too far from the wind, haul aft the mainsheet, ease the fore sheet and flow the jib sheet (as if on a reach). When nearly high enough, haul aft the jib-sheet and trim her by the wind.



### Tacking a Square-rigger Walter Mitchell "Tacking Ship Offshore" Poems (1860)

"The weather leech of the topsail shivers,  
The bowlines strain, and the lee  
shrouds slacken;  
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,  
And the waves of the coming  
squall blacken.  
Open one point on the weather bow  
Is the light-house tall on Fire Island head;

There's a shade of doubt on the  
captain's brow,  
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.  
I stand at the wheel and with eager eye  
To sea and sky and to shore I gaze  
Til the muttered order of "FULL AND BY!"  
Is suddenly changed to "FULL  
FOR STAYS!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze  
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;  
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,  
As the pilot calls, "STAND BY  
FOR STAYS!"

It is silence all, as each in his place  
With the gathered coils in his  
harden'd hands,  
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,  
Waiting the watchword, impatient stands.  
And the light on Fire Island head  
draws near,

As trumpet-wing'd, the pilot's shout  
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,  
With the welcome call of  
"READY!" ABOUT!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go.  
And the captain growls, "DOWN HELM!  
HARD DOWN!"

As my weight on the whirling spokes  
I throw,  
While heaven grows black with the storm  
cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,  
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea:  
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,  
As I answer "AYE AYE SIR!  
H-A-R-D-A-LEE!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed  
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,  
The dangerous shoals of the lee recede  
And the headland white we have  
left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,  
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats,  
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps,  
And thunders the order "TACKS  
AND SHEETS!"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of  
the crew,  
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall;  
The sails are aback from clew to clew,  
And now is the moment for  
"MAINSAIL HAUL!"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,  
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung;  
She holds her way, and I look with joy  
For the first white spray o'er the  
bulwarks flung.

"LET GO AND HAUL!" 'Tis the  
last command,  
And the head-sails fill to the blast  
once more:

Astern and to leeward lies the land,  
With its breakers white on the  
shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain or  
the squall,

I steady the helm for the open sea;  
The first mate clamors "BELAY  
THERE, ALL!"

And the captain's breath once more  
comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;  
Little care I how the gusts may blow,  
In my fo'castle bunk in a jacket dry,  
Eight bells have struck, and my watch  
is below."

As an owner of an 80-year-old wooden skipjack built in 1904, I was obliged to seek funding from any source available. The *Mary W. Somers* was registered with the National Trust of Historic Places by its previous owner, Thom Rowe. It was the only skipjack registered with the Trust. In my search I discovered that the Maryland Trust for Historic Preservation was making available grants up to \$10,000 to organizations that qualified under their standards.

With the information tied to the National Trust registration, an application was filed with the Maryland organization. Over the course of six months a close relationship was formed between our organizations to such an extent that we found we were in line for the \$10,000 grant with the award to become available after the next funding cycle date.

Coincidentally the National Trust arranged to have their annual meeting in Baltimore Harbor. The Maryland Trust, now being proud of their discovered skipjack, extended an invitation for the *Somers* to be on display at the National meeting in Baltimore Harbor. Maryland made the skipjack its state boat in 1985.

From the point of view of the not for profit organization this was a grand extension of our effort to campaign the boat throughout the Chesapeake as we had recently responded to two other state celebrations of classic wooden vessels. The difference this time amounted to an additional 90 miles. Our greatest run up until now was 60 miles but the trip to Baltimore amounted to a 300 mile round trip, at least a three day trip each way. As it turned out the amount of time away from Goose Bay, our home harbor, amounted to a total of four months, returning with our push boat on December 31, 1985.

Arrangements had to be made to borrow my friend's waterski boat as we could not attempt to make the trip to Baltimore Harbor without a guaranteed auxiliary power. We would have it for the Harbor trip and then on to the skipjack races the following weekend.

My favorite crew member, Orville, was eager to get underway. We planned to leave with the thought of taking three days with stops at Solomons Island, Annapolis and finally Baltimore Harbor. September weather is pretty dependable on the Chesapeake but the day we were leaving Goose Bay we faced dense fog. In spite of this we got underway early on as we were well aware of the head-ings as we moved onto the Potomac River.

Two hours later the fog gave way to enable us to view the shore. I was below deck when Orville called out, "Oh my God" and we both heard what sounded like a car horn. We looked up to see racing down the river a 60' Naval vessel on step traveling at about 45 knots. It was one of three such vessels built by Grumman. I was shocked as it appeared to fly out of the fog.



## Mary W. Somers

### Phase IV The Last Hurrah

By Ray Hartjen

That constituted the total excitement for the day. We had a long way to go, around Point Lookout and up the western shore 70 miles before dropping anchor in Solomons Harbor well after sunset.

We had a leisurely start the next day as we only had to travel 40 miles to Annapolis. As the day went on I took a nap leaving Orville at the wheel with a compass heading generally north. It seemed later than it should when we arrived in Annapolis. As we approached the State dock there was no coasting in as one would expect. Instead we stopped dead when power was reduced on the ski boat. Looking aft we had a caught line attached to a crab pot we had snagged. Much to Orville's delight it contained over two dozen crabs. I was staying the night while Orville was picked up by his wife and reported the next day on the fine feast they had on the crabs.

I later learned the other reason it took us so long to get to Annapolis was that Orville had reversed course for at least half an hour on the trip north. He had misread the compass, an error he later corrected while I napped after midday lunch. This was the second time he reversed course. The first occurred while moving a boat east on a stormy Long Island Sound afternoon.

Late that evening, while I was resting in the cabin, I had two visitors, an Annapolis cadet and his date. He evidently came with some skipjack experience which he related in detail to his companion.

Day three had us facing north under the double span of the Bay Bridge on into Baltimore Harbor. For the first time on this trip we had a good breeze. The ski boat motor remained silent. On a broad reach we sailed all the way into the harbor beyond the do not pass point which kept pleasure boats out. It presented a grand photo opportunity. Our majestic skipjack, the *Mary W. Somers* with a background of the city skyscrapers. A moment of great joy. We had arrived for display at a National Convention of Historic Places. A most rewarding moment.



There was a second reward for making this trip to the upper reaches of Chesapeake Bay. The annual skipjack races were scheduled the weekend after the National Register event. This was an easy jaunt to Sandy Point State Park. Mezick Pond was the gathering site for the multitude of skipjacks that were to participate in the races that September. We entered through the narrow channel to witness literally a forest of masts. Hardly a space was left for us to find dockage. Luckily we were able to slip between a floating dock and the shore. We found ourselves adjacent to the skipjack that was planned to be the focus of the pre race celebration.

We stole the limelight from the designated skipjack as the keynote speaker chose to make his presentation from the deck of the *Somers*. Added to that, Tom Wisner, along with his Chesapeake Bay Balladeers, serenaded the spectators also from the *Somers'* deck.



The next morning we joined the skipjacks as they threaded their way through the narrow channel en route to the starting line. We had not been registered as a participant in the skipjack races. Instead, it was our intent to follow along as a spectator boat. On board were a group of our supporters out for a day's sail.

Toward the end of the day we had to head south to Fishing Creek just south of Annapolis where we had access to a mooring for the next month. It was there we had parked the trailer for the return of the ski boat to our friends in Goose Bay. This was mid September. It would not be until Veterans Day, November 11, when we departed for Solomons Island.

The Sunday before we planned to depart I was scheduled to make a presentation to an organization I attended every month called Singles on Sailboats, a group of ardent sailors who tripped together on summer weekends. The subject of my talk was "The Log of the Chesapeake Bay Skipjack *Mary W. Somers*, September 1982 to September 1987," the very content of my four part story in *MAIB*. My audience was 150 strong who followed my story for an hour and a half. They were enthusiastic listeners. At the end of the presentation I invited anyone who wished to join me on my trip south the following day. I had three volunteers.

That Veteran's Day found us waking up to a typical mid fall day on the Chesapeake with a strong weather front and NW winds gusting to 40 knots. Once on board it was obvious that we had to tie in four reefs before we sailed off to the bay.



Needless to say our level of excitement was high since we were sailing an 81-year-old tired wooden vessel. I had not taken the precaution of reviewing the chart and in my haste to start our run south I bounced the boat over an extended east west shoal just outside the harbor. At the moment it only brought a comment from my volunteer crew. Our run down the bay on a broad reach saw us traveling down a following sea. This went well for some time with the volunteers manning the helm. But there came a time when the bowsprit plowed its way into the next wave. At that point I was asked to take the helm as the crew were becoming uncomfortable with their steering skills.



Shortly we rounded Cove Point with a course change to 240° and later to 270°. The wind subsided some as we came onto a beam reach. With an easy rudder, a volunteer again took to sailing the boat. I moved forward with the intent of raising the jib as it would be needed as we entered the Patuxent River. Much to my dismay, having tied in a reef point, the jib tore a large hole so that it could not be put to use. In order to enter Solomons Harbor we attempted to sail close hauled but not enough to reach the entrance. After several attempts we anchored on a shoal only a few hundred feet away.



Here was when one loses out when taking on board unknown crew as volunteers. A husband and wife team volunteered to use the inflatable to go to the harbor and seek assistance. Hours went by and they never returned. We had no way of communicating our plight. Before long a waterman piloted his boat along a channel near shore. I brought out a handheld flare in the hopes of bringing him alongside but he never veered in our direction. On his return I lit another flare but with no result. Each time I heaved the flare skyward.

After dark a rescue boat with flashing lights came out of the harbor to us at anchor. They had seen the flares and launched their boat with the intent of providing assistance. Their tow to a dock within the harbor saved the day for us. There we found the delinquent crew having coffee aboard a nearby boat.

So ended our Veterans' Day sail from Fishing Creek to Solomons Island, Maryland. Our final return to Goose Bay came on the last day of the year with the help once again of my friend's waterski boat. On New Years Day, January 1986, Orville and I stripped

the sails from the mast and bow stay while stripped to the waist as it reached 60° that day. Eight days later, after a severe cold spell I was able to walk clearly around the boat on solid ice.

## The Last Gasp

It was the beginning of the end of my stewardship of the skipjack *Mary W. Somers*. It occurred the day after that Veterans' Day when we sailed her down the western shore of Chesapeake Bay. The directors of the Maryland Historical Trust had a meeting with the State Treasurer when he was preparing to sign their grant checks from the latest group of grantees. When he got to the \$10,000 check for our grant he paused and made the following comment, "The state does not make grants to a floating object," and proceeded to tear it up. The granting agents were shocked, as was I when the message was received.

In the long run this was a blessing in disguise as it shook me loose from attempting to bring the *Somers* back to reasonable condition. The reality was that the boat was experiencing rot in many of her major structural elements. But the reality also was I was still faced with keeping her afloat. For example, one day when I was taking a group sailing on

a friend's boat, I stopped by in the morning to check out the *Somers* at her dock and found she had filled with water and was resting on the bottom. I could not get out of my commitment. At the end of the day I returned to check on the *Somers* and found her floating at her waterline. Individuals in adjacent boats had laid in pumps and brought her up. And so it went for a year when the director of the maritime museum at Havre de Grace offered to take her on as their flagship.

The last I saw the *Somers* she was mounted on a large boat hauling rig stern first toward the cab with 15' of the bow hanging out beyond the end of the trailer and the bowsprit beyond that. Her 15' beam exceeded the trailer. My heart was heavy as he pulled away from the boatyard. The driver later reported that he bypassed a state inspection station and proceeded up I95 to the museum site in northern end of Chesapeake Bay. He reported that state police who passed by the rig signaled a thumbs up to their effort.

And so ended my five years as skipper of a Chesapeake Bay skipjack.





## Meandering the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

### Fox with Junk 25mph

I thought I would be staying with this for a while. Alas, it wasn't meant to be. *Red Top* will be relaunched in the next couple of days. No, I dropped a panel, reefed it and continued sailing. The junk is very easy to reef, very easy.

This morning I switched back to standing lug, reasoning it's far less set up time and take down. Lots of lines on a junk rig. Too much for me trailer sailing. If I kept a boat in the water, I think the junk would be a go.

Twice as I was coming into the dock/ramp, I first dropped all the sail into the lazy jacks, then needed a bit more to reach the dock. I raised the sail partially, getting a lift, then dropped it back into the lazy jacks. I'm not so good at sailing it though. I've much to learn.



### Quite Cool on the Water Today

The wind NE 9 to 13, the weatherman said. Cloudy and trying to rain, spitting a few drops here and there. The bay just choppy enough to require foul weather gear. The chop throwing water now and then. I left C Harbor and sailed toward Rockport proper, got about halfway before deciding to turn around and go back in.

The mind changed again and the decision to go through First House Cut (my name). I'd put my foulies on while still within the ICW. Pleased with my rare display of wisdom I changed course again, going through the backwaters edging Este's Flat. The wind direction was being helpful, giving a boost. Squinting out into the Flats and tried a blind ally and had to backtrack some.

My direction now led to joining the ICW in front of Palm Harbor. That idea was nixed when realizing the wind direction might have had me short tacking back to Cove. Not liking that, I tacked and went back across the Flats and jumped back in the ICW after the dogleg in the channel which would have caused the short tacking.

As it was, derrick construction with their tugs and barges were all gone giving me enough room to squeeze by their water-front with the only tack being the one taking me into Cove Harbor. Approaching the dock with the northeast wind now at my back pushing us along nicely. Having the dock lines now ready, pulling the main sheet in to avoid hitting the piles on the opposite dock with the boom, it's a little tight. Tiller hard over to starboard the opposite dock is gotten and stepped onto having both bow and stern lines in hand.

The fishing guide Jay was still there, his clients gone. Robert, the Vietnamese bait

stand owner, starts kidding me about using my boat. Jay starts up with the difference between a Hobie Cat and my ride. Friendly bantering back and forth as I'm peeling off my foulies. A good day on the water.

### Last Week I Went Sailing

Which brought to mind another sail I had done a few years back in my 14' Paradox. That Paradox sail began at the office, the office being where the old boys gather for early morning coffee. At the time, and still, I'm the only sailor among the group of fishermen.

I was told a front was coming in later that morning, a norther was on its way. I excused myself and went and got ready to meet the norther. It was later winter or early spring, however the case may have been. Stormy and rain off in the distance and though I did not get as far out into the bay as I had hoped, I did get what I was looking for. The wind came. It blew that day.

The wind came the other day as well. This time was a bit different, I was in *Red Top*, my highly modified Lehman 12' sailing dinghy. The fog was still somewhat thick as I prepped *Red Top* in the parking lot. The wind light as well, so light I had to "motor" sail to get out of the harbour, that meant using the paddle. A tug with a two barge push was blocking the channel somewhat as I was leaving. The wind breathless at times.

With the wind scheduled to clock around from SE to E to NE to NNE when the norther was to arrive. The east wind gave me the lift I desired putting me about where I had wanted to be. It was pleasant sailing, the porpoise were out and about, I ate my lunch and I saw the front coming.

Putting the first reef in, a lug sail given me by a friend in Oklahoma City, then on

went my foulies, it was time to ride the ride. I set off on a port reach, seeing how well *Red Top* would do.

As the wind increased I tacked around putting myself on a starboard reach. I dropped the sail, putting in the second reef. Now the problem appeared. My running rigging was not correct, causing the boom to sag way to much. Luffing the sail and grabbing the main halyard thinking to increase tensions and raise the foot of the boom, all I accomplished was pulling myself off the seat and forward under the cuddy.

With the rising wind and building seas, off the port came a tug pushing two barges, it may have been the one I met early on, when I got back in he was gone. With a bit of a problem now with the tug and barges, I surely didn't want to cross paths with limited options. I dropped sail again in an effort to get that boom higher, to no avail.

After the tug passed I found I could gain a bit using the sail I did have raised, and keeping the wind abeam limited a gybe, I was taking at time some water over the rail. As I got closer to Rockport proper the fetch decreased, meaning less of the rougher seas to be generated and it also gave me a clearer shot of not missing the channel back into Cove Harbour. Earlier with the Paradox I did miss the channel.

It was a good sail. Next time I hope to have the sail set better. Until then, *Red Top* is parked next to the house. The Javelin has become my current date. An O'Day Javelin, designed by Uffa Fox. Put a new sail on the girl, left her jib bagged, I was interested just what she'd do in the promised wind. Ended up very well, some of the gusts I found were touching 28mph. The stuff *Red Top* felt touched 32mph. Getting close to his limit.

All in all a good day on the water. Also with the Fox, coming into the channel, ICW, leading to Cove Harbour, the porpoise were giving me a treat, all around, below, off the bow, it was pure delight, grinning and laughing just enjoying myself. Surfing a few waves as well. Nice, very nice, thank you Lord!

## Sailing the Fox

Kinda reminds me of a Walt Disney series, maybe in the mid '60s, the program was called "The Swamp Fox." Some may remember the show, I don't remember much about it at all. It was, as mentioned, produced mid '60s, guessing there.

My Fox was made about the same time. My Fox though still gives lasting memories. The sailboat is an older O'Day Javelin, just under 14' in length. Its designer, Uffa Fox, the Englishman, the very accomplished Englishman, didn't stop nor start with just one successful design. Several were accredited to his name.

My Fox is sporting a new sail, Hong Kong made. She flies. I've been sailing her lately hoping to do the upcoming Texas 200 with her. She don't look so good but she rides nice. Coming in today from Aransas Bay two porpoise gave escort for a few yards. I was also able to ride several of the wind waves being kicked up with the east wind. One wave in particular had me letting out hoops and hollering. Thank you, Jesus.

Yeah, it was nice. Foul weather gear on, tethered to the boat, it was a bit wet and cool. Trying to eat my lunch and keeping the spray off the sandwich, a hand on the tiller, mainsheet and eyes on the road keeps a guy busy.

Did I say it was nice?

4/18/21

Sunday, *Red Top*, full sail for a while, then a crazy time putting in the first reef. Hal- yard jammed, main sheet fouled around rudder. Rain pants fell down around my knees, nor'wester hat fell covering my eyes, boom jams against cabin side, dragging in the water, a real fun 15 or 20 minutes. Lee shore far enough away for a bit of comfort.

On the way out on port tack, *Red Top* flew. 14mph N wind, gusts to 18. Back in, going past 'Marker 12' the new bar 'n grill at house of boats, two guys, one taking my picture, or should say a video.

## Lies

Lies I tell myself. Oh I'm just going to glass and epoxy a small strip, there's no need to change clothes for something so minor. That one even got my wife chuckling.

Visiting a plumber friend, I ask about his multi colored shorts he's wearing, multi colored on the front mostly with some smears along the sides. "Oh, just a bit of glue here and there," he says. Then adds, "My wife finally got used to it."

Another friend, a sign painter for the movie industry, his artwork covered not only his pants but his long sleeve shirt as well. I don't think he had any paint free clothes.

Shoes are another thing that should be left at the door. A few drips can be gotten away with but the wet fiberglass cut and flung aside are soon found on the bottom of the soles, hopefully dry before walking in the front door.

Another lie I tell myself has to do with more of the epoxy and fiberglass. Having

prepped the small sailboat from the bow aft to the mast step, figuring to start at the bow, working my way aft under the foredeck, everything going smoothly until, thinking to be done, I noticed a spot I'd missed.

Well, I tell myself, I can get back in there real careful like, move slow and sure. I did, or I thought I did. When I get home about an hour later the wife asks, "What's that all over the back of your head? Looks like epoxy and some sawdust! What have you been doing?"

"Telling lies to myself, I guess."

## The Picnic Table

Linda has been changing things around in the backyard some. Not too awful much, but still, some. The sitting area she'd set up for her mother and herself to view the chickens and sit under the beach umbrellas out of the sun finding its way through the trees, all this, three chairs a small end table, to be moved because of a smaller coop the mother-in-law had bought for five new chicks, make that four, her dog likes chickens as well.

Bear with me now, this is kinda the long way round. Linda put the smaller coop together on the opposite side of the existing coop. Less trees on that side so the need for both the umbrellas as well. The second umbrella was to go through the top of the picnic table, that's where my part came in. A hole needed for the umbrella post. Two days running I'd forgotten to bring home the hole saw.

On the third morning Linda is up early and suggested breakfast at a favorite taco stand, the lunch truck on wheels which hasn't moved in ten years, even been added onto. Finishing up our breakfast burritos parked in the dirt parking lot sitting in the truck, Linda says let's swing by the shop and get the hole saws. Off we went (I think she planned it).

The shop is over in back of the old house our son and his wife now live in. Normally when Linda visits them or there is a dinner to attend, the out back shop is never visited. So in getting not just the hole saws, but the drill motor as well, and finding the chuck key took too long, outside I find Linda had gotten out of the truck and is counting boats.

"You've got ten sailboats out here!" she exclaimed.

I tell her, "I'm not bringing you here anymore! Besides, two are canoes, that one is only here for repairs, that small one was given me by the fellow needing repairs and the 20-footer on the end was also a free arrival, besides the rest are small!"

"So eight!" She says. Then adds, "*Red Top!* Nine!"

"I'm really not bringing you here anymore!"

## Facing the Wrong Wall

He is sleeping with his face towards the wrong wall. A line stolen from J. de H, written about life at sea, put to paper about '51 or '52. This line taken from the section on Maiden Voyages.

Even sailing dinghies for coastal explorations have their Maiden Voyages. Those tiny dinghies some of us use, smaller than the ship's life boats, frailer for sure. Yet still able to enjoy and share the excitement of a Maiden Voyage.

Doesn't have to be a new build, just new to us. Sleeping aboard will find us facing our own new walls. Our own when realizing the too far spaced hooks holding the tent's edge, letting in wind, spray and perhaps rain, with us facing the wrong wall, as it were.

Shakedown, even those shakedowns in the back yard or in front of the garage in the driveway or maybe the first night on the water spent tied to the launch ramp dock or just close by, enabling a quick retreat at 0130 with a note pad full of fixes and improvements.

The Captain mentioned above, sleeping, facing the wrong wall and the dinghy sailor are both Captains, though hardly looked upon the same by most, but a smartly sailed dinghy will garner the spoken compliments from the bridge of passing tugs and what-nots, even if all that can be heard is the raised thumbs, words not heard for the wind and sea and motors, but spoken just the same, evidenced by the raising of a singular thumb.

There is a common sharing of the sea, by those on oceangoing ships and pocket cruisers, tugs pushing and guiding those same ships to their berth, or a tug Cap'n pushing three or more barges. A common sharing of the sea and mutual respect given and shared, shared even by those sleeping with their faces towards the wrong wall.

## The Pier End

(Fiction)

The pier end stood further into the bay than the others. Yet I thought I could beat it with more than enough clearance. Telling myself the port tack I was on should give me the room required. A far off tug and a sport fisher in a hurry would soon be sending their wakes to me unasked for. The rigging caught first, then the sail, catching the rod holder mounted on the corner of the hand rail.

The sail ripped the rod holder off as well as itself, all the drive needed pushing the boat was instantly gone. Next the combined wakes had me at eye level with the deck of the pier. Knowing what was next I went over backwards off the port side with the main sheet still in hand. It was a small T-head built private pier, regardless it started chewing my boat apart a piece at a time. The water but 4' deep, harness still attached, I was being pulled right along and into the piles of the pier.

Fumbling a moment to unhook the harness, now under the pier myself, watching my dinghy destroyed, its gear being spewed about. Having discarded the harness line and letting loose the mainsheet, doing my best staying clear of the encrusted piles wasn't good enough. I knew I'd been cut.

Getting free from under the pier, finding the sandy bottom with my feet gave relief, seeing the sailing dinghy completely destroyed, I didn't notice the tossed life ring, the third toss, landed directly in front of me.

The small crowd gathered on the pier end had seen the unfolding with unbelieving eyes. They helped me to the swim ladder. Looking ashore I see flashing lights and from the direction of the harbour comes a fast boat with more lights, blue lights, red lights, red trucks, all flashing, sirens. The crowd is now getting a bit thick at the foot of the pier.

The medics are hurrying to where I stand. The sailing dinghy has disappeared, some bits and pieces are found floating about still, some washed ashore, collected and returned.

I decline the offered ride to the hospital. Another offers a ride home, I accept.

I slipped my board quietly into the water and loaded it with my small pack containing food, water, extra clothes and at least a few of the ten essentials. I grabbed my paddle, stepped aboard in my wetsuit bootie clad feet and paddled off into the misty morning. Michael, my friend and owner of the marina, wished me a cheery bon voyage. He'd like to be going with me.



It was 10am, much later than my typical dawn starts, but I wanted to give the morning a chance to warm up a bit from the previous night's low of 33°. Luckily the weather forecast is for high temps in the 60s and calm to light winds out of the east. Perfect.

It's the first day of spring and a good day to be on Claytor Lake in the Blue Ridge Mountains of my native Virginia. To celebrate the vernal equinox my plan is to traverse by paddleboard the section of lake from Rock House Marina to Claytor Lake State Park and back. It's about 16 miles total. My longest paddleboard outing yet.

The surface of the water is glassy smooth as I paddle out Peak Creek to the main part of the lake. I settle into paddling rhythm and briefly contemplate the four phases of the stroke, the catch, the power phase or drive, the release and the recovery. My V3x paddle-

## First Day of Spring Paddle

By John W. Robinson

board, made by the builder 404, is 14' long with a beam of 25". It glides nicely.

I find the motion and mechanics of the stroke involved in propelling a paddleboard very aesthetic and satisfying. I'm maintaining a 4mph pace, switching sides every eight to ten strokes.

It's very quiet. A few mallard pairs scuttle before me as I go, some geese regally part the water's smooth veneer. The vacation homes that I pass still seem to be in winter mode, except for a few which are being rattled by their owners, energetic old guys wielding rakes, paintbrushes or other implements associated with opening up for spring.

There's the expected mixture of homes on this part of the lake. There's everything from 40-year-old rustic cabins resplendent in fishing poles and siding weathered free of paint to righteous edifices of recent construction, complete with finely manicured lawns. I'm enjoying soaking up the variety as I paddle smoothly by.

Entering the main channel of the lake, the one originally coursed by the New River, things open up markedly. My route demands that I cross over an expansive section of lake a mile across, but the calm conditions persist and there's hardly any boat traffic. I dig in, still feeling strong, and man, I'm happy just to be out here. I contemplate the fact that I was deep into a six month regimen of chemotherapy last summer and fall. Again, the fact that it's grand to be out here paddling on a gorgeous day is a vast understatement.

I travel beneath soaring limestone cliffs composed of distinctive layers of hard rock transformed from mucky sediment settled onto the floor of an ancient sea. The face of the escarpment is pocked with small caves, indentations no doubt housing springtime nest builders. Turkey vultures, *Cathartes aura septentrionalis*, wing above the rock faces, held aloft by the thermals forming and rising off the sun drenched rock.

Auxiliary station. It's deserted, no activity save for the rustling flag. I move on by, ready for food and water and pee and rest but set on reaching the turnaround point first.

Still moving steadily along, I'm enjoying the warmth of the noonday sun. Soon, above the trees in the distance I see the tips of the sailboat masts at the state park marina. Ahhh, that's my destination, my turn around point. I circle the tiny driftwood fringed island near the boat ramp and head back the way I came. I had scoped out a perfect rest stop at a quiet public pier just a short distance back. It's reeling me in now.

Lying on my back, luxuriating on the dock, eyes shut. The sun is warm, a light breeze stirring. Lunch is cheese and crackers, Clif bars, an orange, cookies. A meal fit for a king, I reckon. Underway again, I'm impressed by the sky overhead. I'm calling it "spring blue." Gulls and vultures punctuate it and the line of the familiar cliffs ahead edge the sky's dome.

Feeling a little fatigued by this point, my paddling cadence and power have declined a bit. But I'm still having fun and on top of that a miracle has occurred. The light breeze which has sprung up is going my way! That's right, it's an east wind and it's pushing me ever so gently back to my starting point. While outbound it was calm and now on the return. Like I said, it's a miracle.

I've returned to Peak Creek, I'm on the homestretch. I stop to explore an attractive sandbar and have another bite to eat and a slug of water. I'm amazed at the achingly lovely afternoon. I shake out my arms which are also a little achingly, stretch and rebound the 404. Fifteen miles down, one to go.



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The character of the lakeshore has changed. I've left the homes behind, now cruising along forested mountainside devoid of human habitation. I'm mesmerized, enjoying the clarity of the water close to shore which allows me to see the bottom scroll by underneath.

What is that lone building up ahead? Another half hour of dedicated paddle strokes takes me to it, a cinder block Coast Guard

Later I'm back home showered, fed and looking forward to collapsing in my soft bed. I'm happy as can be over my adventure and what strikes me as a first day of spring that I'm lucky to have spent particularly well.

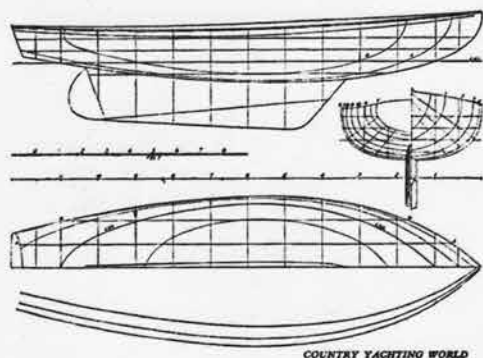
# The Smith Brothers,

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the  
Dinghy Cruising Association UK

## Nova Espero

### and the Solent Waters

by Robin Some



COUNTRY YACHTING WORLD

Lines and Sail Plan of NOVA ESPERO, one of the smallest boats to cross the Atlantic — twice. For later voyages it sprouted a mizzen and a proper cabin with a coachroof, not an upturned dinghy lashed in place. (See page 69 )

LOA 20ft LWL 16ft Beam 6ft 3 ins Draught 2ft 10 ins

SOME MEMBERS MAY WELL RECALL the story of the Smith brothers, Stan and Colin, and their crossing of the Atlantic in the 20-foot *Nova Espero* in 1949. 71 years on, their journey, and the light-hearted book Stan later wrote about it, *Smiths at Sea*, still hold a fascination for many, as one of the classic small craft voyages. There is even an 11.2% ABV ale brewed in the USA called *Nova Espero*, made by Great Barn Brewery of New Hope, Pennsylvania, named in honour of the Smiths' boat and her journeys.

Many members will also be familiar with the Solent waters, and the quiet, muddy little Ashlett Creek, at the southern end of Southampton Water, by the village of Fawley. However, not so many will know the history of the Smith family, or realise the connection between the Smith brothers and Ashlett Creek. To explore that, we first need to look much further back. Stan and Colin's grandfather (my great-grandfather) was Theo Osborn Smith; boatbuilder, designer and inventor. Born in Oxford, Theo and his brother Harry worked for over 15 years on the Thames at Port Meadow, building super-fast racing yawls for the well-heeled young men of Oxford University Sailing Club. Serious innovators, one of their most important developments was the planing hull — a full 30 years before Uffa Fox's 'invention' of it. Their yawls were so fast they soon achieved notoriety, and were banned from racing in a number of competitions around the country, as they were considered to hold an unfair advantage.

Towards the end of the 19th century, Theo and Harry's business partnership dissolved, and Harry moved to Burnham-on-Crouch in Essex, where he took over the Burnham Yacht Building Company, and forged a highly successful business as a designer and naval architect. Burnham was, and still is, as much a focus for yachting as Oxford and the Solent had been, so his skills were greatly valued. One of his great designs was the 22-foot Royal Corinthian One Design; of the 17 originally built, 16 are still in existence today, 10 in racing condition.

*Nova Espero* at sea, with upturned tender as a coachroof





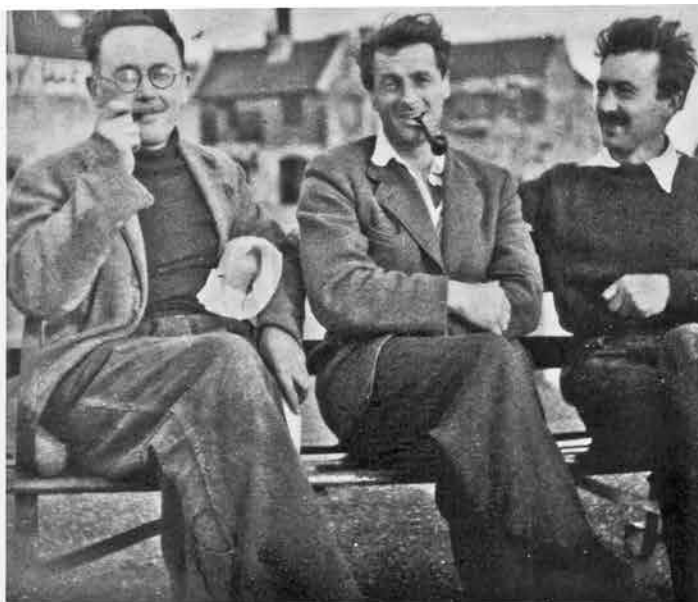
While Harry was a confident and accomplished businessman, Theo was not. Brilliantly talented, as much an engineer as a designer and builder, he was without doubt happiest when building and inventing, and rather resented what he saw as the unreasonable demands of his clients. Remaining in Oxford, he marketed his invention of a folding boat, to be used as a lifeboat, in collaboration with the well-established firm of Salter Brothers. After that arrangement ended, Theo and his family (he was by then married, with 5 children) left Oxford around 1901. He initially took over as manager of Hythe shipyard, then in late 1903, he and the family moved into the Mill House at Ashlett Creek, which stood on what is now the car park at Ashlett Mill, and rented the mill building to use as his workshop.

There, he quietly built up his rather idiosyncratic business as a boatbuilder and inventor, and introduced his two sons, Stanley and Erle, to the trade. One lasting reminder of Theo's time in the Mill was a large bricked-up hole in the end wall; on completing a commissioned boat in the building, they discovered it was too large to be shifted out through the doorway, so permission had to be sought from Mr Drummond, the owner, to knock a large enough hole in the wall to get the boat out. As well as boats, he also ran a cycle manufacturing and repair business, and even helped Edwin Rowland Moon to construct and test his prototype aeroplanes, *Moonbeam I* and *II*, in 1909.



Colourised image of Ashlett Mill and the Mill House, in the early 20th century; image thought to be by Edward Mudge. Photograph courtesy of Jennifer Nicholls.

Eventually, the family left Ashlett in 1911, and moved to Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, where Theo carried on his business for the remaining years of his life. Returning to his designing and building roots, he was responsible for building 11 of the 13 Yarmouth One Design boats, and designing the West Wight Scow. He died in May 1924.

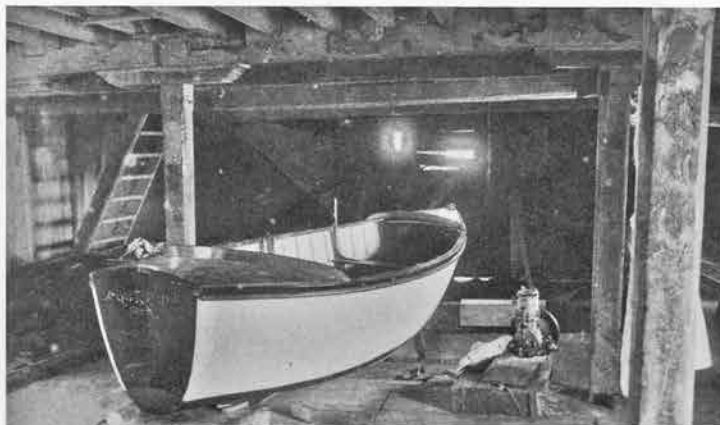


Theo Somes (Stan Smith's cousin), Stan and Charles Violet; Yarmouth, IoW, early 1950s. Photographer unknown

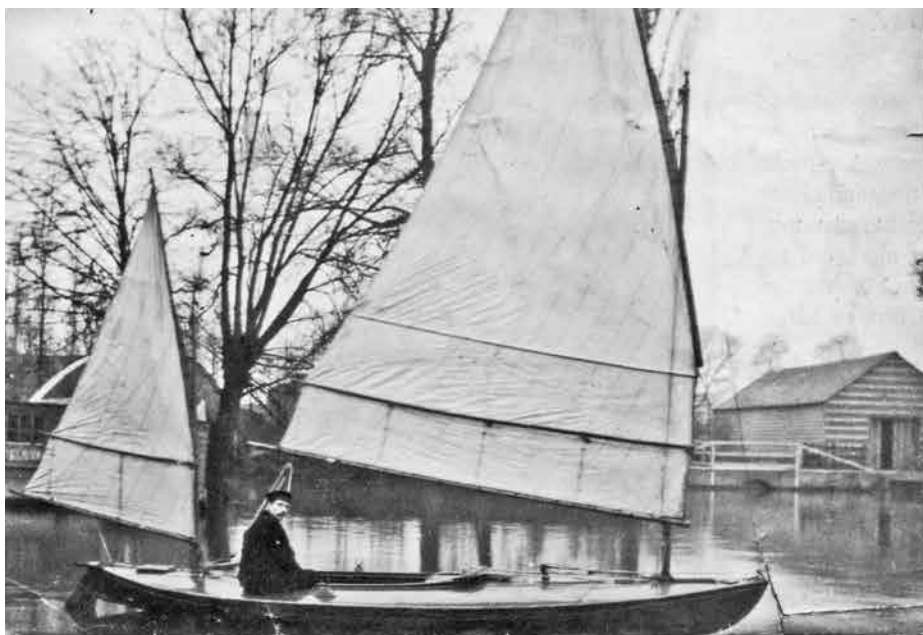
Theo's eldest son, Stanley, worked as a shipwright in the Royal Navy shipyard at Invergordon during the Great War, marrying a local woman, Jean Ross, in 1917. Their eldest son, Stanley Theo Smith, was born in Invergordon in October 1918. After the family's return to the Isle of Wight at the end of the war, two further children were born, Jeanette in 1919, and Colin in 1921. Stanley Smith senior took over his father's boatbuilding business, Theo Smith & Son, after his death, and continued it until his retirement. He was also a well-known member of the RNLI, and coxswain of Yarmouth lifeboat from 1944 until 1952.

Both Stanley junior and Colin joined their father's business, until interrupted by the outbreak of war in 1939. They then joined the RAF, and were stationed in India and Burma as pilots. At the end of the war, both brothers remained in India for a while, their original plan being to renovate a leaky dhow and sail it home to England. That plan, and probably the dhow too, foundered, and so they found themselves returning by more conventional means, to a weary, ruined and austere homeland.

A motor launch under construction by Theo Smith, inside Ashlett Mill, around 1909. Photograph courtesy of Jennifer Nicholls.







Theo Osborn Smith in *Shangani*, Oxford Canoe Yawl, c.1894

Motivated by the desire to improve their lot, in 1947 they had the idea of starting a peace colony, and decided that Canada would be the best venue. Their first attempt involved a 15-ton, 45-ft gaff cutter, *Cerise*, which they had bought with their demob payments. *Cerise* proved so unseaworthy that they got no further than Plymouth, so they put her up for sale, and set about planning the venture better, drawing up a manifesto, and seeking financial backing and other willing participants. The official language of the colony would be Esperanto. They would strive for peace, religious, racial and sexual equality, and everyone would work together for the common good. Their manifesto drew heavily on Thomas Paine's 'Rights of Man', and their nationwide advertisements called for people willing to join them in their venture.

Their own role in the colony was to be boatbuilders, and they reasoned that the best way to convince others of their competence might be to build a small boat and sail it across the Atlantic. To that end, in 1949 they set off on board the *Aquitania* for Halifax, Nova Scotia, near which they planned to found the colony. Their budget for the entire escapade, including accommodation, food, tools, materials for building the boat and fitting her out, and supplies for the journey, was £500. Their workshop for

the three to four months it took them to build her was a damp cellar, with no windows or installed lighting, under a disused chapel. Thus, *Nova Espero* (Esperanto for 'New Hope'), was born, and their journey from Dartmouth, Nova Scotia to Dartmouth, Devon, is told in the much-loved *Smiths at Sea*.

As Stan's introduction to the book puts it:

'To a sane man the North Atlantic does not seem to be a place for small boats. However, it calls, and some of us wake up somewhere in the middle. This is a story of what can happen. I include the pictures to prove it.'

The *Nova Espero* is 16 feet waterline length; she is 20 feet over all, 6 feet 3 inches beam, and draws 2 feet 10 inches. She is a gunter-lug rigged sloop, has an ordinary open cockpit, but, in order to make her seaworthy, we built a 7-foot pram dinghy and lashed it upside down over this with inch and a half manila rope to form a cabin. When all the stores, water and equipment were aboard, we had a space 6 feet long by 4 feet wide in which to live; our headroom was about 3 feet 6 inches.

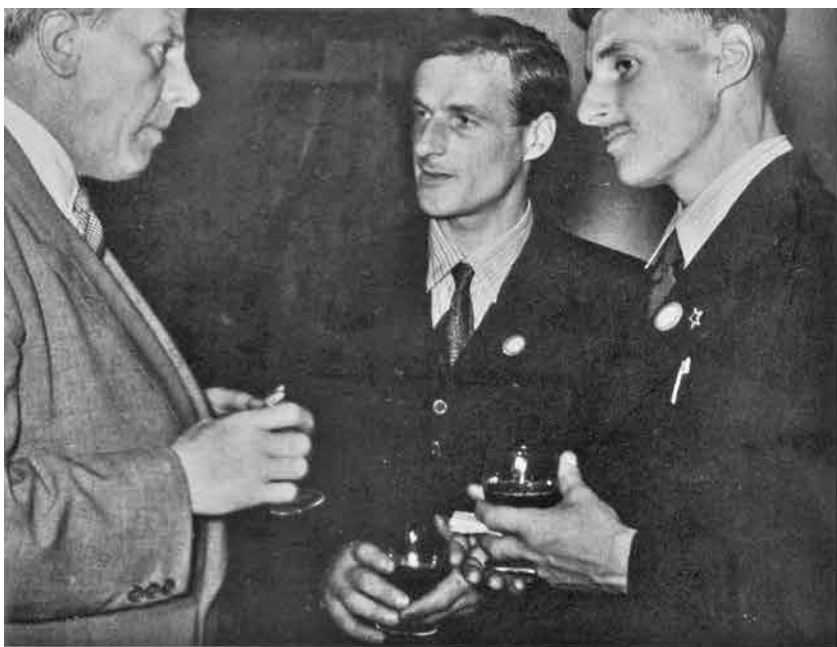
She was designed by my brother and me on board the *Aquitania* as we sailed out to Canada in February, 1949, was built by us in Halifax, and, as soon as she was completed, we sailed from Dartmouth, Canada, to Dartmouth, England, without trials, owing to lack of capital. Also, through the same lack, we sailed without a proper sea-anchor, without a chronometer, without a log, without oil-bags, without oilskins; but not without hope!

Their crossing took 42 days, and was not without incident. They had expected their arrival in England to be a low-key event, attended at best by a few relatives and friends. Instead they arrived to find themselves national heroes, and the repercussions of that frenzied welcome home interrupted their joint plans.

Colin Smith married in 1950, and chose a more settled existence, working as a yacht designer, draughtsman, tutor and lecturer. He lived for many years in Ashlett Road in Fawley, and was one of the founder members of Ashlett Sailing Club, along with John and Pam Smedley, Bill Burchett and others. Later, he moved back to the Isle of Wight, where he lived a long and productive retirement, as a prolific artist and keen sailor. He also frequently gave lectures on the *Nova Espero* voyage. In the 2010s



(Left) Crowds gathered in Yarmouth for the return of the Smith brothers after their Atlantic crossing, August 1949. Photograph courtesy of Jennifer Nicholls.



Stan and Colin Smith (right) at a London reception in their honour, 1949, with Viscount Hall, First Lord of the Admiralty. Photograph courtesy of Jennifer Nicholls.

he collaborated with the renowned naval architect and designer Colin Mudie, sailing author and local landowner Malwin Drummond, and others on the incredibly ambitious UK Flagship project, to build a 650-foot sail training ship, as a floating university and a testbed for new, green technologies. Colin continued sailing his beloved *Kittiwake*, which he had designed and built himself, into his 90s. He passed away early in 2018, aged 96.

Stan's friend Charles Violet (c.1913–2007), a schoolteacher from Worcester, attempted a single-handed Atlantic crossing with *Nova Espero* in 1950, again from Nova Scotia. This almost ended tragically, when he was badly burned in an accident refuelling his paraffin cooking stove, 500 miles out. He managed to return to port, from where he and the *Nova Espero* were shipped

back to Liverpool. He and Stan then completed an east-west Atlantic crossing in *Nova Espero* in 1951, going via the Azores, across to Nova Scotia, then on to New York. This journey is recounted in *The Wind Calls The Tune* (1952). One purpose of the voyage, which started at the site of the Festival of Britain, was to take samples of the best of British innovation to exhibit in the USA.

Violet then carried out his own trip in *Nova Espero*, single-handed, through the rivers and canals of France, around the Mediterranean, and back to the UK. This story is told in Violet's book *Solitary Journey*, published in 1954.

In 1955, Stan too married and began family life, though hardly less adventurous and inventive, on the Isle of Wight, again as a boat designer and builder, concentrating on the classic West Wight Potter, a 14-foot trailer-sailer. The Potter is still in production today, under licence in the USA, in 15-foot and 19-foot versions. There are (according to Wikipedia), over 2,600 in existence, and they have a cult following and a reputation as an extremely versatile and robust small craft.

After the end of his marriage in 1965, Stan made a perilous solo journey across the North Sea and Kattegat to Sweden in a West Wight Potter, to deliver it to a customer. Overtaken by a terrible storm, he was shipwrecked at Hvide Sande on the coast of Denmark, and almost perished. After his recovery in hospital, he found the Potter was largely undamaged. Once patched up, he was able to continue his journey to deliver the boat to Sweden. The story of this journey was told by Stan in a small booklet called *October Potter*, published in 1967.

Shortly afterwards, he moved to Denmark, married again (to the nurse who had treated him in hospital), and worked in the boatyard in Hvide Sande. One of the projects he was working on up until his death was a concrete-hulled boat, in which he



(Left) Stan (left back) and Colin Smith with *Nova Espero* on display at the *Daily Express* in Fleet Street, 1949. The paper had exclusive rights to their story. Photograph courtesy of Jennifer Nicholls

planned to sail to Australia to visit his elder children, who were by then living there. This ambition was sadly never realised; he died in Ringkøbing, Denmark, in October 1980, aged 62.

As for *Nova Espero*, I have heard various stories, but never conclusively worked out her final destination. Charles Violet bought out Stan's share in her in the late 1950s, and from that point on, all is hearsay. Someone said she went through a chain of different owners, finally being bought by someone who knew nothing about sailing, and she sank on his first voyage. From another source, I heard that she was destroyed in a fire at a boat yard... somewhere. Sometime.

No-one seems to know for sure. Charles himself settled down, eventually moving to Wales in the 1970s, where he had a smallholding, and a boat named *Nova Espero II* in the harbour at Fishguard. He passed away in 2007, aged 94.

In 2009, the local and national newspapers once again



celebrated the Smith brothers' 1949 Atlantic crossing, on its 60th anniversary. The continuing success of the West Wight Potter, and the allure of the first *Nova Espero* voyage, now 71 years ago, have earned the brothers an enduring reputation.

Without doubt, they both left a legacy of inspiration to yachtsmen and boat designers alike. Their family connections also form part of the rich history of Ashlett Creek, Yarmouth and the Solent waters, the Thames at Oxford, and Burnham-on-Crouch. Hopefully this, too, will continue to be remembered. *RS*

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Stan Smith's books *Smiths at Sea* and *October Potter* can be bought online, in e-book and print editions, from [shop.robinsomes.co.uk](http://shop.robinsomes.co.uk)

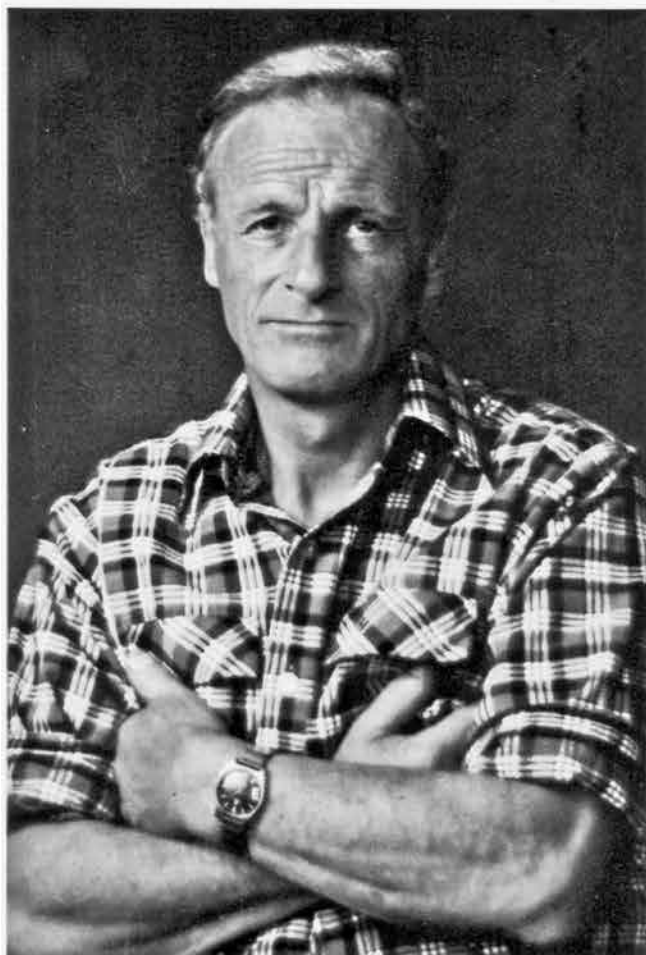
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Videos of the arrival of *Nova Espero* after her Atlantic crossing can be seen on YouTube, while copies of *The Wind Calls The Tune*, by Stan Smith and Charles Violet, can often be found secondhand on eBay and elsewhere.

© Robin Somes, 2020




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(Top) West Wight Potters lined up on the quay at Yarmouth in the 1960s. Photograph courtesy of Jennifer Nicholls.

(Left) Stan Smith in Hvide Sande, Denmark, late 1970s. Photograph courtesy of Jennifer Nicholls.



## Memories recalled in later years by Colin Smith in Interview ~

After the war I got demobbed first, or just a little before my brother Stan. I went back to Saunders Roe for a while and went up in the mould loft in the drawing office and did things of that sort.

Then Stan and I went out to Canada. We'd done our RAF flying training out there but we didn't go right inland where we'd done the training, we went over to Nova Scotia where we built the little boat, *Nova Espero* – Esperanto for 'New Hope' — and sailed it back to the UK. It was intended to be a two-way trip. Nobody knew us when we went there so we thought we'd make ourselves known by doing a double crossing. That was the intention.

She was a half-decked boat, twenty feet long. We designed it on the way across on the *Aquitania*. We'd get down in our cabin and get the lines out and work on it. I'd been doing design work, drawing work, down at Saunders Roe. Stan had as well. We both chipped in on this one. She was a tough little boat, clinker-built and 800 pounds of cast-iron ballast on the keel underneath. The lines were all drawn by the time we got to Canada.

We only took around three months to build the boat in Nova Scotia. We went over in March and sailed early in July 1949. We didn't know how anyone else had done long trips, or prepared for them beforehand, so we decided ourselves what we needed and that was it. Sponsorship? We'd never heard of that. We worked it

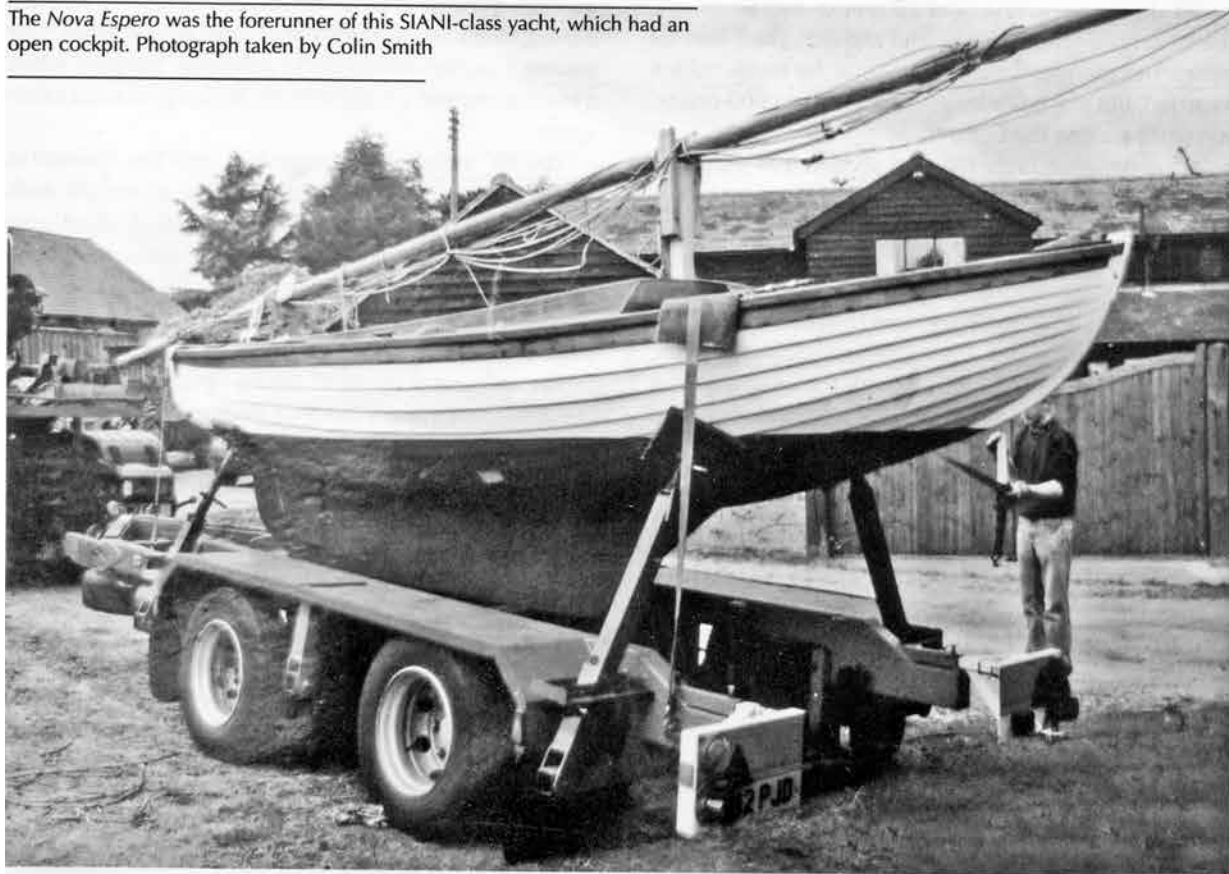
out and had lockers along the side of the boat under the side decks and tried to figure out what we'd need and got loads of ships biscuits, far more than we needed, and lots of tinned stuff and powdered milk and lots of sugar. Couldn't do without that! We had twenty-eight gallons of water in a galvanised tank we had made with a tap in one corner. It was stowed just aft of the mast, up forward in the cabin. We had no bunks. We had sleeping bags, laid out on the cabin floor. We were wet most of the time.

We sailed in July through August. We had some nasty weather at times, too. We took a little portable radio to use to get time checks and weather checks. Didn't get a peep out of it from the time we left, so we dropped it over the side and that was that. We had a sextant, not an aircraft sextant, a proper little yacht sextant, and an aircraft compass which wasn't actually mounted in the boat at all. We used to carry it around with us, you know.

We were concerned when the weather got really nasty, and it did at times, too. We had a little primus stove, a little loose primus stove we used to hold between our knees, and a little pressure cooker. We used that a lot. We didn't do too badly, you know.

Afterwards, mostly it was going up to this 'do' up in London, then another 'do' and all that sort of thing, which we just hadn't expected of course; all that sort of nonsense. There was one firm that wanted to put the boat into production, but we didn't go along with it, as we were too busy. We intended going back to Canada to set up in business over there but it didn't come off. I came back to this country, met my wife and got married and that was that. CS

The *Nova Espero* was the forerunner of this SIANI-class yacht, which had an open cockpit. Photograph taken by Colin Smith



# Nova Espero

## The Boat,

by Charles Violet



The *Nova Espero* was designed by Stanley Smith and his brother Colin in June 1949 as a small ocean cruiser. She was built in an underground basement of an old chapel at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and measures 15 feet 11 inches on the waterline, and 20 feet in overall length. The beam is 6 feet 3 inches, and the draught 2 feet 10 inches. Her tonnage is slightly over one. No inside ballast is carried, but she has a long fin keel with an 800-pound iron casting along the bottom.

In the design a fairly full fore section was aimed at in order to help carry the water supply\* forward of the living space, and to lift the boat quickly when bucking the last sharp curl of a big sea. An easy, rather flat run under water was designed to give the boat a seagull-like sit 'on' instead of 'in' the water and to allow her to plane forward on white water.

A long fin keel, not too deep, with the weight of iron distributed along a considerable length was designed to give additional longitudinal strength, to ease the violence when pitching, to provide a long plane of lateral resistance in order to reduce any tendency towards restless wavering off course, and to bring down to a minimum the work of the helmsman. Clincher ('clinker') construction was adopted because of its great strength for weight, the lands representing an unbroken series of stringers. It also provides a partial interruption to the swish of water in the bilge and, very important, curbs the persistent film of water which runs up over a smooth topside, catches in the breeze and rains down upon all on deck.

During her first transatlantic voyage the *Nova Espero* had no cabin, merely a dinghy upturned over the cockpit

(Left below) The improved *Nova Espero*, now a yawl, portrayed on the dustjacket of Charles Violet's *Solitary Journey*, as offered by D. Van Nostrand of New York in 1954. Stromboli smokes in the background. This description was adapted from Appendix II of that book

to form a shelter (see the photograph on page 69, which also shows the ropes that held it in position), but for her second ocean voyage the cabin was constructed, with three main purposes in mind: reserve buoyancy, comfort with utility, and strength. It was built up from the topsides, and the timbers extended correspondingly. The step down to the foredeck was about 9 inches deep and kept nearly all green water and spray from coming aft, except, of course, when punching into short, steep seas.

Two bunks were built in and the coamings round the cockpit were heightened on the second voyage, being on average 5 inches from the deck. Other ideas incorporated in the design were watertight bulkheads fore and aft and, rather unusually, a tiller under cover of the deck to lessen the chances of exposure. Lockers along the sides were provided to allow a fairly clear space in which to live, to reduce a little the violence of a small boat's rolling and to minimise the risk of the man below getting thrown disastrously from one side to the other.

For her second voyage the *Nova Espero* was altered from sloop to yawl rig. The mainmast was short (18 feet) and stubby, and it was stepped in a tabernacle on the cabin deck, reinforced by a big seven-eighths-inch bonded-ply frame, which carries the weight down beyond the turn of the bilge. The mast was stepped on deck because if by some sudden strain the shrouds parted, it could be regained in one whole piece, not leaving a section below decks as usually happens when a mast is stepped on the keelson. It also gave extra cabin space.

The sail area is 200 square feet, and the mainsail is sliding gunter to allow quick dowsing of weight aloft and to lessen the risk of losing the mast if rolled over in big seas. All standing rigging is designed to be spliced exactly the same lengths to allow a quick interchange if necessity arises, and all halliards and sheets are of one standard size for the same reason.

The sails were made of strong Egyptian cotton with the seams on the main and mizzen running up and down, so that a tear in a panel would only go from seam to seam instead of right across the sail as would happen with horizontal seams. The luff wires were stainless steel. There was only a single deep reef, for, after all, when the wind increases at sea a small boat must not dally with half measures. Battens hamper the rapid handling of a sail, so these were eliminated. A high foot for the foresail was provided to avoid the danger of the sail being burst by a heavy sea.

The rigging was kept as simple as possible with sheaves and pulleys large enough for the ropes to slip through easily. The halliards led to jam cleats aft of the cabin-top, and the main and jib could be lowered in a matter of seconds from the cockpit—very useful in

\* 28 gallons in a galvanised tank when crossing the Atlantic,



squalls!

For *Nova Espero's* third voyage the boat was not altered in any way for single-handed sailing. She was given a hasty coat of paint and there was an addition to the equipment, namely a 4 horsepower Seagull 102 Plus model, fitted with a 3 to 1 reduction gear, which turned a large four-bladed propeller. I never had a moment's worry with it.

When alone at sea it greatly helps the daily mileage if the boat can be made to sail herself while eating or sleeping. Our boat will sail by herself with the wind forward of the beam under mizzen, main and jib with the tiller lashed to suit the strength of wind. However, with jib and mizzen only she will sail herself with the wind abeam or forward of the beam, and the tiller free, adjusting the course by slightly freeing or tightening the mizzen sheet. Once I made the *Nova* steer herself with the wind on the quarter, using the spinnaker instead of jib, no mainsail and the mizzen fairly loose. The wind was very steady on this occasion, which is perhaps why I was never able to repeat the performance.

When the boat was sailing herself I got plenty of sleep during the day and kept awake (or tried to!) during the night. When it was a case of having to steer and keep on course the routine was different. I would keep at the tiller as long as possible, getting food and hot drinks by steering with my foot while I was grabbing about in the food locker just inside the cabin. Gybes and unexpected tacks were not unknown during these manoeuvres!

A day and a night was as much as I could take, and when the first light of day came again and the boat could be seen I would, if the wind was dead astern, turn the boat into it and heave-to with the jib aweather, the main and mizzen hard in, and tiller free, then sleep for an

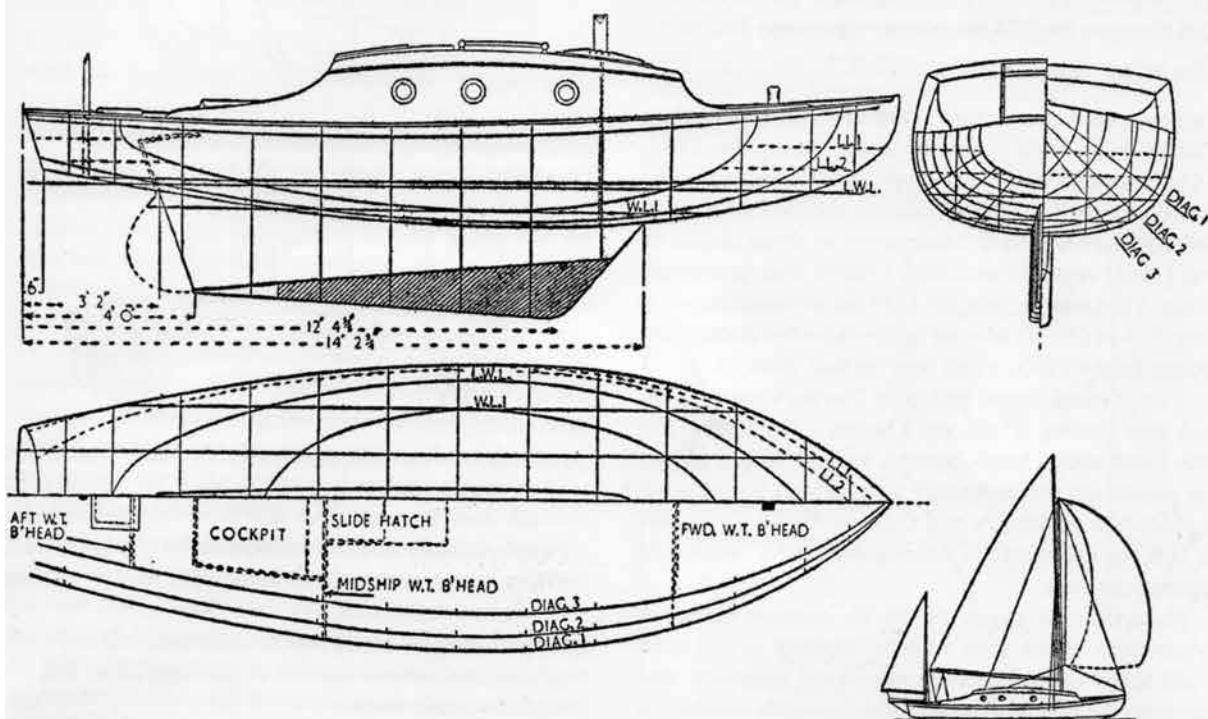
hour or two—delightful! If the wind was on the quarter then I would make her sail herself as near to my course as possible, though at times she's been as much as 60 degrees off course while I rested.

Night is the time when things can become eerie, especially when the wind begins to rise and howl in the rigging, and sudden breaking crests alongside make you jump. Then you begin to wonder whether you should tuck in a reef, or whether you are being a sissy. Long before morning comes you have come to the conclusion you are just a silly fool and when you get back home you will stay there for ever. But, oh, let the night be gentle, and the wind a cool caress, with the stars above like yellow diamonds on dark blue velvet, then all earthly things seem to vanish and you gently glide through a timeless dimensionless universe, conscious only that you are on the brink of understanding its profound mystery. (You never do!)

Making a landfall single-handed has a charm all of its own, and is very exciting, though I fear it has much to do with a swelling ego.

The enemies of pleasurable sailing, cold, rain, unmanageable winds and ill-health, do terrible things to the morale, and I've always found it pays to set sail when the weather seems set fine, and I am feeling well physically. At sea I always did things the easiest possible way. For instance, when reefing I would lower the mainsail completely and tie in the reef sitting down, and did not attempt to do it partially lowered and raving about like a mad thing.

Whenever I left the cockpit and whenever I remembered I tied a rope round my waist, the other end of which was made fast to the foot of the mast. The fear of falling overboard is often present when alone. CV



## Our New Sharpie

By Jim Friedlander

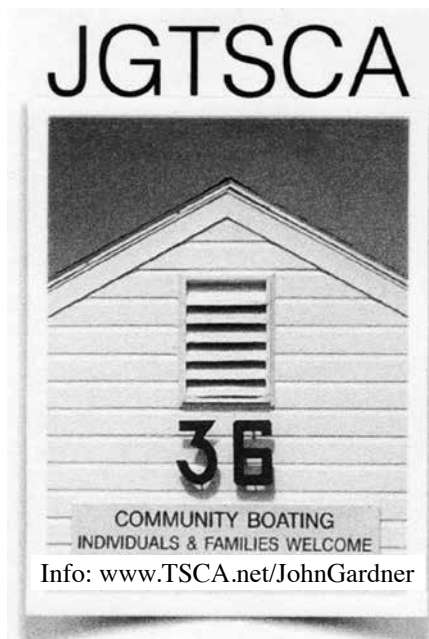
Here is a picture of our new *Bluebird* taken by our friend Caroll Garland. It was our second sail but the first one with friends who could take our picture. The reef was not needed but we wanted to make sure our jiffy reefing system was working properly. It did and the boat sailed well with it in. We are looking forward to cruising SE Florida once the weather warms up a bit. *Bluebird* is just what we hoped it would be."



## UConn Maritime Studies Visit

On April 19 Matt McKenzie's UConn Maritime Studies class visited the boathouse. The students remembered the class we led last February and wanted to check back in to see what new things we were up to. It was a beautiful spring day. We opened all the doors, pushed the new white dory out onto the side deck and had an excellent outdoor socially distant gathering to talk traditional small boats. I held forth on dories while Brian Cooper did a show and tell about two beautiful strip built kayaks he cartopped down from home. One kayak was long, lean and hard chined, the other sleek and round bilged. We all then explored their differences and similarities.

The students all had good questions and some expressed an interest in coming back to do some hands on building and maintenance. Matt is a great proponent of experien-



## Avery Point Community Boathouse News

### Spring Cleaning Day

By Bill Rutherford

April 12 was Spring Cleaning Day, four guys and two vacuums made short work of it. A big thank you to those who turned out, Dan Nelson, John Hacunda, Brian Cooper and myself. We were finished a little after noon. Sawdust fears us.



tial learning and, having built an Arch Davis "Laughing Gull," encouraged his class to get involved with hands as well as head.

## Mystic Seaport Ship Modelers

By Bob Andrie

Once per month for the rest of the season we plan to meet on the second Saturday of each month for a ship model static display and R/C run on the river. Our first choice of location at the seaport will be in front of the VRC and on the floating docks below, as we did last year a number of times, to display/run boats all day so people can come and go as they please. With a nod to covid safety these meetings will all be held outdoors (weather permitting). We plan to set a rain date for the following Saturday if possible and an alternative location at Australia Beach.

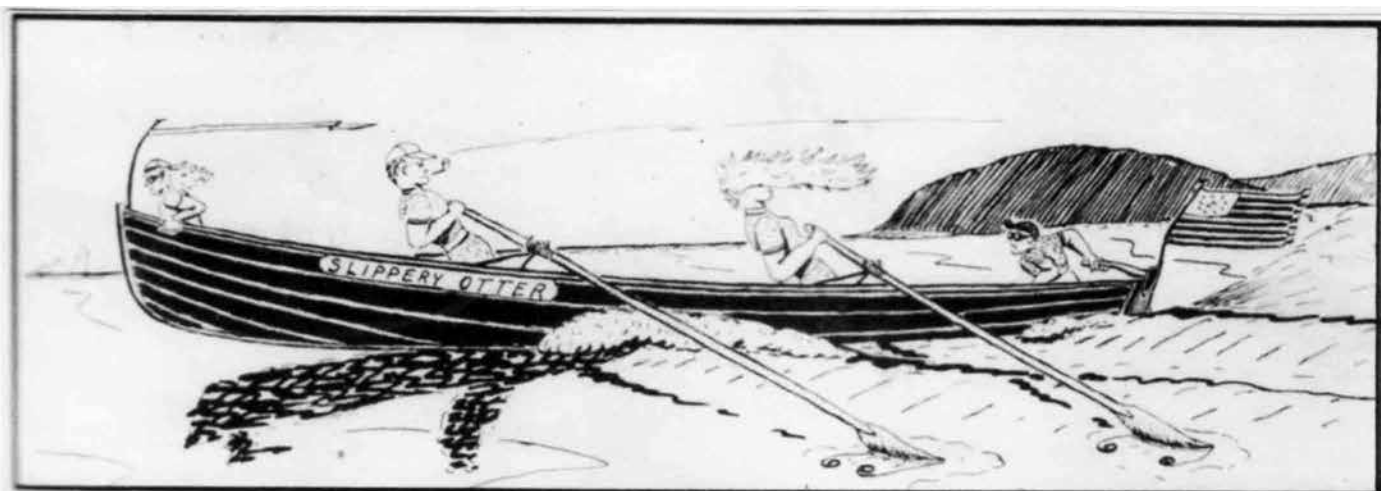
(It is a very inclusive group. If interested contact smallcrafter@gmail.com to be put in contact with Bob.)



Here is a just completed little 11 1/2" plastic tug model that some of us have made into R/C boats, such as the Lindberg Coast Guard tug.



I quote, "Doing without thinking is just doing, thinking without doing is just thinking. We need both." We look forward to hosting them again, perhaps this fall, and introduce some hands on rowing.



### Mobile, Alabama

The Coast Guard rescued two people and assisted three others from a disabled vessel beset by weather and aground near the Chandeleur Islands. Watchstanders with Coast Guard Sector Mobile received a report that the pleasure craft *Round 3*, with five people aboard, lost power and ran aground on Chandeleur Islands. The watchstanders issued an urgent marine information broadcast and directed Coast Guard rescue crews from Air Station New Orleans, Station Gulfport and Aviation Training Center Mobile to assist. An Air Station New Orleans MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew and ATC Mobile HC-144 Ocean Sentry airplane crew arrived on scene with the disabled vessel. The helicopter crew landed on the island, took two people from the vessel and passed a VHF-FM radio to the *Round 3*'s remaining boaters.



### Seattle, Washington

A Coast Guard Station Quillayute River boat crew rescued three men from a sinking vessel five miles off the coast of La Push, Washington. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Puget Sound Command Center received an emergency request for assistance on VHF-FM radio Channel 16 from a man reporting their 48' vessel was taking on water and beginning to sink. A Station Quillayute River 47' Motor Lifeboat (MLB) crew was dispatched. Weather on scene was reported as 8'-10' seas with winds of 30mph.



## Our Coast Guard in Action

### Cape Charles, Virginia

The Coast Guard rescued a 57-year-old man who was reportedly suffering mild hypothermia symptoms after his sailboat was beset by severe weather approximately three miles southwest of Wolf Trap Light in the Chesapeake Bay. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector Virginia Command Center received the notification of the distress from the man's sister and issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast to local mariners. Sector Virginia launched a 45' Response Boat Medium boat crew from Station Cape Charles. The crew navigated 5'-6' seas and faced sustained winds of 25 to 30 knots. The boat crew rescued the mariner from the disabled sailing vessel after arriving on scene, and transported him to shore where he was treated by York County emergency medical services.



### Key West, Florida

The Coast Guard rescued two people aboard a disabled sailing vessel approximately 60 miles northwest of Marathon. Coast Guard Seventh District watchstanders received a personal locating beacon alert. Coast Guard Air Station Miami launched an MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew who located the disabled 50' sailing vessel, *White Pearl*, and requested a nearby good Samaritan aboard the sailing vessel *Mystic* to monitor the situation until a Station Key West small boat crew arrived on scene. The Station Key West crew took the vessel in tow and transferred the tow over to commercial salvage who brought the disabled vessel to Fleming Key with no reported injuries.

"This case is a perfect example of proper boater preparation, inter agency partners and the boating public coming together to save lives," said Petty Officer 3rd Class Tom Gargiulo, a Station Key West engineer.





### Cuban Migrants Interdicted

The three Cuban migrants were interdicted by the Coast Guard Cutter *Venturous* crew approximately 50 miles southeast of the Bahamas and brought aboard due to safety of life at sea concerns.

Coast Guard Cutter *Charles Sexton's* crew repatriated 17 Cuban migrants to Cuba. The 17 Cuban migrants were interdicted by the *Charles Sexton* crew approximately 54 miles south of Key West and brought aboard due to safety of life at sea concerns.

"These migrant ventures are not only illegal, but in many cases very dangerous," said Lt Gregory Mitchell, commanding officer of cutter *Charles David Jr.* "In many cases, including this one, the vessels we interdict are unseaworthy and have little to no safety or communications equipment."

"People who attempt to illegally enter the United States by taking to the sea put their lives and the lives of their accompanying family members at grave risk," said Lt Cmdr. Mario Gil, Coast Guard liaison officer, US Embassy Havana.

Since October 1, 2020, Coast Guard crews have interdicted:

90 Cubans compared to 5,396 Cuban migrants in Fiscal Year 2016.

1,468 Cuban migrants in Fiscal Year 2017.

259 Cuban migrants in Fiscal Year 2018.

313 Cuban migrants in Fiscal Year 2019.

49 Cuban migrants in Fiscal Year 2020.



### Oregon Inlet, North Carolina

Watchstanders at the Coast Guard Sector North Carolina Command Center were notified via VHF Channel 16 by the operator of the sailing vessel *Ceres* that he sustained a leg injury while sailing. Sector North Carolina watchstanders issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast and launched a 47' Motor Lifeboat boat crew and a 29' Response Boat-Small boat crew from Coast Guard Station Oregon Inlet, North Carolina, to assist the mariner. Two personnel from Dare County Emergency Medical Services were also taken aboard the RBS to assist with medical services. After arriving on scene, the MLB boat crew transferred one crew member aboard the *Ceres* to assist with the transit. After the transit the RBS boat crew met with the MLB boat crew to transfer the two EMS personnel onto the *Ceres* to stabilize the mariner. Once stabilized, the EMS crew and the injured mariner were transferred back aboard the RBS and taken back to Coast Guard Station Oregon Inlet where local EMS was waiting to transport him to The Outer Banks Hospital. Towboat US Oregon Inlet recovered and safely moored the sailing vessel.



### San Juan, Puerto Rico

The Coast Guard, as a public safety measure, is advising the public to stay away and not enter the Cayo Cardona lighthouse in Ponce, Puerto Rico. The facilities at the United States Coast Guard Isla de Cardona Light sustained significant damage as a result of the 2020 earthquake and seismic activity in Puerto Rico.

"This lighthouse is structurally damaged and represents a danger to public safety," said Capt Gregory H. Magee, Commander of US Coast Guard Sector San Juan. "The Coast Guard has formally revoked the certificate of occupancy and the facility is officially condemned. It is crucial that people realize that visiting Cayo Cardona with the purpose of entering the lighthouse is prohibited and extremely unsafe."

Coast Guard personnel will seal and lock all entry points to ensure that no unauthorized personnel can gain access to the facility. Warning signs and fencing will be installed around the lighthouse approximately 50' away from the structure since there is a possibility that the lighthouse tower could collapse without notice.

### San Juan, Puerto Rico

The Coast Guard Cutter *Reef Shark* transferred custody of three suspected smugglers and an estimated \$6.6 million in seized cocaine to federal agents at Coast Guard Base San Juan following the interdiction of a drug smuggling vessel in the Mona Passage near Mona Island, Puerto Rico. The suspected smugglers are males, Dominican Republic nationals, who now face criminal charges by Department of Justice prosecution partners in the US Attorney's Office for the District of Puerto Rico.

"This successful interdiction is the result of the strong partnerships and excellent coordination achieved daily between Department of Homeland Security and Department of Justice law enforcement agencies combating transnational smuggling organizations in the Caribbean," said Capt Gregory Magee, Sector San Juan Commander.

The bust occurred after the aircrew of a Customs and Border Protection Caribbean Air and Marine Branch maritime patrol aircraft detected a suspicious go fast vessel in international waters just off Mona Island. The Coast Guard Cutter *Valiant's* boarding team and crew seized over 236 kilograms of cocaine. The crew of the cutter *Valiant* embarked the three men from the go fast vessel and later transferred them, along with the seized contraband, to the Coast Guard Cutter *Reef Shark* for transport and offload in San Juan, Puerto Rico, where CCSF federal agents received custody.



### New Orleans, Louisiana

Coast Guard watchstanders received an emergency position indicating radio beacon notification of a distressed 129' commercial lift vessel. The watchstanders issued an urgent marine information broadcast, which multiple good Samaritan boat crews responded to.

The pre commissioned Coast Guard Cutter *Glenn Harris*, a 154' Fast Response Cutter, arrived on scene within 30 minutes and rescued one person from the water. Multiple good Samaritan vessels rescued four people and a Coast Guard Station Grand Isle 45' Response Boat-Medium boat crew rescued another. The Coast Guard recovered one unresponsive person and continued to search for 12 missing people from the cap-sized commercial lift boat. Coast Guard rescue crews searched more than 1,440 square miles, which is an area larger than the state of Rhode Island. The search continued eight miles south of Port Fourchon.



### Miami, Florida

Coast Guard Cutter *Raymond Evans* crew repatriated 14 Cuban migrants from a rustic vessel comprised of eight oil drums, an old car engine and some duct tape to Cuba. A good Samaritan reported the rustic vessel with 14 people aboard to Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders approximately 35 miles northwest of Key West. Station Key West rescue crews arrived on scene to find the people showing signs of dehydration and being sunburnt. They were taken off their vessel due to safety of life at sea concerns.

"The Florida Straits are unpredictable," said Coast Guard Liaison Officer Lt Cmdr Mario Gil, US Embassy Havana. "It is not safe to take to the seas in makeshift vessels that aren't seaworthy."



### Longport, New Jersey

The Coast Guard rescued a kayaker who was in distress off the coast of Longport, New Jersey. Coast Guard Sector Delaware Bay watchstanders received a call from Egg Harbor Township 911 dispatch stating there was a person in the water calling for help in the vicinity of Longport Dog Beach. A Coast Guard Station Atlantic City 29' Response Boat-Small boat crew arrived on scene quickly and rescued a man from the water who had been clinging onto a submerged kayak.

Margate City Fire Department arrived on scene and assisted the Coast Guard in placing the kayak in side tow. The Coast Guard boat crew returned the kayaker to shore where he was met by local emergency medical services and transferred to Shore Memorial Hospital.



### New Orleans, Louisiana

The Coast Guard medevaced two mariners from a vessel taking on water near Lake Pontchartrain. Coast Guard Sector New Orleans watchstanders received a report from a good Samaritan reporting a half submerged 20' recreational vessel taking on water with two mariners aboard waving their arms. The watchstanders directed the launch of a Coast Guard Air Station New Orleans MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew and a Coast Guard Station New Orleans 45' Response Boat-Medium boat crew to the area. The helicopter crew arrived on scene, hoisted one mariner suffering from hyperthermia and transported him to University Medical Center New Orleans LCMC Health in reportedly stable condition. The boat crew transported the other mariner to Station New Orleans where emergency medical services took him for further medical care.



### New Orleans, Louisiana

The Coast Guard rescued three people from an aground sailboat near Fort Morgan, Alabama. Watchstanders received a call from Baldwin County Emergency Communications Center reporting an aground 47' sailboat beset by severe weather and without power with three people aboard. The watchstanders directed the launch of the Station Dauphin Island boat crew which arrived on scene but was unable to access the aground vessel due to shallow water depth. The Air Station New Orleans helicopter crew arrived on scene, safely hoisted the three people and transported them back to Mobile Aeroplex at Brookley in Mobile, Alabama, where emergency medical services evaluated them for further medical care. No medical concerns were reported.



### Miami, Florida

The Coast Guard rescued one boater after his 33' sailing vessel, *Orion*, became disabled approximately 63 miles east of Vero Beach, Florida. Coast Guard 7th District watchstanders received an electronic position indicating radio beacon (EPIRB) alert from the *Orion* and launched a Coast Guard HC-144 Ocean Sentry airplane to the scene. The airplane crew located the disabled vessel and vectored in a Coast Guard Station 45' Response Boat-Medium crew. The small boat crew safely transported the individual ashore. The boater was to make arrangements with commercial salvage for his boat's retrieval.





### Key West, Florida

Two Cuban migrants aboard paddleboards floating approximately 70 miles south of Key West, Florida, were embarked by a good Samaritan and repatriated to Cuba by the Coast Guard Cutter *Charles Sexton* crew.



### Wilmington, North Carolina

The Coast Guard rescued five people from a capsized vessel off Oregon Inlet, North Carolina. All five were treated for hypothermia. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector North Carolina received a report from the Dare County Sheriff's Office 911 Communications Center that a 26' recreational vessel was taking on water six miles from Oregon Inlet with five people on board.

A 47' Response Boat-Medium boat crew from Coast Guard Station Oregon Inlet was launched to provide assistance. The boat crew located the capsized vessel near the last known position provided by Dare County dispatch. Two people were located in the water and three people were sitting on the hull of the overturned vessel.



### Lake Worth, Florida

Some of the 72 Haitian migrants captured ten miles east of Florida coasts sit aboard a Coast Guard 45' Response Boat-Medium approximately ten miles east of Lake Worth, Florida. The Coast Guard Cutter *Charles Sexton's* crew repatriated them to Haiti.



### Boneheaded Sailor Report

Coast Guard watchstanders in Sector San Juan received an Emergency Positioning Indicating Radio Beacon EPIRB alert registered to the sailing vessel *Destination* that was being transmitted from approximately nine nautical miles north of St Croix. Coast Guard watchstanders diverted a Coast Guard boat crew from a training mission and directed the launch of a Coast Guard MH-65 Dolphin Air Station Berington helicopter to search for any signs of the *Destination* or of a possible distress.

Watchstanders were able to contact the registered owner of the sailing vessel, who relayed that the *Destination* had been sold to another person. Shortly thereafter Coast Guard watchstanders received a phone call from the new owner who informed them that he was an inexperienced mariner unfamiliar with using a GPS or operating the vessel's radio and not having access to the vessel's flare kits.

The Coast Guard boat crew transited to the approximate EPIRB location and was unable to locate the vessel. Simultaneously, Department of Planning and Natural Resources (DPNR) personnel searched the normal mooring location of the *Destination* with negative results. The Coast Guard boat crew was able to establish cellular phone communications with the captain of the *Destination* and they used geographic references, which led to them locating the vessel west of Salt River Bay in St Croix.

The vessel *Destination* was out of fuel and the owners were unsure how to sail or anchor. The Coast Guard boat crew took the vessel in a stern tow and brought them safely back to Christiansted Harbor. There they conducted a post search and rescue boarding and terminated the vessel's voyage due to unsafe operations.



### Corpus Christi, Texas

Coast Guard Sector/Air Station Corpus Christi aircrews located two overdue boaters on the shoreline of Baffin Bay. The boaters stated they had been stranded since noon the prior day after their vessel drifted from them while they were wade fishing. Photo shows just how small they looked from the air.



### 2020 Florida Accident Statistical Report

A leading contributor to boating accidents is the operator's inattention or failure to maintain a proper lookout. Often operators think they are looking around but they are not recognizing potential hazards or are distracted by dividing their attention between things like electronic devices or other occupants in the boat. In 2020, 402 boating accidents involved collisions and 44% of them were due to the operator's inattention or failing to maintain a proper lookout.

Florida had 836 boating accidents in 2020, which is 113 more accidents than in 2019, a 16% increase. A total of 79 people lost their lives last year in boating accidents, 14 more than the previous year.

Since 2003, falling overboard has been the leading type of fatal accident with drowning as the leading cause of death. Of the drowning victims, 88% were not wearing a life jacket. Today's boaters can choose from several models of light and comfortable, inflatable belt-pack or over the shoulder life jackets that can be worn while fishing or enjoying the sun.

Events can happen quickly and unexpectedly and boaters might not have time to grab their life jackets before finding themselves in the water. The message is clear, "Life Jackets Save Lives."

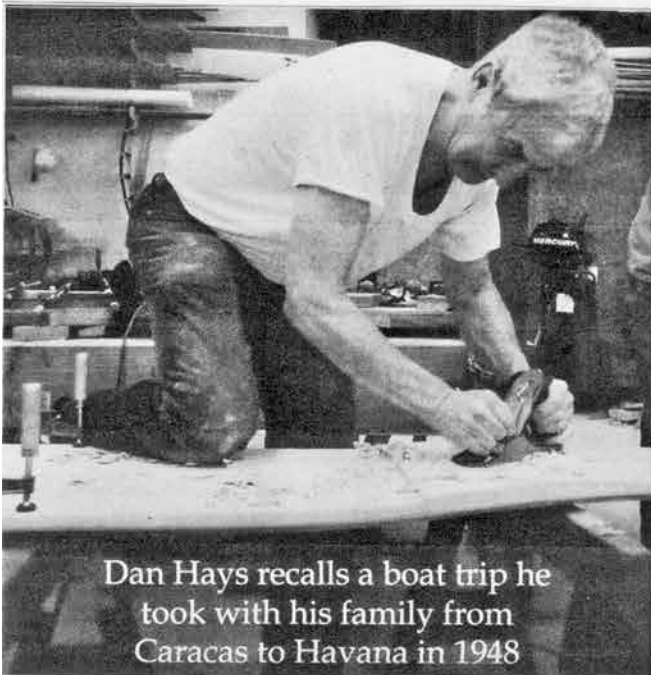


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## THE EAST END ★ CLASSIC BOAT SOCIETY ★



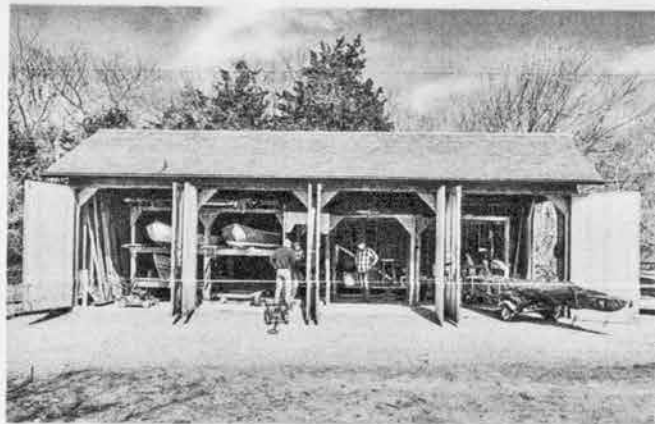
Dan Hays recalls a boat trip he took with his family from Caracas to Havana in 1948

### Hemingway Souvenir By D.H. Hays

I hold him in my memory cabinet  
My tiny particle of a past time  
A quick snapshot in my brain  
The time I met him as a man  
Not a faraway gilded icon  
Viewed him closely as a child  
An unbiased boy of eight  
I did not study his words then  
Critique works for style, depth  
Saw only a smiling bearded man  
Only vaguely grasped

He might be famous  
Enjoyed his pat upon my head  
The offer of a lemonade  
I slurped it in the lounge  
Of a boat bound for Cuba  
While my parents chatted  
With this man of letters  
Accompanied by his wife  
A warm and friendly blonde  
With a body so lithe  
It stirred a youngster's admiration.  
She too is in my treasure box  
Along with a Havana Harbor scene  
The black hulled yacht Pilar  
A spectacular arrival  
Circling our passenger ship  
His friends were all aboard  
"Ernesto, Ernesto" they cried.

The weather is nice, we can work in the shed again.



Where to begin; three Beetle Cats to restore, one Kayak to rebuild, one dinghy to re-finish and that's just the shed.



### 3 boats for sale



The Ellen



The Catspaw



The Pooduck



To see these boats on Craigslist go to:  
<https://longisland.craigslist.org>  
 and enter eecbs.org in their search box

Clamping a steam bent rail for the skiff's transom



An application of linseed oil and turpentine



### 2021 Event Dates To Be Announced

The East End Classic Boat Society attends local marine events, exhibits classic boats, and conducts workshops to teach the skills necessary to build and preserve quality, handcrafted wooden boats. Join us at one or more of this coming year's events.

Your donations are greatly appreciated and as always, fully tax deductible.

Checks can be made out to EECBS and sent to

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"When are you going to get that damn winter cover off of her and get the team back to work?" When spring had sprung many of our project supporters had expressed some version of the above question.

"Once the snow stops flying," constituted my typical answer in April.

Turns out though, as you will see, our research and restoration team have been quite busy over the boat's hibernation period, a period of several months peppered with enough twists and turns to fill a logbook or two.

Before the reveal, however, a big shout out to author/historian Stan Grayson, boatwright, George Schuld, The *Silent Maid* group, boatwright/historian Joe Chatwynd, boat restoration expert and former Catboat Association President, Bob Luckraft (not to mention the Catboat Association itself) and the dozens of craftspeople and philanthropic supporters of our crowd sourced project. We would be nowhere without the generosity of all of these supporters.

So where to begin? This seventh update installment follows the timelines as they evolved over the pandemic challenged winter months of 2021. Readers will recall that our marvelous mystery tour rolls along three tracks:

Track 1: Chronologically traces the boat's provenance from the present backward, i.e., a top down research approach.

Track 2: Chronologically traces the boat's provenance from her build date (1904) forward, i.e., bottoms up.

Track 3: Chronologically traces the current restoration project from acquisition to relaunch, now tentatively scheduled for this July soon after you read this.

#### Top Down Time Line (Track 1)

The winter has not been kind to our efforts in this area. The pandemic thwarted access to many potential sources that would identify *Marvel* ownership post WWII. To solicit top down help I reached out to long-time friend and fellow catboater and catboat restorer Dan McFadden (his current project is the restoration of the catboat *Storm King*). Dan is the Communications Director at the Mystic Seaport Museum in Connecticut. ([www.mysticseaport.org](http://www.mysticseaport.org)). He directed me to Tim Delgado, an analyst with Connecticut's extremely well organized DMV DEEP-Boating division in Old Lyme, Connecticut. Check them out at: <https://portal.ct.gov/DEEP/Boating/Boating-and-Paddling>.

Tim apologized that, due to Covid-19, the Department was shorthanded regarding historical research. However, he did direct me to DMV Form J23V. Using this form the state could trace registration numbers and, in theory, report past owners by boat name. We filled out and submitted the form and, as you will see further on, information that came back may have identified when *Marvel* first appeared in Connecticut, around 1919!

Unfortunately as of this writing the sailboat named *Marvel* disappeared from Connecticut's records after 1921. We suspect that a past owner changed her name. The name change has caused this line of research to dead end for now. (Walter Krasniewicz's family does not know what the boat was named when he purchased it and rebranded her *Sunnyside*.) We are exploring a few other top down avenues such as title searches and boatyard restoration projects and will report any successes (or failures) in future installments. All of which leads us to...

## A Marvelous Mystery In Pursuit of a Catboat Legend

### Part 7: Hibernation Activities ... and Surprises

By John Conway

#### Bottoms Up Timeline (Track 2)

We knew that Ira Whittemore, a Boston based businessman, purchased *Marvel* in 1904. Official Commonwealth of Massachusetts documentation shows that Ira claimed she was built by Herbert F. Crosby (HFC) and that her home base was the Quincy Yacht Club, in Quincy, Massachusetts. Verbal historical guidance supported that HFC built only one skeg mounted catboat in 1904. Written records (if they exist) have been unavailable due to the pandemic. With this information in hand we focused this past winter on documenting if and how *Marvel* made her way from Quincy, Massachusetts, to Stamford, Connecticut, between the years of 1904 and 1906.

Thanks to the tireless efforts of Stan Grayson we learned that Whittemore very successfully raced *Marvel* as a D-Class catboat from 1904 through 1906 for cash prizes. (More on the D-Class boats later.) It therefore surprised Stan, and us, to discover a *Marvel* For Sale advertisement in a 1907 issue of *The Rudder* (Figure 1).

No. 21603—For Sale—Champion Crosby Cape catboat, *Marvel*; 24 ft. 7 in. o. a., 23 ft. 6 in. w. l., 11 ft. 3 in. beam, 2 ft. 6 in. draught; centerboard; cabin will sleep three; can seat 14 in standing room; in fine condition; racing record for 1904-1905-1906, seventy-five races that were finished: 28 firsts, 17 seconds, 15 thirds, 9 fourths, 3 fifths, 1 sixth, 1 seventh; broke down once. She has won three championships, also won \$350 in cash prizes. She has \$100 suit Cousens & Pratt's sails. Considerable inventory. Best bargain in Boston. See *RUDDER* December, 1905. I. M. Whittemore, 64 McLellan Street, Dorchester, Mass.

Figure 1: The *Marvel* For Sale advertisement that surprised us all.

Further research revealed that Whittemore changed catboats about as often as one changes socks. Between 1907 through 1915 he owned and raced no less than three other catboats including *Hustler*, *Almira* and *Dartwell*. *Almira*, the C.C. Hanley boat that replaced *Marvel*, has been long considered one of, if not the, fastest catboats ever designed, built and raced. We assumed that the availability of *Almira* persuaded Captain Whittemore to sell *Marvel*. So we expected to see QYC race results for 1908 featuring matches between *Almira* and *Marvel* with another QYC member at *Marvel*'s helm.

Not so! Search as we might, *Marvel* disappeared from the scene. Had she wrecked? Abandoned "on the hard" in some barn or boatyard? Once again, Stan came to the rescue. On March 12 he emailed this clip of Figure 2 from the April 14, 1907 *Boston Globe*.

**Marvel Goes to New York.**  
Ira M. Whittemore has sold the well-known cape cat *Marvel* to Hugh E. Rae of North Beach, L. I. The boat will be shipped by New York steamer tomorrow. *Marvel* has been consistent prize winner in those waters, and was champion of the cat class in Massachusetts bay in 1906. She wintered at Harvey's yard, Houghs Neck. Mr. Whittemore will sail this season the fine Hanley cat *Almira*, which he bought recently at Edgartown. The name under which she has sailed for some years, *Natica*, will be discarded, and her old name, *Almira*, by which she is best known here, will again appear on her stern.

Figure 2: (No Caption)

As shown in the clip, Hugh E. Rae, a real estate broker from the then North Beach section of Queens, Long Island, New York, became the new owner of this remarkable boat. As mentioned in the *Globe* article, Rae had *Marvel* shipped via steamer from the Port of Boston to the Port of New York on April 15, 1907. Only one coastal cargo vessel, the Eastern Steamship Lines *SS Wilton* left Boston for New York that day so we suspect *Marvel* was aboard. Figure 3 shows the *Wilton* as she entered New York on a previous journey.



Figure 3: The *SS Wilton* transported *Marvel* from Boston to New York on April 15, 1907.

Further research revealed that the Rae family served at times as real estate agents for the Steinway (as in pianos) family. Steinway had (and still has) a substantial manufacturing facility on the shores of the East River and Bowery Bay. (Figure 4)



Figure 4: The Steinway factory on Long Island circa 1900.

The Steinway family also owned most of the land bordering Bowery Bay. The southern end of this section was known then as North Beach. Rae kept *Marvel* there in a boating complex contingent to the North Beach Amusement Park, considered the Coney Island of Queens. (Figure 5)



Figure 5: *Marvel*'s new North Beach berth was the "Coney Island of Queens."



This was an incredibly popular resort from the 1880s through 1915 until unchecked pollution ruined it all. The amusement park and the land it occupied was ultimately sold to developers in 1929 who converted it first to the Glenn Curtiss Airport (Figure 6), then to the North Beach Airport and ultimately, on December 2, 1939, to LaGuardia Airport!



Figure 6: *Marvel*'s North Beach home became the Glen Curtis, now LaGuardia, Airport.

Thus, *Marvel*'s storied past includes a berth located next to flying boats! The entire marina complex is now buried under the runways in one of the world's busiest airports. You just can't make this stuff up.

To date we have been unable to find out how Rae used the boat and how long he owned it. However, as we write this, and as previously mentioned, records supplied by the marine division of the Connecticut DMV show a sailboat named *Marvel* registered in 1919 to a G. Chard of Norwalk, Connecticut (a boatbuilder!) and again in 1921 to a C. Tyson of Cos Cob, Connecticut.

Is this *Marvel* the one and the same *Marvel*? It certainly would explain how she would ultimately be discovered in 1962 by Walter Krasniewicz in nearby Stamford, Connecticut. Her 1921 papers may also explain why we discovered a 1921 silver dollar within her mast step. Hopefully further research will reveal if this is so and how she made the journey from Long Island, New York to Connecticut.

One tantalizing fact is that the Riverside Yacht Club (RYC) of Cos Cob, Connecticut, played host to matches between a number of racing catboats, including *Almira*, on August 5, 1893. Catboat races in the late 1800s, in what Stan Grayson calls "The Golden Years" of these boats, was the purview of exceptionally wealthy individuals. Wilmer Hanan owned *Almira* at that time. He was the wealthy heir to a New York based manufacturing enterprise, The Hanon Shoe Company: <https://forgotten-ny.com/2015/03/hanan-shoe-factory-dumbo/>.

In that August 5 contest *Almira*, piloted by a professional skipper, won the R. Duncan Harris Prize with a handsome purse. What makes this interesting is that it turns out that the RYC was founded by a George Tyson. Was the "C. Tyson" mentioned as *Marvel*'s owner above, a relative? Did he purchase *Marvel* to relive the glory years of an ancestor? Research on this track will continue.

#### D-Class, A Used Boat Club?!

While on the subject of racing catboats, I urge all to read Stan Grayson's excellent feature, "The Cat Men of Quincy, The Rise and Decline of the D-Class," the cover story of the March/April 2021 edition of *Wooden Boat* magazine.

The article exposes the fact that when Ira Whittemore and his fellow QYC captains

raced extraordinarily well designed, over-canvased and expensive boats such as *Hustler*, *Almira* and, of course, *Marvel*, they were mostly used boats! Built in the Golden Age for very wealthy patrons and raced hard for a few seasons, they were soon considered past their prime and sent to what could have been the wooden boat boneyard.

Around 1903 QYC Commodore Frank Crane and his fellow QYC members stepped in, created the Cape Catboat Association (CCA), located these "aging" beauties (probably purchased for a fraction of their original cost) and "reinvigorated" the sport. Good old Ira Whittemore, then all of 36 years old, became the first president of the CCA. (Figure 7)



Figure 7: *Marvel*'s Ira Whittemore became president of the CCA and QYC Commodore.

D-Class boats were not one designs, i.e., they were not identical as far as hull shape, specs and rig. To qualify as a D-Class boat the vessel had to be a catboat of between 22' and 27' in length with her mast as far forward in the bow as possible (the bow's eyes). Overhang had to be less than 20% of the waterline, the hull could have no reverse curves, her cabin had to stand greater than 2.5" high for each foot of waterline and she had to carry cruising gear. Thus, these boats were very classic, full belly catboats not unlike the thousands of similar boats built as fishing boats for "a man and a boy." Our catboat under restoration clearly meets these specifications.

The "used boat" discovery in Stan's research got us to thinking. "Was *Marvel* a used boat when Ira Whittemore purchased her?" From her papers and verbal history we believed she was purpose built by HFC in 1904 for Whittemore. Had we been misled?

To assist in research that would now take us backwards on the "bottoms up" timeline, we enlisted the services of Joe Chatwynd.

Joe had access to the historical records of the Thomas Crane Library in Quincy, Massachusetts. By some miracle he discovered that the library held decades worth of QYC Annuals, i.e., yearbooks of the QYC yacht club. We had been told that these had been lost in a hurricane that destroyed the clubhouse in the 1950s. Not so!

With these documents and with additional Grayson research we discovered that *Marvel* was probably built prior to 1900 (!!!) not in 1904. More surprising, Herbert Crosby may not have built her but rather his relatives, Daniel and Charles Crosby. Joe's research discovered at least two owners prior to Whittemore. They included a Mr Reed (1900) and a Mr A.A. Lincoln (1902-1903). Who knew?

We've been able to track down the surviving namesake of Mr Lincoln. He is A.A. Lincoln, Jr, the grandson of A.A., Sr and owner of A.A. Lincoln Enterprises, a used car dealership in Brockton, Massachusetts. We hope to learn more about the senior A.A. and *Marvel* from discussions with "Jr."

Once again the *Marvelous* Mystery database continues to geometrically expand. Is the boat under our restoration the *Marvel*? Her legal paperwork signed by Whittemore and her HFC builders plate tied to her paperwork say she is. Frustratingly, Whittemore's For Sale ad in *The Rudder* lists her only as a "Champion Crosby" boat. No mention of Herbert, Daniel or Charles. Her journey from Boston to New York then possibly to Connecticut support the theory that *Marvel* is the boat purchased in Stamford, Connecticut, and restored by Walter Krasniewicz in 1962.

Going forward, bottoms up research will focus on what records we can access once the pandemic passes. This should allow research at the Osterville Historical Museum, home of many of the Crosby records. In addition, in a remarkable break for our project, Andy Crosby, great great grandson of HFC, has joined our restoration effort. We've asked Andy to work with his sister Carol to see if they can uncover anything that might support our research. (Figure 8)



Figure 8: Andy Crosby, great, great grandson of H.F. Crosby has joined the *Marvel* team.

Some have suggested that a detailed comparison of the boat's measurement specifications, as documented in the QYC Annuals and in Whittemore's For Sale advertisement in *The Rudder*, would "clinch the deal." Unfortunately these sources contain three different sets of specs. (The specs in the 1902 QYC Annual are dead on to the boat under restoration.) Others have suggested that we

compare sheer lines to validate provenance. However, this is difficult to do from the angles with which the existing photographs were taken. Some have suggested that we compare 1904 photos of the placement of her portholes against what exists today. Unfortunately, we know of as many as two complete reconstructions of her cabin, both of which resulted in different porthole placements. Figure 9 depicts the situation.

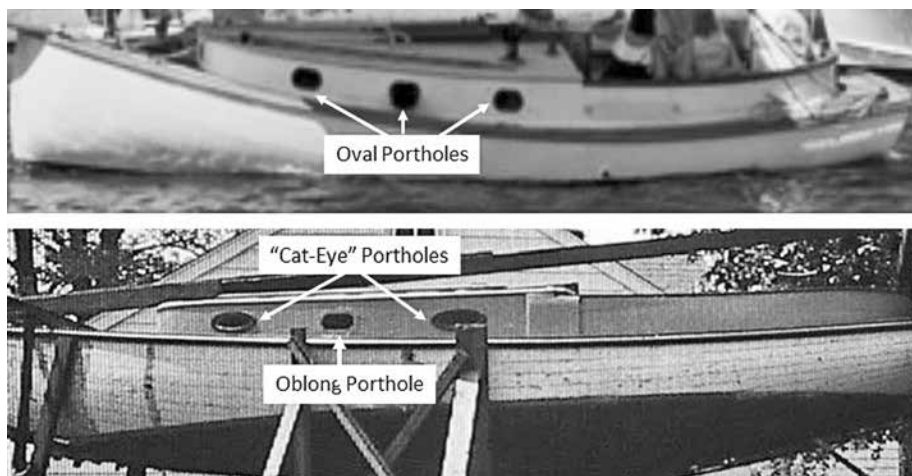


Figure 9: Comparisons of cabin and porthole modifications.

The image of *Marvel* in the lower portion of the photo shows the boat as she looked when Walter Krasniewicz purchased her. Her cabin contains a mix of portholes, none of which we believe were original to the boat (for example, Stan Grayson explains that the “cat eye” lights of early catboats did not have “surrounds” as appear on these). This suggests an earlier replacement of the boat’s cabin, possibly in 1921. The upper section of the photo shows the 1962 replacement cabin with a completely different set of portlights. (More on these further on.) Stan says that many owners of these boats understandably adapted their cabins and layouts to meet the needs of the time.

What to do? As a next step we have once again “volunteered” Joe Chatwynd to research the names and builders listed in the QYC Annals for each of what would become D-Class boats owned and operated by members of the QYC from 1895 through 1915. If our restoration boat is not *Marvel*, perhaps she is an HFC, D-Class boat flying under another name? Perhaps she is one of the many D-Class boats as seen on the opening page of the Grayson *WB* article? Perhaps she is, indeed, the *Marvel*.

### Track 3 Update: Winter Work

Our boat restoration team’s efforts over the winter months were no less ambitious than those conducted by our historical researchers. Work included centerboard design and fabrication, replacement of rotted deck sections, removal and restoration of the boat’s portholes, rewiring of her engine’s electrical systems and refinishing of the brightwork of her gaff spar, doghouse roof, engine cover, helm seat and cabin doors.

Centerboard: Thanks to the generosity of *Silent Maid* funding, we engaged the services of boatwright and centerboard expert George Schuld of DeRouville’s Boat Shop in Bayville, New Jersey, to design and fabricate the boat’s new centerboard.

With temperatures well below 0° and with gale force winds driving windchills even lower, George made the trek from New

Jersey to spend the better part of a day taking final measurements of the centerboard trunk in order to finalize the design of the new board. Recall that we had to remove the boat’s damaged steel centerboard before taking delivery. George also convinced us that the only centerboard winch worthy for a boat as historic as ours was an antique version that would allow adjustment of the board’s attack angle from the helm. (Figure 10)

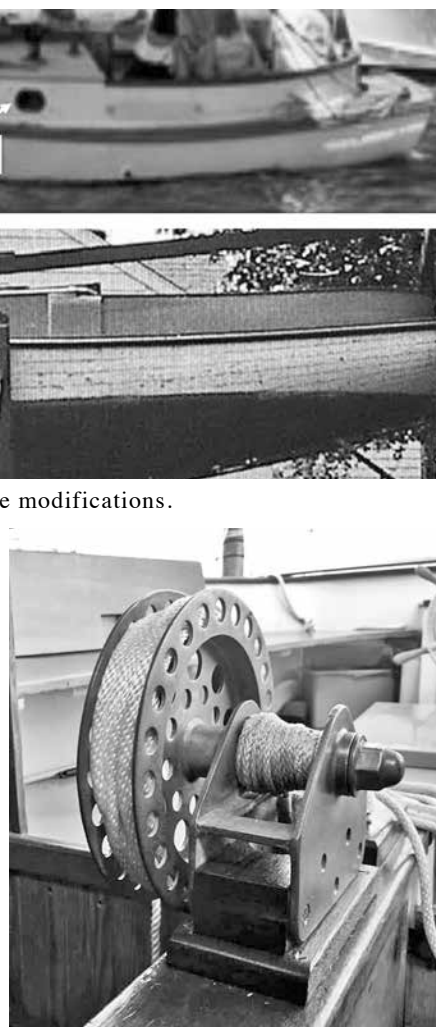


Figure 10: Racing style, antique centerboard winch aboard the catboat *Fairweather*.

He had located one of these rare birds in a marine antique shop in the UK. Unbelievably, as shown in Figure 11, before purchasing the antique George decided to fabricate a working model of the winch from wood. He brought it with him that frigid winter day to see if it would function as he had planned. (It did!)



Figure 11: Master boatwright George Schuld fitting his wooden winch prototype undercover.

Measurements in hand, George headed back to New Jersey, ordered the antique winch and proceeded to have the centerboard fabricated. As mentioned in Part 6, Schuld chose G10, a super reinforced fiberglass, as the appropriate material to fabricate the new board. He enlisted the services of Bayville, New Jersey’s Atlantic Coastal Welding Company, a space age machine shop. ACW used a computer numerical control (CNC) system to design and build the new board. (Figure 12)

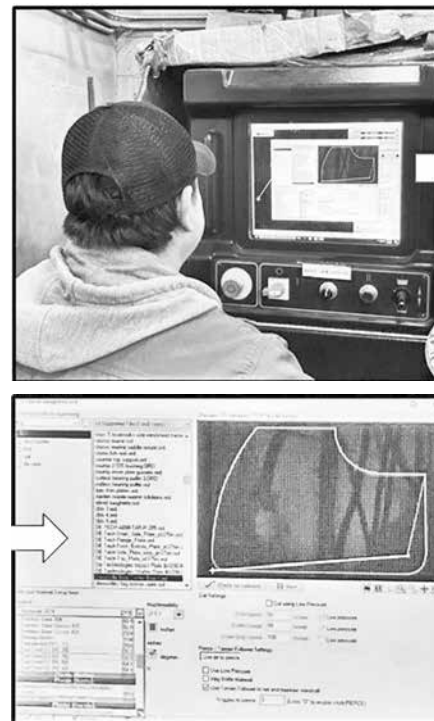


Figure 12: ACW engineers utilized 21st century tech to design and fabricate the centerboard.

ACW engineers cut the G10 utilizing a CNC water jet cutter. George created a video of this process in action and it can be viewed on YouTube at: <https://youtu.be/Y7uL2A1e-5Y>.

Figure 13 displays the finished product. Once installed, our 19th century catboat will enjoy the fruits of the 21st.



Figure 13: The finished centerboard, a technological work of art.

Deck Fix: As noted in previous installments, sections of the boat’s cockpit sole were rotted out and in need of repair. Some sections merely required a refastening. However, one area in particular, adjacent to the forward port scupper, needed a complete redo. As some point while the boat was in storage the scupper had become blocked. This caused fresh water to pool and the rot

set in. This section lay atop the boat's stainless fuel tank. This led us to consider replacement, not with fixed in place teak decking but rather with a removable hatch. This would allow access to the tank and its ventilation and fuel hoses, a desirable maintenance and safety feature. Figure 14 displays the results of our efforts.



Figure 14: A newly created port side hatch would replace and repair a rotted deck section.

To keep costs under control (have you priced teak lately?) we “thieved” a teak board from a little seen section of the interior cabin sole and used this in conjunction with a number of deck boards salvaged when we exposed the rotten substrate. (Figure 15)



Figure 15: Teak salvaged from the rotted deck section and elsewhere was recycled for the hatch.

We epoxied and screwed the teak components onto a piece of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " marine grade plywood purchased from our favorite supplier, Boulter's Plywood of Malden, Massachusetts. The final teak/plywood hatch will be secured in place once the winter cover is removed.

Portholes: As mentioned earlier, the boat's cabin had been replaced at least twice and probably more times than that in her lifetime. The portlights in her current cabin walls did not match any of those shown in any earlier photographs and were almost certainly installed during the boat's 1962 “resurrection.”

During the ten years the boat sat on the hard on Cape Cod, the elements had worked their nasty best to make them totally non-

functional. We originally thought that we could repair these in place but this proved impractical. So one by one we removed all eight “lights” (six large oval units and two small circular units) and brought them into the shop for servicing. Upon removal we made several discoveries.

The first of these was that we noticed that the boat's cabin walls were fabricated using a unique cabin construction feature we had never seen before, i.e., the walls were comprised of a five layer lamination of what appeared to be a Masonite/resorcinol glue sandwich. The flexibility of the Masonite like material certainly made it easy for the boat builders to bend and shape the cabin's curves. However, Masonite is not known for its weather keeping properties. Once wet, the stuff usually quickly decomposes. Members of our restoration team speculate that this material may have been a special MIL-Spec Masonite with the build approach a technique used by the Luder's folks in building the Navy minesweepers simultaneously under construction during *Marvel's* restoration. Are any readers familiar with this technique? Please let us know.

The second discovery involved the large portlights themselves. While they all looked similar in construction it turns out they represented four different design versions among the six. As shown in Figure 17, the lights differed in height, mechanicals and size.



Figure 17: Though similar looking from afar, the large portholes differed in design.

We speculate that Walter Krasniewicz, *Marvel's* owner when the new cabin was built, possibly accumulated a number of these from different sources connected with his metal salvage business. Perhaps they were the inspiration for acquiring *Marvel* in the first place. After a few week of cleaning, lubricating, repairing, polishing and regasketing (Figure 18) the portlights will be ready to rejoin their place in the *Marvel's* cabin walls late spring. (Figure 19)

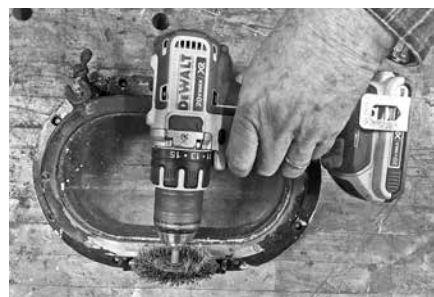


Figure 18: Lots of wire brushed elbow grease began the process of porthole restoration.



Figure 19: The refurbished and restored large portholes are ready to return to service.

Electrics: Major rewiring of the entire boat would wait until spring. However, we were able to repair and rewire the instrument panel located in the engine cover (Figure 20). Come summer, the boat will sport a new set of engine gauges, senders, transducers and along with their associated wiring harnesses.

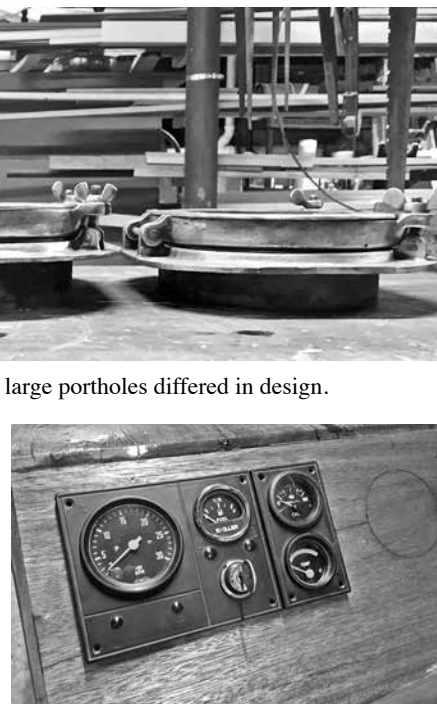


Figure 20: With new gauges installed, the restored engine cover is ready for reinstallation.

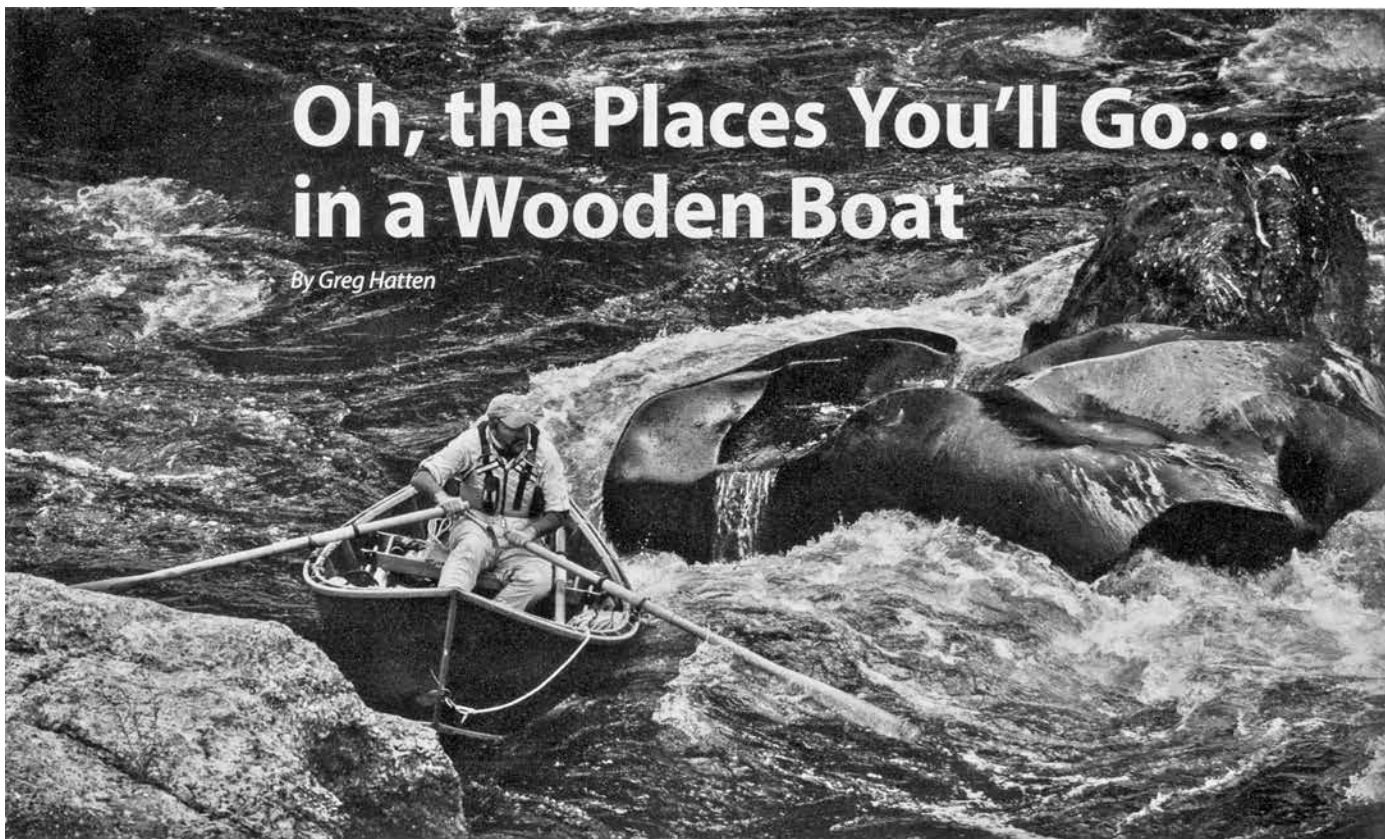
Brightwork: Prior to covering the old girl for the winter we carefully removed all loose woodwork/brightwork. This included her panel doors, doghouse roof, cockpit bench seats, engine cover and helm seat. In the warmth of our various team member's winter workshops, all were lovingly refinished with eight coats of spar varnish. All now await reinstallation.

As you read this we hope that the long awaited relaunch of *Marvel/Sunnyside/Susan* is just a few weeks away. But as I write this in early April, lots of elbow grease and research work remain.

**(To be Continued)**

# Oh, the Places You'll Go... in a Wooden Boat

By Greg Hatten



*Obsession fulfilling its purpose, charging down the rapids.*

**Reprinted from *Epoxyworks* Published Twice Yearly by Gougeon Brothers**

I was anxious the first time I took my handcrafted McKenzie-style drift boat to The Wooden Boat Festival in Port Townsend, Washington. Realizing that boat builders and woodworkers with discerning eyes would be inspecting the construction details of my boat over the course of four days was almost reason enough for me to create a "change of plans" and not go.

*Almost.*

After completing the construction of my mahogany drift boat with WEST SYSTEM® Epoxy several years ago, I placed a call to the director of the Port Townsend Festival, Kaci Cronkite, to see if there was a spot to display a 16' riverboat at the festival. The Wooden Boat Festival is one of the biggest festivals of this type in the United States. I hoped there would be a place for my river dory among the sea of saltwater wooden boats participating in the water and on the wharf. Kaci's enthusiasm for wooden boat diversity was contagious. I signed up without thinking of the potential ego-bruising that might accompany my participation.

As the date neared, my anxiety grew. I obsessed over all the small things I couldn't possibly correct or do-over before the event. I finally resigned myself to a "come as you are" strategy and hoped

they would extend a little grace to a first-time boat builder.

Turns out, I was anxious for nothing... I was welcomed warmly by a great community of wooden boat enthusiasts who enjoyed seeing a boat that was unique and slightly out of context with the big beautiful saltwater boats surrounding it.

That was the beginning of a long-standing relationship with Port Townsend. I fell in love with the festival, the town, the people, the culture,



*Festival goers admiring the craftsmanship.*



the boat builders, the craft, the performers, the volunteers, the food, the singalong shanties... everything! It's quite something really. Each year at the festival, I gave presentations on wild and scenic rivers, treacherous rapids, and the remote adventures to explore in a handcrafted wooden boat.

While those freshwater adventures in a riverboat are very different from sailing in the vastness of the salty sea, the common thread is wooden boats and the art of building them. Whether rowing through the chaos of the Grand Canyon on the Colorado River or sailing through Cook's Strait between the North and South Islands of New Zealand—if you were the builder of the wooden boat you command—there is a special connection to the past, the environment, the art of navigation, the water, and the boat itself. It's said that wooden boats have a soul shaped by the builder and forged by the water. I totally believe that. Freshwater or saltwater makes no difference. The builder and the boat are connected in a very intimate way.

In 2019, I was invited to give my Wild and Scenic presentation on the Adventure Stage at the Australian Wooden Boat Festival in Hobart. It's one of the world's largest wooden boat festivals, with a bunch of American wooden boat builders. I jumped at the opportunity. And when the festival director asked if they could ship my handcrafted boat in a container all the way to Hobart, Tasmania so the folks there could see the heart and soul of a McKenzie-style drift boat, I said yes before he finished the request.

The estimated crowd for that festival was over 300,000 but I had less anxiety than I'd had fifteen years earlier in Port Townsend for a crowd of 30,000. There are many similarities between the festivals—mostly the warmth of the people we met. Every day of the festival, I stood beside my boat in the U.S. Pavilion, pointing out the features of the drift boat and describing how it moves like a sports car in whitewater. I let them sit in the rower's seat, grip the oars, and helped them imagine leveraging the power of the river to turn the boat on a dime and avoid disaster.

I told them what it's like to row a wooden boat on our wild and scenic rivers and how the rivers are as fragile as the wooden boats we row. Take your eye off the ball for one second and you could lose your boat to a river rock or boulder. Take your eye off the wild rivers and risk losing them to a dam, tram, casino or any number of things that threaten our greatest natural resources.

In turn, they told me about the Huon pine tree that grows wild only in the wet temperate rain forests of southwest Tasmania. It's a slow-growth tree prized among boat builders because it is



*Interior view of the river dory Obsession.*

*Table made out of Huon pine from the forests of southwest Tasmania.*



impervious to insects and highly waterproof. The 16th through 19th centuries were the "Age of Sail" when many wooden sailboats were built. During that time, Huon pine trees were harvested to near extinction. They are now protected from any harvesting. Ironically, about the only way to obtain Huon pine today is from the bottom of Lake Gordon where tons of ancient logs were buried when the Gordon Dam was built in 1974.

In remembrance of the Australian Wooden Boat Festival and Tasmania, I was given a small slab of Huon pine that had been recovered from the bottom of Lake Gordon. The little side table I built from it is a prized possession and a constant reminder of how fragile our natural resources are around the world.

I will continue to row with passion and write with purpose about our wooden boats on wild and scenic rivers. Perhaps one day I'll return to the Australian Wooden Boat Festival. One thing is for sure: Every September you will find me and my riverboats in Port Townsend, most likely on the Adventure Stage showing videos and photographs of the amazing places a wooden boat can take you.

*Profile of Obsession.*



# The Pleasure of Sailmaking

By Harold Burnham

As a boy of fourteen I wound up jumping ship from my family's Friendship sloop *Resolute* and sailing with our friend Bob Phaneuf and his friends aboard his Phil Nichols-built sloop, *Surprise*. Bob and his friends seemed to enjoy having a sober young boy along with them who could sail the boat and navigate.

I learned a lot from those guys, and I just loved *Surprise*. Like her owner, everything about *Surprise* was big, from her enormous chest-deep cockpit to the end of her long hogged-down bowsprit. One aspect I was particularly fond of was her large, low-slung, hand-sewn, vertical-cut canvas mainsail. That sail was a real driver and when I was sailing on other boats I could pick *Surprise* out as a speck on the horizon. From that experience I learned that despite all the labor that goes into building a hull, the sails are what people see first.

My father made several sails for *Resolute*. I used to think that this was to save money. I have come to realize that he just took great pleasure in making things himself and in learning, but it was torture to my mom's home sewing machine. Of the several sails my father made, the last was a jib that just never

set right. In fact it never set at all. It was flat and it constantly flapped, despite being re-cut several times. I think that the experience discouraged him, but I didn't

learn from his mistake.

My first sail-making venture also involved torturing my mom's sewing machine, and I think I eventually killed it. That first sail was for a Beetle Cat that I had rebuilt.

I remember going to Hood Sail Loft in Marblehead to buy some sail tape. The folks there were very kind, they listened to me and were very happy to help me out. Looking back, I think they were just happy to see a kid trying to make a sail. I remember that they offered me a job.

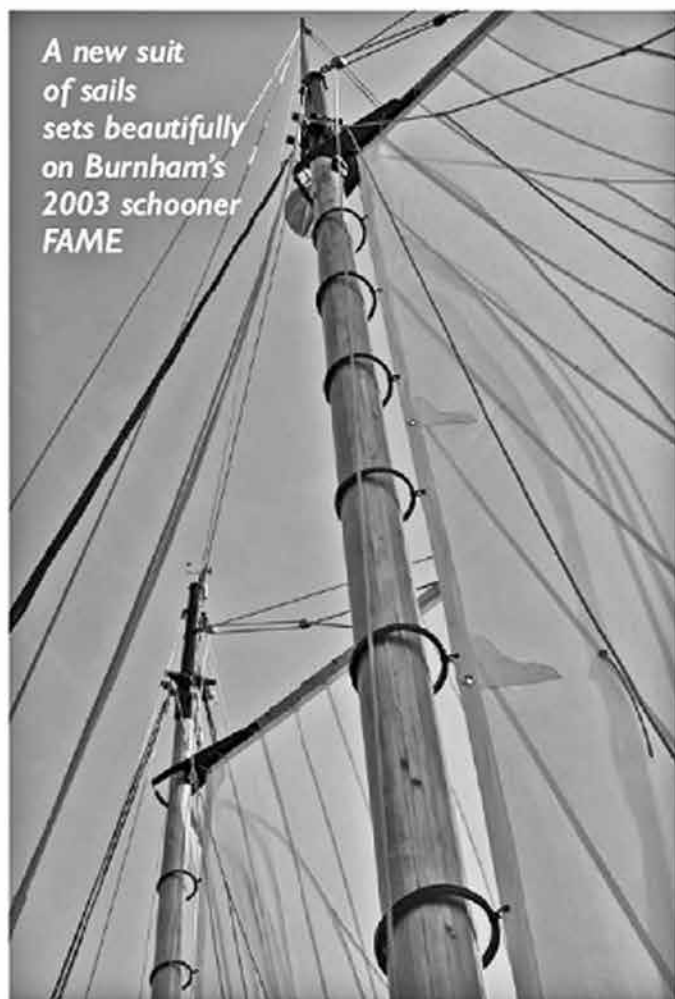
The sail I made set all right, although not as good as my older Beetle Cat sail. The heavy cloth I used didn't stretch like the cloth on the existing sail, which I roughly copied for the design, and the boom swung only inches above the coaming. There was nothing to do but re-cut the foot and put in new

reef points. Since the sail had three sets of reef points and all of them had to be repositioned, when I was done it looked as if someone had shot the sail with a machine gun.

Fortunately, another thing I learned from my father was



GORDON GRANT



A new suit of sails sets beautifully on Burnham's 2003 schooner FAME

MarlinspikeMagazine.com

how to laugh at my mistakes. I sailed the boat that way for years until I eventually sold her with that sail on it.

Many years later, I was building the Chebacco Boat *Lewis H. Story* for the Essex Shipbuilding Museum. As I was finishing the boat, there was no money for sails, and I had no sewing machine. A friend of mine and of the Museum had temporary possession of an old Singer 107, and we agreed that if I borrowed the machine and made the *Story's* sails, I could keep the machine until its rightful owner needed it.

With the 107 in hand, I bought a copy of *The Sail-Makers Apprentice* from the museum store. This was a worthy investment and a valuable resource. I still keep a copy handy for reference and to lend to younger folks who help me out from time to time. For the *Story's* sails I also bought a then-new material developed by North Cloth and Nat Wilson called Oceanus.

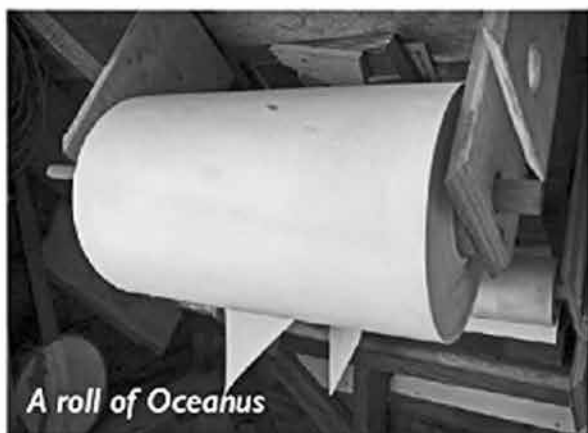
Oceanus turned out to be exactly what I was looking for in a sail material. Oceanus looked, felt, worked, and handled like canvas, but did not mildew like my old canvas sails. It is strong and holds up well. For many years now I have worked with it exclusively.

The sails for the *Lewis H. Story* came out very nice indeed, set very satisfactorily, and orders for other sails followed. Every year since I have made one, two, or three sets of sails. While that hardly makes me a sailmaker, two or three sets of sails every year for 23 years does add up to quite a body of work. Many of these sails are for the boats I have built, rebuilt, or worked on and none of the sails I have made have been production.

If the project is local, I generally measure the boat and the spars myself. If it is for a customer from away, I have them measure the spars as well as send me photos of the various parts of the boat. I enjoy carefully drawing every sail before we build it and usually in conjunction with the boat they are on. Occasionally we see problems that need correcting, better ways to rig the boat, or make recommendations for changes in the spar plans, and we wind up building the spars as well. All of this leads to a final product that works the way the owner wants and looks as I envision it.

I have heard people say that traditionally-cut Oceanus sails do not perform as well as modern sails laid out and cut by computers. To those who believe this, I would say first that the people I've heard the most about this from either own the computer cutters or have just bought sails from those that do.

Second, there are many factors involved in how boats sail. With a lifetime of building and racing traditional vessels behind me, my experience leads me to believe that the sail's size relative to the boat, shape, and position are as important as what cloth they are cut from. Whether or not the vessel's bottom is clean, and the size of propeller and aperture are both important factors, and often the most critical factor in what makes a boat go is who is driving it.



A roll of Oceanus



Repairing a jib



The Singer 107

All "real" sailmakers know this, and that is why the most successful ones often race with their best customers and volunteer to take the wheel when things are tight.

While I am a traditionalist, I believe in using modern materials where they make sense. I use plywood decks, and Oceanus is woven from Dacron fibers, which are stronger and hold up better than cotton. On the other hand, my opinion is that those white computer-cut hard Dacron or carbon fiber sails look as out of place on a traditional boat as a giant spoiler would on the back of a Model A, and they increase performance about as much.

As sailmaking for me is supplementary to my boat-building and charter businesses, I don't keep secrets about it and I have taught classes on sailmaking for the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Lowell's Boat Shop, and the Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center. I have also had several eager apprentices, including my son Alden, who started working with me at a very young age and in recent years built sails for his own Friendship and for a customer's Friendship. Aaron

Snider built several sails for me, including a set for the schooner *Isabella*. Chuck Redman built the *Ardelle's* first set of sails; a set of sails for the *Fame*, a set for a Friendship

sloop and a set for a No Mans Land boat.

John Emmet, who has really got the bug and works full-time for North Sails, also has done a lot of sailmaking in our shop. Along with Susannah Winder and Katherine Dench he built a set of sails for a catboat, a set for the *Fame*, a set for a friend's cat yawl and a set of sails for my old sloop *Chrissy*. Incidentally, I horse-traded that set of sails for *Chrissy* for the schooner *Sylvina W. Beal* and while I will reserve judgment on whether or not that was a good idea, it certainly has changed my life and am grateful to John for his part in that.

After over a hundred sails and more than twenty years, I did eventually return the 107 to my friend's grandson and purchased a new-to-me Singer 111 from Parisi's Sewing Machines in Danvers, Mass. Over the years Parisi's has been instrumental in keeping my machines going and me in business. The pulse of the needle in the work is music to my ears.

I am also grateful to my customers as I consider it a privilege to work for them and sailmaking a most enjoyable work. I keep the wood stove going (which is suspended above the loft floor) and the radio on. As pleasant and comfortable as the work is, the real satisfaction of sail making comes from watching one of my boats develop from a speck on the horizon as they come into view. ☉

*National Heritage Fellow  
Harold Burnham's current project is the 1911 sardine carrier *Sylvina W. Beal*. For more info, visit [schooner-ardelle.com](http://schooner-ardelle.com).*



Burnham's  
Essex, MA loft

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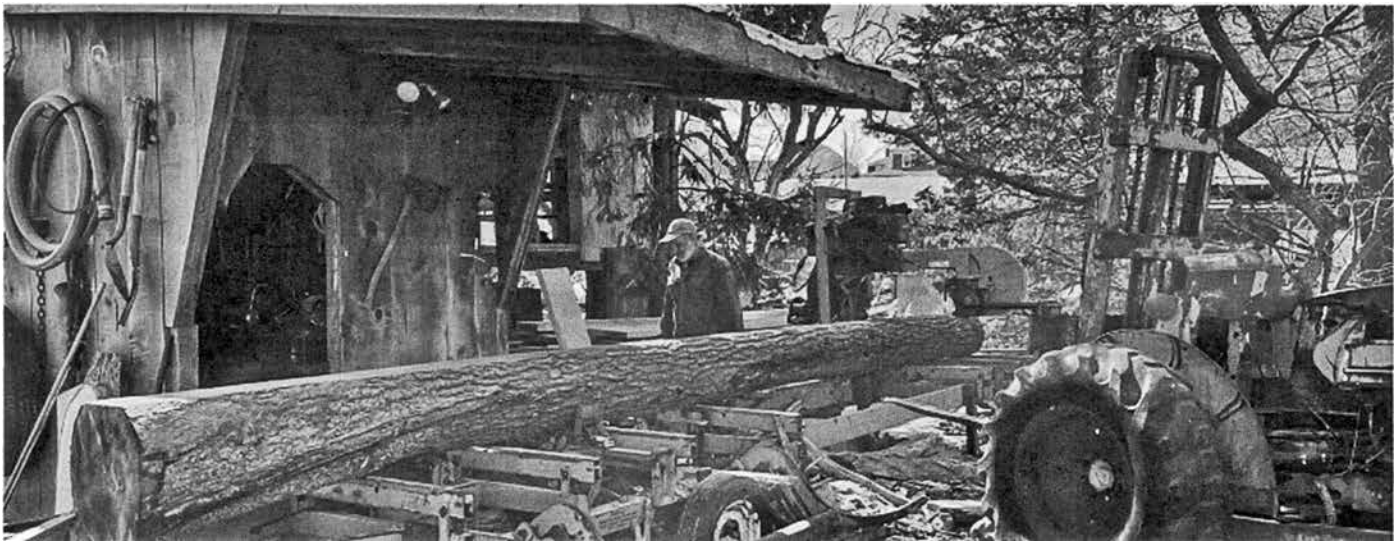
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## Time, Tide and the Rehabilitation of the *Sylvina W. Beal*

### Offcuts

By Harold Burnham and Mary Kay Taylor

Twenty years ago when Tony Chaplik sold us our sawmill he told of an amazing phenomena he observed when milling wood. He said that when he'd start off with a pile of logs and cut all the useful timber out of it, somehow he ended up with a pile of slab as big as the pile of logs he'd started with. Our experience with the mill has proven his observation to be correct. Moreover, we've found that it takes as much work to deal with the slab as it does to mill the wood.

So as the creek and yard have been filling up with 4 1/2" futtock, deck beam and station stock, the drying sheds have been filling up with 2 1/2" stringers and 2" planking stock and the heavy timbers for the centerline structure have piled up on the marsh, the area around

the mill has been filling up with slab. To combat this, we have been very busy processing firewood. We already have all of next winter's firewood stored in the sheds and drying. We have also been sending wood off with our many friends who have been helping out on the *Beal*, filling their sheds and yards.

Sometimes more than just firewood comes out of a log when we are sawing heavy stock for grade. When working at a log trying to get 2" x 2 1/2" or 4 1/2" x 4 1/2" flitch, sometimes making a 1" or 1 1/2" cut will allow for the best use of the logs for the larger pieces. While the boards from these are too thin for much of what we are doing with the *Beal*, they are

exactly what is needed for smaller projects.

And so it is that we have given, traded and sold a good deal of this stock to Tom Jarvis for the ribs and planking for *Resolute*, Cyrus Ebinger for ribs and planking for *Voyager II*, to the Essex Shipbuilding Museum and Lowell's Boat Shop for their projects and to Red's Pond Boat Shop and to Dan Noyes for his dories.

The end result of all this is close to 100% efficiency as far as processing our logs are concerned and this is important to us. We consider wood to be sacred. Trees must die for wood to exist. Using wood well honors that sacrifice and it is an honor to build a wooden boat.

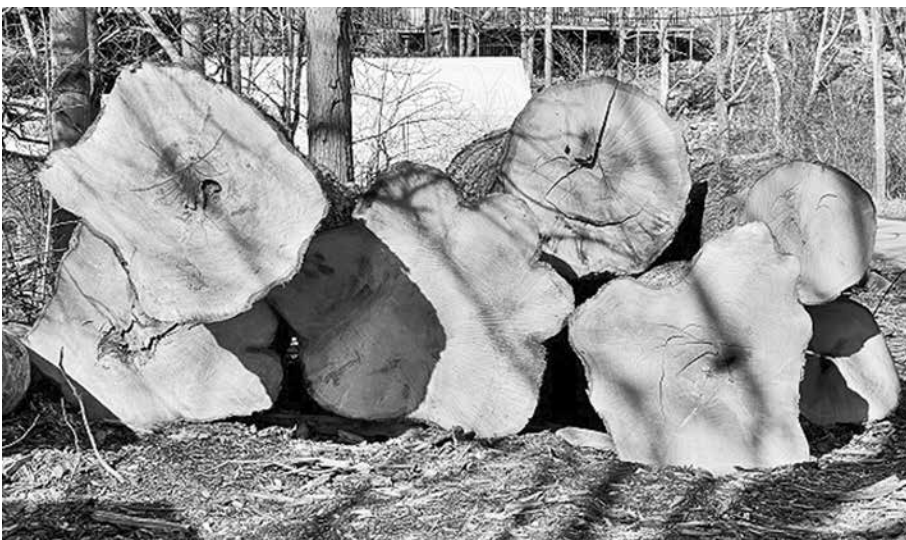
As the timber has piled up in the yard over the winter, the log pile was starting to get a lot smaller. That trend ended as April arrived when our friend John Abazaïd (wood-boy) from Mayer Tree dropped of a splendid truckload of large diameter white oak logs. These logs will likely make up a lot of the *Beal*'s framing, deadwood and heavy timber.

An added surprise was this wonderful honeycomb John gave us. He said he finds it

### Life is Sweet

in downed trees a few times a year and that this came from a pine log that was about 60' up when the tree was standing.

Trees really are wonderful and amazing. It is a privilege to work with wood and my many friends who, like myself, share a passion for it. Harold



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## Ronald & Mary Jane

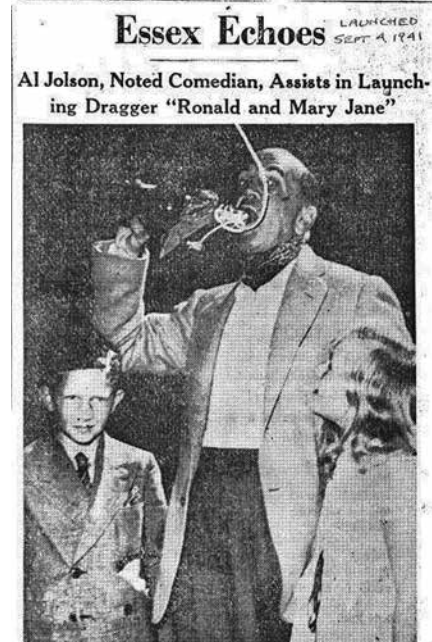
We continue to find new items of interest in the archives. These photos of the construction and launching of the dragger *Ronald & Mary Jane* include the singer/comedian Al Jolson. *Ronald & Mary Jane* was a 95' dragger built by Lyman James in 1941. She was lost to a fire off Nova Scotia in 1953.

The launch was scheduled for 10:30 in the morning, September 5, 1941, with 3,000 to 4,000 folks in attendance. The blockings were removed but the ship refused to move. Three tow lines snapped but the fourth did the trick and at 12:30 she finally slid down the ways. In the meantime Al Jolson, in attendance, found a good use for the champagne available. The two children in the picture are Ronald Kissick and Mary Jane Landsberg, for whom the boat is named.



## Frame Up Essex Shipbuilding Images from the Past A Visit to the Archives

SALEM EVENING NEWS—SALEM, MASS., FRIDAY, SE



ESSEX BOAT LAUNCHING  
When the Dragger Refused to Slide Down the Ways, Al Jolson, Well-Known Comedian, and Singer, Tried to Convince Little Mary Jane Landsberg that He Could Find a Better Use for the Champagne. At His Right stands Ronald Kissick, For Whom With Mary Jane, the Boat Was Named



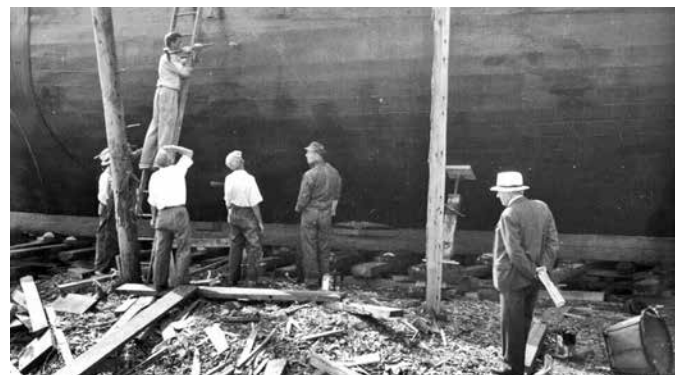
Workers on the unfinished upper works. One of the guys is in a T-shirt, the other has his shirtsleeves rolled up. A big change from older times when the shipwrights wore ties.

## Gaetano S.

*Gaetano S.* was designed by Lewis Story and built by John Prince Story. John Prince Story had built three boats in the 1890s, a schooner and two sloops, then after a rather long break as lead builder, built seven draggers during the WWII years.



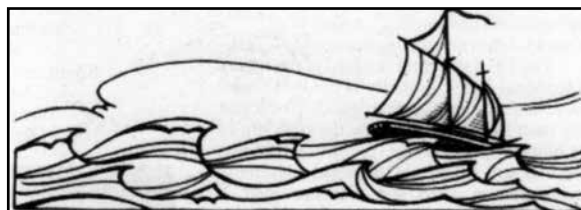
Another day, another launch. This one, like that of the *Ronald & Mary Jane*, did not go smoothly. January 29, 1944 and the dragger *Gaetano S.* starts down the ways, overbalances and tips sharply to starboard and continues sliding. Unfortunately she tipped far enough that the starboard aft corner of her forecandle headed into the frames of the vessel being built next to her and took out 11 of them. Here's the launch. Visible are some of the stove in frames and at least ten guys on *Gaetano S.* on the port rail hanging on for dear life.



Working on the hull. We think the gent in the Panama hat and suit coat may be Lyman James.



And here she is in February, lying in disgrace in the creek.



The beginning of the fisheries in Gloucester, which are noted the world over, was coincident with the first settlement of the place in 1623 when part of the crew of an English fishing craft were left here after the vessel had completed her fishing season and sailed for Spain to market her salted fish fare. We know that the same draft, with another, came the next year and that they made unsuccessful voyages, but this time leaving 32 instead of 14 men. In this year, the Plymouth Colony also sent over a fishing craft and built Gloucester's first fishing wharf, or "stage," as it was then called.

The fisheries, with Gloucester as a base, were continued by a few vessels from England in 1625 and then abandoned but tradition tells us that the few settlers who remained continued to fish and that, in 1630 or 1631, settlers from Salem landed at what is now Annisquam, erected a "stage" and began fishing operations. Later we learn that fishing in a small way was carried on at what is now the Harbor, but it seems almost certain that not until between 1680 and 1700 did Gloucester's fisheries begin to reach a volume which might allow them to be called an industry.

We do know that the entire fleet in 1693 comprised six sloops, one boat and one shallop, that fishing was continued to favorable spots close to shore. It has always seemed to me that the advent of the schooner type of craft, in 1713, marked the beginning of the pursuit of the fisheries and the town's leading business. Of course, you know that sloops, ketches and shallops were small craft open or only partly decked over. These fishing sloops were gradually built larger and ventured farther from home for fish fares. Before 1729 we find some of this class engaged in the "distant" fisheries and as early as 1711 our fishermen were found as far as Cape Sable, Nova Scotia.

The first fishing schooner was built in 1713 by Capt Andrew Robinson. As she left the launching ways a spectator cried, "See how she scoons!" At which Capt Robinson shouted, "A schooner let her be!" These schooners were unwieldy, lumbering looking craft as compared with the trim, speedy vessels of today. In reality, the difference between the first schooner and the lug sloops was more in the rig and sails than in hull design.

Many more schooners were quickly built so that by 1741 about 70 of these craft, of about 50 tons burden, were fishing each summer on the far off Grand Bank of Newfoundland. In those days, and indeed for many years to come, the crews fished with hook and line. Each man kept account of the number of fish he caught and profited accordingly. The shore fishery at this period was still continued by sloops and other small craft.

In the period around 1750 and 1760, the fisheries were being prosecuted with vigor and success, and from that time to the beginning of the Revolutionary War we find Gloucester fishermen in the winter months freighting these summer catches of codfish (salted) to the ports of Lisbon, Bilboa, Cadiz and also the West Indies islands. Sandy Bay, now Rockport, was the headquarters of the shore fishery with the Harbor sending out the big bankers while 'Squam had both bankers and shore boats. Just before the Revolution these bankers, the largest craft of the fleet, were valued at \$1,000 each and the town boasted a fleet of 80 of them, beside 70 shore boats.

Today a new fishing vessel costs about \$30,000, if not more, without the engine.

## Short Essays of Gloucester History

Published April 7, 1923

### The Fisheries of Gloucester



Some difference! It should be noted that as a class the fishermen were poor, though then, as in the following years down to recent times, some who began on the vessel's deck rose to command and later to own fleets and take places among our leading citizens and businessmen.

The Revolution put a stop to fishing, except by a few boats close in shore whose catches went for needed home consumption. In this fishery were engaged the "Chebacco" boats, so called because they were built at Essex. Several of the larger bankers fitted out as privateers. Some rotted at the wharves and some others, well cared for, were preserved until peace again made it safe to engage in the Grand Bank fishery.

After the war the fisheries struck another snag. The town's merchants found there was more money in foreign commerce. In conse-

quence the Grand Bank branch of the industry declined so rapidly that in 1804 the total number of vessels over 30 tons, owned in the town and engaged in the fisheries was only eight. In 1820 this great fishery was considered totally extinct and for 30 years thereafter was of little account in the business of the town. However, about 1860 increased demand for fish and higher prices induced many of the merchants again to engage in it. Trawls succeeded handlines in this fishery, which up to a few years ago was the main codfish source of supply to this port.

From 1800 to 1830, while the Grand Banks fishery was practically abandoned, the shore fishery was vigorously prosecuted. Then about 200 Chebacco boats, manned by 600 men, were engaged. These boats resorted to the shoal grounds and ledges near the coast where at different seasons they found cod, hake and pollock. This fishery was chiefly carried on at Sandy Bay, Annisquam and other coves on the back side of the Cape, but the advantages of a good harbor for their large boats drew some of the fishermen away from these localities to settle at the Harbor soon after 1800.

An increase in the size of the boats soon took place. By 1810 several pink stern schooners, or "jiggers" as they were sometimes called, were employed in the business. This type, with its high, sharp, pinched in stern, easier bilge and somewhat sharper bow, was a distinct improvement over the early banker modes, proving not only more speedy but more seaworthy. This shore fishery was at its height about 1832, the tonnage engaged reaching the large figure of 6,463 tons and the men employed 800. From then on it declined, being pursued only in the winter time, until today the fleet engaged from this port is small indeed.

About 1820 fishing for mackerel began to increase. These fish were found in great plenty in waters close at hand and soon mackerel fishing became the principal fishery of the port. For several seasons it was followed with marked success. Some idea of its proportions may be gleaned from the fact that in 1831 the catch of this town alone, 69,759 salted barrels, was greater than the whole New England catch in any one year since 1917, and perhaps even further back than that date.





The *Lewis H. Story* is a representation of a pinky sterned Chebacco boat, a two masted gaff rigged vessel designed for inshore cod fishing and coastal trading. She measures 30' on deck and her hull, deck arrangement and rig are typical of post Revolutionary War inshore fishermen. Small but rugged, Chebacco boats were utilized in various ways beyond simple fishing boats, which is why they are often considered the Colonial era "pickup truck."

The Chebacco boat developed from the small shallops early settlers used for fishing, transport and trade. Over time the shallop design evolved to meet current conditions, needs and available materials as well as the eye of the individual builders. Typically they averaged from 24' to 48' in length, had two masts and no bowsprit. The deck held several cockpits, or "standing rooms," in which the fishermen stood to fish. A middle hatch gave access to the fish hold. A vessel like the *Story* with two men and a boy as crew could fish for a couple of days and bring home a catch of up to 10,000lbs of salted cod.

The *Story* was designed and built by master shipwright Harold A. Burnham using traditional white oak, locust trenails (trunnels), pine decking and spruce spars. The Essex Historical Society & Shipbuilding

## The *Lewis H. Story* Flagship and Ambassador for the Essex Historical Society and Shipbuilding Museum



Museum commissioned Captain Burnham in 1998 to create this replica of the Chebacco boat type to be used as a flagship and roving ambassador. Built in 1998, the *Story* has spent the last 23 years as a living monument to the Shipbuilders of Essex.

The *Story* is named in honor of Essex shipwright, carver, designer, modeler, researcher and the town's foremost maritime historian, Lewis H. Story. After a two year restoration at the Museum on the site of the historic A.D. Story Shipyard, the *Lewis H. Story* was relaunched in 2017 in order to continue her mission.



Some of our volunteers working on the rail, having suffered the general wear and tear of a working vessel, and the stanchions exposed after its removal. We aim to have her patched up and looking sharp for the summer 2021 sailing season.

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SOCIETY AND  
SHIPBUILDING  
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## Point Allerton Station Welcomes Drop In Visitors

The museum has remained open on a limited basis throughout the covid pandemic by "reservation only" and now, with easing of government restrictions, we formally opened to all visitors on May 8 with no reservation required. Our museum and exhibits will be open seven days a week so come on by for a visit and say hello. Safety protocols will remain in place. We welcome one and all. Please check our website [www.lifesavingmuseum.org](http://www.lifesavingmuseum.org) for hours and admission or call us at (781) 925-5433.

## Adult Rowing in Boston and Hull

The best mental health activity in Greater Boston can be found at Windmill Point in Hull and the Boston Rowing Center at Fort Point Channel in Boston. The uninitiated need only bring appropriate footwear (that which can get wet) and a good sense of humor to learn the time honored skill of "pulling together." As with all of the on the water programs, we row in Whitehall Fours and Pilot Gigs, choosing a boat each outing to match the crew that shows up on the beach.

Warning: Open water rowing can be habit forming. For first time rowers we suggest that you can plan your first rowing voyage for a Saturday morning. Also, we recommend that you call to ensure that no impromptu activities have been planned for the day. Rowing memberships are open to all people 18 years and older. For more information or for daily scheduling questions call: (781) 925-5433.



### Hull Rowing Schedule

Where: Windmill Point Boathouse, 185 Main Street, Hull

When: Saturdays, 7:30am, year round  
Wednesdays, 6:30pm (June through August)

### Boston Rowing Schedule:

Where: Boston Rowing Center at the Barking Crab Restaurant, Fort Point Channel, Boston

When: Saturdays, 10am  
Wednesdays, 6pm (March through November)

### Membership Fees

Annual Membership: \$195 per year, March through February

Summer Rowing Membership: \$170 per year, March through November.

Winter Rowing Membership: \$50 per year, November through February



## Strength Against the Storms



HULL LIFESAVING MUSEUM, HULL, MASSACHUSETTS

CASE STUDY: August 2012

The town of Hull, Massachusetts, is situated on a narrow peninsula just South of Boston Harbor. Locals are determined to preserve Hull's heritage as the founder of seafarer lifesaving efforts. The Hull Lifesaving Museum, former US Coast Guard Point Allerton Station, is a prime example of a character building with precious ties to the past. From 1880-1969, this building housed lifesaving crews who chanced their own lives to save mariners at risk from the sea's jagged rocks.

The 19<sup>th</sup> Century was a period of growth for this part of Boston which counted 150 cargo schooners entering her harbor each week. Main cargo items were lumber and coal. Authorities decided that a lifesaving station was needed at some point north of Scituate Harbor. Hull is renowned for its intense nor'easter storms and was the perfect location. Brave men who signed on for this rescue station's intense duty roster were hardy souls with the courage to clamber into a surf boat, plunge the vessel into rough seas and head out to rescue sailors being dashed against jagged rocks.

The narrow, one-mile wide inlet is guarded by the 'twin sentries', a lighthouse and the Hull Lifesaving Station. The inlet is treacherous and rocky, with wrecks being commonplace as early ships waited out violent storms in this tiny channel. Survival wasn't

easy, especially in an era where ships were all under sail, rather than on reliable engine power. Thankfully for sailors, the Hull lifesavers were a dedicated team. There are many stories of rescues where thankful sailors were taken to shore, given warm, dry clothes and food... mere hours later they would find their ship battered apart, reduced to broken wooden planks bobbing along the shore.



Authentic rescue boat outside museum





## Notes From The Buffalo Maritime Center

### Progress on the *USS Trippe*

By Greg Dudley, BMC Boatbuilder

We've got building projects happening down at the Longshed and on Arthur Street. The crew working on the *USS Trippe*, an update follows. Projects like the *Trippe* and the Erie Canal Boat, *Seneca Chief*, will be open to the public with unique programming bringing history to life!

There's a 50' long 7" diameter "stick" that's been hanging from the rafters at 90 Arthur Street so long that it's become part of the scenery. Most visitors don't even notice it there. I admit that I haven't really paid it much attention either, until recently.

Now, the fact that this sizable mast belongs to our boat is becoming an imminent reality. The *Trippe's* 1812 era cutter/sloop rig is based around this single mast and several things have to be done to prepare the "stick" for its critical role in the fully functional rig that we will build. In the coming months this plain round spar and its companion gaff and boom will all be brought down to the floor where they can be worked on. After that, we'll have to find something else to decorate the shop ceiling with.

Meanwhile, the crew has been working steadily on fairing the *Trippe's* hull to a level of perfection that should forever keep anyone from saying that we missed a spot. A fair hull is one where a person can look down the side of the boat on a sunny day and see a smooth and continuous surface. It's not just for aesthetics either, a fair hull creates less turbulence and drag as it moves through the water. Topside, the cabin house, bowsprit bits and cap rails are being finished like fine pieces of furniture. The craftsmanship of all the work is excellent.

Some interesting pieces of antique lighting have been sought out and then generously donated by BMC member Mike Magee. These oil fired port and starboard lanterns will look just right for the early 19th century era. When the *Trippe* is finally rigged and ready to sail these will be mounted on the mast shrouds. We'll likely convert them to LED to prevent the pesky risk of fire.



Greg Dudley And Roger Allen holding the prized oil fired port and starboard lanterns.



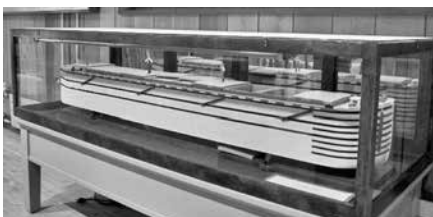
### The *Seneca Chief* Construction Begins

Work has begun on the *Seneca Chief* Canal Boat. Photos show a stack of finished frame parts sealed and waiting for assembly (there will be 70 plus of them to make and bolt together), volunteers cutting out the parts for the many frames and the finished parts, the "blanks," stacked behind. The next step is assembling the frames and installing them to the keel.



## The Canal Laker

A model of a Canal Laker is on display at the Longshed. This “barge” didn’t sail on the lake as a Canal Schooner would have, but carried bulk freight on the canal. The canal went through several “improvements” over time and the last one made it a bit wider and deeper to accommodate the much larger heavier carriers or Lakers. They carried all sorts of bulk cargo, the main products were grain, coal and lumber. They would be offloaded onto schooners going west across Lake Erie or onloaded to go east to the Hudson, Lake Champlain or to Lake Ontario at Oswego, New York, via the Oswego Canal, to ports on the north side of the lake in the province of Ontario.



## Bay Weld Boats

From *The Filson Journal*  
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*, Newsletter  
of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA



The shop is loud. Metal screams on metal. Chop saws, band saws, air saws, table saws, skillsaws, drills, grinders and welders all sculpt, slice and meld aluminum plate and extrusion into boats for Alaska’s most discerning captains.

If you know what to listen for you can tell which part of the boat is being built just by the sound. Relentless sanders in the North Bay say that a boat is about to go to paint. The fast chunking of the break means fabricators are putting flanges on the stiffeners of a new hull. The constant buzz of a welder means, well, actually that sound never really stops.

Each boat is different. Bay Welding in Homer builds custom aluminum vessels, with an emphasis on the custom, yet they all share the same DNA. Prominent, muscular bows and railings guard the cabins like a knight’s helmet. Forward leaning windshields lend each boat an aggressive look like they are charging. Characteristic swoops cut into the back of the cabin convey elegance and speed. And the big Suzuki outboards on the back of the average 30-footer gets close to a 50 knot top speed, back that up.

When you hear the words “I bought a boat” in the Lower 48 you might think of a party pontoon for a summer lake cabin, a bass boat or even a floating white luxury hotel down in Ft Lauderdale. But Alaska is a different world. A boat means more to the people here than a way to party in the sun.

“In Alaska, when you buy a boat it is your access to the best parts of Alaska. It is freedom. It says, ‘I can go anywhere,’” says Dan Rainwater, who is both a master welder fabricator at Bay Welding and the son of one of Homer’s first homesteader families. “An Alaskan boat is a lot different than what you get down in the Lower 48. Down there you’ve got bass boats, flat bottom boats. Everything down there is tricked out, fancy, lightweight. Here what’s important has a lot more to do with dependability. Safety. Range. You’re going to be way out there on your own. We build them stronger and with more stability in mind.”

A builder in Florida or Southern California doesn’t understand what is needed to run a boat to Kodiak, prowling the beach in 7-footers, hang several deer and halibut over the back deck and make the return trip to Homer. Their boats don’t have to haul commercial pot fish and building supplies to remote cabins. They don’t have to keep a cabin a comfortable temperature in hot summers and frigid winters.

Record tides, little access to medical and rescue services and dangerously cold water temperatures are the norm for even the most civilized parts of the state. Those who know these waters know why commercial fishing in Alaska was recently identified as the deadliest job in America. In this environment, Bay Weld’s fishing DNA sets it apart as the place to go in the North Pacific for less than two dozen customers a year.

There wasn’t much in the way of frivolous businesses back in the early ‘70s when people in Homer were just trying to survive. Your business either literally put food on the table as a fisherman or rancher or serviced one that did. Allen Engebretsen did both. He started fishing salmon, herring and halibut with his father as a teenager.

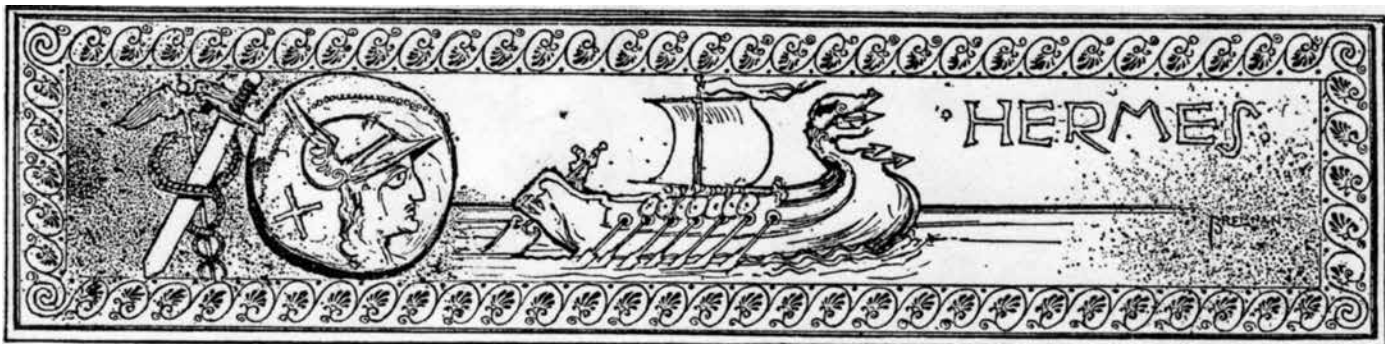
In the winters he built boats under the guidance of George Hamm and serviced fishing vessels with his welder. Welding on the grid at the Homer harbor was cold, miserable and wet but it was consistent work that could even out the financial highs and lows of commercial fishing. He named his business Bay Welding.

Eric, his son, spent his first full summer fishing at the tender age of five and didn’t miss a salmon season until he quit at 28 to work full time with his father. Eric took over as general manager in the early 2000s and grew Bay Welding, which at that time mainly serviced and built power skiffs, into the soup to nuts custom builder it is today.

But the fishing experience doesn’t stop with ownership and the craftsmen who build these boats put their knowledge of Alaska’s waters into each build. The welders, fabricators and outfitters that build the boats aren’t just students of construction, they’re practicing captains and crew.

Bryan Baker captained sport fishing charters out of Homer for many years and oversees the outfitting of Bay Weld’s custom sport boats. “When we put together a boat we know how they will use the back deck for fishing. I know the space they need to pull a big halibut onto the boat and also where to put seats to give guests the level of comfort they want.” To Camron Hagen, a welder and captain of the *F/V Kachemak Provider*, it’s pretty simple, “When you live a quarter of your life on the water you tend to know what’s functional and what’s not.

“In Alaska, when you buy a boat it is your access to the best parts of Alaska. It is freedom. It says ‘I can go anywhere.’”





## Bygone Boat Builders

Canandaigua is the fourth largest Finger Lake at 15.5 miles long and fishing is a popular sport on the lake. It seems logical that boat builders would find the lake a good place to engage in their craft. However, the FLBM research has only resulted in identifying three small boat builders and the first names of two of them are unknown, Furrer and Mitchell. The third is Patrick Smith of Naples.

A little known rowboat builder named Mr Furrer built boats on Canandaigua about 1930. At the present time we know little about his work. The Ontario County Historical Society has no information about this builder.

Another mysterious builder identified by Bill Oben in his book, *Finger Lake Trout Boats* (2015) is a Mr Mitchell. Oben's research attributes several trout boats to him, believed to have been built somewhere on Canandaigua Lake.

The 12' trout boat described in Oben's book (pp 64-66) features a round transom and nine planks on each side which were clenched nailed to oak ribs. Surviving Mitchell boats do not contain identification plates although notable features are the sharply raked transom, a notched keel apron, a decorative scroll on the aft deck beam and a semi-circular ring attached to the inside face of the transom (p 65).

A Mitchell trout boat is on display in the FLBM's new exhibit building #9 which will be open to the public in the fall of 2021.



## The Current Boat Builder

Patrick (Pat) Smith grew up with canoes. Born in Victor, New York, in 1954 he was fortunate to spend six to seven weeks for several summers on an island in Canada with a family from his neighborhood. There he enjoyed many hours on the water in old canoes as a young person and later with his wife and children.

At age 4 he was given an Old Town canoe. At the time, restoring canoes involved applying fiberglass to them. Pat applied fiberglass and, in his words, "destroyed the boat."

His love of canoes and interest in woodworking continued. He graduated from Pittsford High School and went on to study natural resources at SUNY Morrisville. After graduation he worked for the New York State Park System and continued to develop his carpentry skills.

After a short time working on a Colorado dude ranch in 1981, he and his wife, Nina,



## The Boat Builders of Canandaigua

Reprinted Courtesy of the Finger Lakes Boating Museum ([flbm.org](http://flbm.org))  
8231 Pleasant Valley Rd, Hammondsport, NY 14840  
(607) 569-2222  
Open Daily 10am-5pm

returned to the Naples area and built a house on land they purchased. Pat spent his days as a woodworker and his nights working for the county sheriff's department as a deputy.

In 1989 Pat built a cedar strip canoe. He wanted to learn more about restoring canoes and, since he couldn't find any classes on restoration, in the summer of 1990 he enrolled in a one week course taught by Horace Strong in Vermont. The course "fired him up" and he built a new woodworking shop on his property. In 1990 the West Hollow Boat Company was founded in Naples at 6880 W Hollow Rd ([westhollowboats.com](http://westhollowboats.com)).

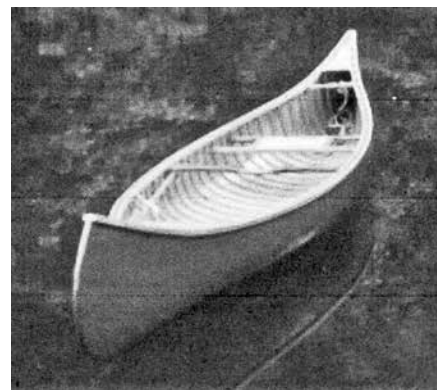
Over the years he has built many kinds of wooden boats, however, he specializes in building classic cedar canvas canoes. He has designed and created molds for four different canoes. Three are for cedar canvas canoes (15', 16' and 17'). The fourth mold is for a glued lapstrake canoe with no ribs. This 12' canoe weighs 28lbs. With increased interest in kayaks, Pat said that this lapstrake canoe can be paddled like a kayak or a canoe with a removable wooden seat."

When asked why he restores canoes he said, "It's special to open a 100-year-old canoe and think about the people who owned it and their activities and to put it back the way it was. Being on quiet water and paddling can't be beat."

In addition to boat building, Pat operates a sawmill, makes paddles and canoe related furniture. Some of his work is on sale in the FLBM's Ship's Store. He also worked as a boat building instructor at Sagamore in the Adirondacks and most

recently as a demonstrator as part of its Artist in Residence program.

He has restored well over 300 boats and has built 49 new canoes. While slowly moving toward retirement he averages completing ten boats a year and would love to build number 50 for someone who wants a new canoe.



A Patrick Smith restored canoe.



Patrick Smith posing next to a restored canoe.



Enjoying a sailing canoe on the lake.

So Canandaigua's boat building history continues today. If you know more about these and/or any other Canandaigua boat builders, please share your information with our Museum. We are always learning more about the boating history of the Finger Lakes.







### A Blast from the Past – The *Onnalinda*

Built by the already successful steamboat builder, Alonso Springstead, and launched in 1888, the *Onnalinda* would grow to be considered our “Queen of the Steamboat Era.” Not only was she capable of carrying up to 600 passengers, but she had some modern amenities never before seen on a steamboat. These included onboard plumbing (and associated rest rooms) as well as private cabins and a snack bar.

Despite her grandeur the *Onnalinda* wasn’t just a passenger boat. She was also capable of carrying 30 to 50 tons of fruit in the fall. In terms of time served, the *Onnalinda* had a fairly good run of 25 years (1888-1913). She would eventually be dismantled, her wood used to build a home and her rudder used as a beach table at yacht club. Despite his later success in building other boats for Canandaigua, Springstead would never again build a steamboat as large and grand as the *Onnalinda*.



### *Pat II* Update

FLBM is still on track to get the *Pat II* in the water sometime this spring. Watch for a launch date, we’ll have a party in whatever format is allowable at the time. We are more than grateful to Lakeside Inn here in Hammondsport for granting us space at their dock for the *Pat II*.



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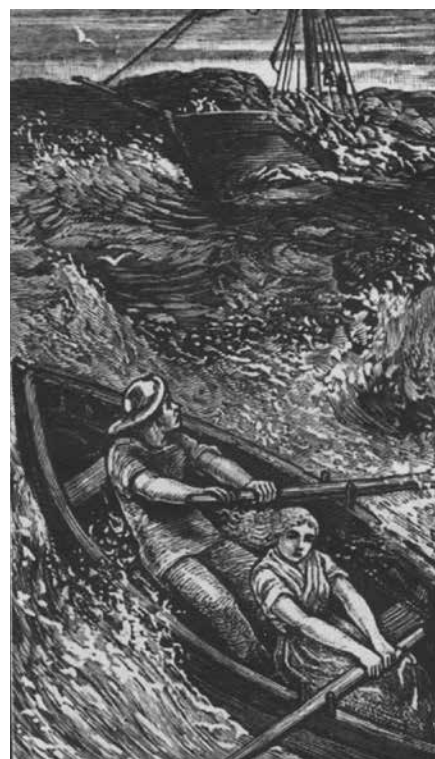
– Matt Murphy, Editor, *WoodenBoat*

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## Jubilee Year Plans and Events

The Herreshoff Jubilee encompasses a year long calendar of fresh content and compelling events (both virtual and in person, COVID permitting) and the Museum has partnered with *Windcheck* magazine as its official Jubilee Media Partner. Throughout 2021 *Windcheck* will feature articles on iconic Herreshoff fleets and their owners as important stewards of Herreshoff boats, both originals and replicas. Also celebrating its 50th anniversary, the Newport International Boat Show has selected the museum as its charitable partner for the 2021 show in September.

The new HMM Jubilee web portal provides access to stories, videos, archival material and historic photos from the community as well as from HMM's own collection. The Museum's 2021 Lecture Series has been designed to dovetail with this content and will bring it to life through a combination of virtual and live presentations. A Jubilee event calendar will also be featured on the website so community members can stay up to date with planned anniversary events throughout the year.

The Museum's Code Flag Lima Project, originally launched to deliver engaging Herreshoff related content to those stuck at home during the lockdown in early 2020, will feature Jubilee related stories through its unique historical lens while still bringing you mission driven digital content from collections and communities all over the world.

The Jubilee event series kicked off on March 8 with the 2021 America's Cup Hall of Fame induction ceremony in Auckland, New Zealand, during the 36th America's Cup. This event honored individuals who have contributed to the history of the America's Cup with outstanding ability, international recognition, character, performance and contributions to the sport. Since its founding in 1992 as an arm of the Herreshoff Marine Museum, 91 AC legends have been inducted into the America's Cup Hall of Fame.

Sponsored in part by BankNewport and the Ocean House in Watch Hill, Rhode Island, the Herreshoff Jubilee will include a dozen or more events across the Northeast where Herreshoff fleets sail today. These fleets will each be presented with a special Jubilee trophy this summer.

In addition to the annual Herreshoff Classic Yacht Regatta in August, the museum will host a new cruising event, the Herreshoff Jubilee Rendezvous, for non racing yachts to participate in the celebration.

The year long celebration will conclude with the Jubilee Gala in the fall at the Museum's waterfront event venue at which we will pay tribute to the people and traditions that have been so vital to the success of HMM's first 50 years.

To learn more about the Herreshoff Jubilee visit [www.herreshoff.org](http://www.herreshoff.org).

## The Museum's Legacy of Innovation Past and Future

The Herreshoff Marine Museum is located on the grounds of the former Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, One Burnside St, Bristol, RI 02809, where more than 2,000 yachts were built over more than six decades, including eight consecutive America's Cup defenders between 1893 and 1934. Admired by Henry Ford and other industrialists, this enterprise was led by John Brown Herreshoff,



## Herreshoff Jubilee Year

[infoaherreshoff.org](http://infoaherreshoff.org)

### Herreshoff Marine Museum Celebrates 50th Anniversary

The Herreshoff Marine Museum is thrilled to announce its Golden Jubilee year, the 50th anniversary of its founding. Throughout 2021 the Museum will celebrate five decades of preservation and interpretation of the world renowned Herreshoff Manufacturing Company and its remarkable founders, brothers John and Nathaniel ("Captain Nat") Herreshoff. The Museum will commemorate this yearlong anniversary with programming and special events engaging Herreshoff boat owners around the world, America's Cup veterans and enthusiasts and the maritime heritage community at large.

completely blind and a brilliant businessman, and Captain Nat Herreshoff, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology educated engineer and world renowned naval architect. The Herreshoff Manufacturing Company is one of Rhode Island's most enduring examples of American engineering innovation, craftsmanship, and entrepreneurship.

Since the Museum was founded its waterfront campus has grown dramatically, starting in 1971 when it had no building but instead consisted of a small fleet of Herreshoff boats, a literal "Floating Museum." Today the Museum includes a number of original Herreshoff Manufacturing Company buildings, the Herreshoff family homestead and a modern exhibition building, the Hall of Boats. The Hall of Boats features the Museum's world class collection of more than 60 Herreshoff wooden boats, steam engines and an array of artifacts.

The Nathanael G. Herreshoff Model Room & Workshop exhibit is a recreation of Captain Nat's own model room and workshop, and contains more than 500 original design models. This exhibit stands as testament to Captain Nat's enduring distinction as "The Wizard of Bristol" among boat owners, designers, builders and admirers around the world.

The museum is committed to educating the next generation of problem solvers with year round boat building programs for middle and high school students and a summer seamanship program. In 2019 more than 1,000 students participated in

these experiential education programs that combine an appreciation for Herreshoff history and manufacturing techniques with a modern approach to design and construction methods.

Building upon the Herreshoff legacy of industry and craftsmanship, the Town of Bristol and State of Rhode Island continue to prosper as a cradle of innovation for the maritime community. According to the Rhode Island Marine Trades Association, the state's marine industry is comprised of more than 1,700 companies employing 13,000 people and generating \$2.7 billion in annual revenue. Bristol remains prominent in the America's Cup with the construction of boats for the New York Yacht Club's American Magic syndicate, one of three challengers for the 36th America's Cup.

## New Museum Curator



Herreshoff Marine Museum/America's Cup Hall of Fame is happy to announce that Evelyn Ansel has assumed the role of Museum Curator. Evelyn joined the Herreshoff Marine Museum in 2016 as a Collections Specialist working closely with Registrar, Archivist and Librarian Norene Rickson on the digitization of the museum's collection, a critical strategic initiative geared to capture high resolution digital images for the dual purposes of preservation and accessibility by the public.

Prior to joining HMM, Evelyn was involved with similar projects at highly regarded institutions including the Vasa Museum in Stockholm, the Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York and the MIT Museum in Cambridge. While at MIT, Evelyn was instrumental in the development of the Herreshoff exhibit titled "Lighter, Stronger, Faster."

Born and raised in Mystic, Connecticut, Evelyn is the daughter and granddaughter of Mystic Seaport Museum shipwrights. She spent her formative years in and around the shipyard at MSM and in 2012-2013 was part of the team that restored the *Charles W. Morgan* for the 38th Voyage. Evelyn attended Brown University where she earned a Fulbright Scholarship and gained experience in conservation, digitization and exhibit development that would shape her career in the museum field.

"Evelyn has become an integral and critical member of the HMM team," said HMM President and Executive Director Bill Lynn. "She is great at what she does and what she's doing is really important to the future of this museum. The Code Flag Lima Project that Evelyn drove at the beginning of the Pandemic has been a home run and we're incredibly fortunate that she's agreed to become our Curator."

The role of Curator at the Herreshoff Museum has been vacant since the retirement of Curator Emeritus John Palmieri in 2013. “Evelyn is a joy to work with,” commented John. “She will be museum’s first professionally trained and experienced curator. With her background in wooden boats, deep understanding of the Herreshoff Collections both in Bristol and at MIT and her superior analytical skills, Evelyn will bring a new inter-

disciplinary approach to interpreting the Herreshoff story of excellence.”

Celebrating its 50th anniversary in 2021, the museum is poised for a significant leap forward. With new exhibits in the works, new acquisitions for the collection and groundbreaking digital initiatives underway, Evelyn’s new title is a bit of a formality as she has already been filling the role to which she is being promoted spearheading

these important projects. In 2022 the museum embarks on its next 50 years with a firm hand on the Curatorial helm.

“I am humbled and honored to have been offered this role,” said Ms Ansel. “We have a lot of work ahead of us and will continue to strive to make HMM’s collections and the Herreshoff and America’s Cup legacies increasingly accessible to broader audiences through preservation and interpretation.”

## A Brief Summary of the Rise and Fall of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company

Excerpted from *The American Automobile Industry in World War Two, An American Auto Industry Heritage Tribute* – By David D Jackson

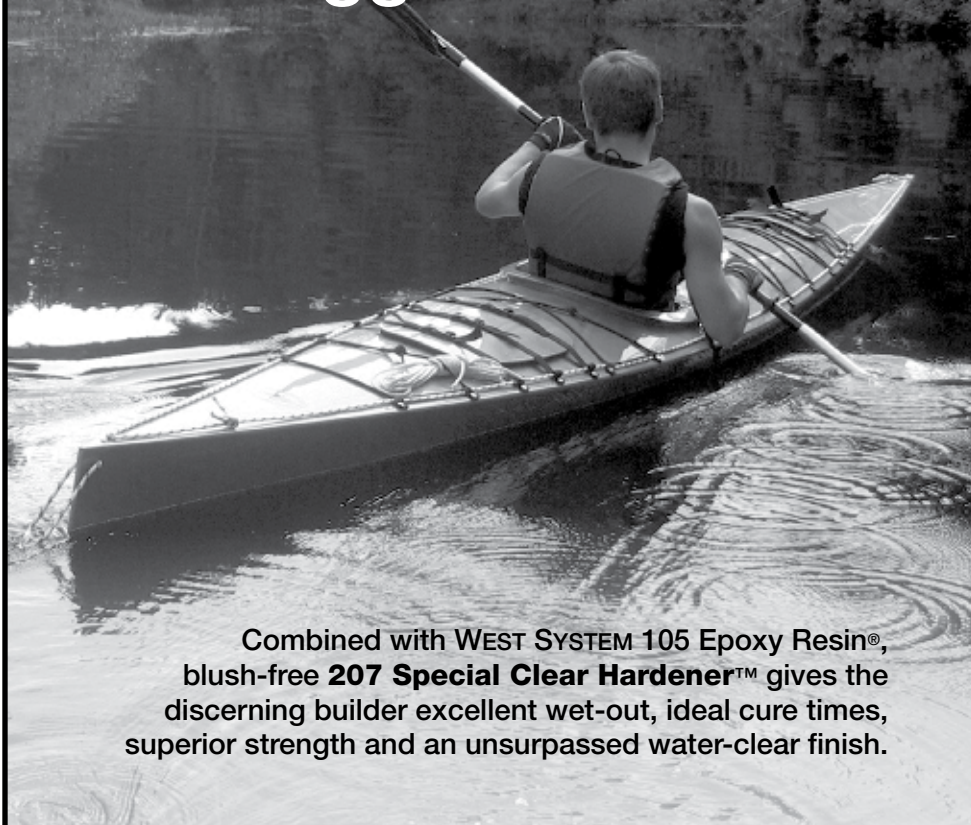


The Herreshoff Manufacturing Company was originally started 1863 when J.B. Herreshoff and Dexter Stone formed a partnership to build boats. In this 1866 photo at left, Charles Herreshoff, the father of J.B., is on the left. He assisted his sons in their interest in building boats. Next from the left is J.B. Herreshoff and then Dexter Stone. To the far right is James Herreshoff. For the next 15 years J.B. built boats while his younger brother Nat went to the engineering school at MIT. In his spare time Nat designed boats and sent the designs to J.B. to build. After graduating from MIT, Nat went to work for a company making steam engines in order to understand the power plant for boats of the era. In 1878 the two brothers formally got together and formed the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company. Nat would go on to design five America’s Cup winners which the company built.



Herreshoff went out of business on January 8, 1945, when it completed Army Rescue Boat P-661. It was the last of many boats and yachts the company built since 1863. The company had been struggling at the end of the 1930s and was about to close when orders started to flow in for the war effort. The 100 ships that Herreshoff built from 1941-1945 kept the company on life support until the contracts ceased at the end of 1944. Management realized that the company would be unable to start building yachts or other civilian vessels until the war was over. Even if it could have started back into building yachts, there was limited labor and material available. Therefore, management announced to the employees on November 28, 1944, that the company was ceasing operations. The 100 ships built by Herreshoff did keep 2,000 workers employed for four years of the war.

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The Center for Wooden Boats (CWB) in Seattle, Washington, launched a year of celebration to commemorate 45 years as an organization. Since the humble beginnings of volunteer wooden boat enthusiasts meeting in a Lake Union floating home, CWB has expanded to a floating campus in South Lake Union and at Cama Beach State Park, getting thousands of people out on the water and connecting generations through shared maritime experiences.

"Given the unique circumstances of another year into a pandemic, we've decided one of the best ways for us to mark this occasion safely for our community is through a series of small events throughout the year and focusing on sharing unique stories of our organization," said CWB Executive Director Josh Anderson. "Due to the ongoing pandemic, we won't be holding our Lake Union Wooden Boat Festival this year but we hope to be able to create opportunities for visiting vessels in the fall. Our goal is to create safe and fun ways for our community to come together in person and virtually."

To kick off the 45th Anniversary, CWB began with History as the first theme for March. During the month, CWB held its annual gala and auction, released a podcast focusing on the origins of CWB and announced the efforts of becoming a Historical Landmark. For each month this year CWB will celebrate with different themes highlighting the stories of the community and small events.

April's celebration included two regattas (The Sloop Tavern Yacht Club's Blakely Rock Benefit Race in Memory of Carol Pearl and The Norm Blanchard W.O.O.D. Regatta), the



## CWB: A Living Museum Connecting Generations

celebration of *Pirate's* (R-Class Sloop) 95th birthday and featuring local schooner *Zodiac* as the Third Friday Speaker. May featured all stories related to the Cama Beach Boathouse including a Mother's Day Saturday Celebration (free boat rentals and toy boat building)



and a special podcast sharing the story of how CWB, a family fishing resort and Washington State Parks came together to build the newest state park in Washington, Cama Beach. Rowboats were the theme for June.

Remaining 45th Anniversary Themes:

July: Youth: The Next Generation

August: Woodworking and Craftsmanship

September: Historic Vessels

October: Indigenous Peoples

November: Volunteers Make it Happen

December: A Year in Review

As the year unfolds and levels of gathering restrictions are released, CWB will continue to add or modify events. For the latest information about the 45th Anniversary related events and to see the full schedule, visit the CWB webpage [www.cwb.org/45anniversary](http://www.cwb.org/45anniversary).



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## Get Out on the Water

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum is offering several kayak paddles this summer to help people get out of the house and on the water. Registration is required for all paddles with a list of upcoming programs available at [cbmm.org/paddles](http://cbmm.org/paddles).

Returning for 2021 are the popular Guided Paddle and Tasting programs where intermediate paddlers are welcome to kayak around Talbot County waterways with CBMM staff members and enjoy a tasting from a local business. On Saturday, August 28, participants will explore the Tred Avon River and cool off with some ice cream from Scottish Highland Creamery. Tastings are included with the cost of registration and participants are encouraged to dress accordingly for being outdoors, wear sunscreen and bring water and any snacks they will need for the duration of the paddle.

Paddling with the President will also return this summer with participants invited to join CBMM's President and avid paddler Kristen Greenaway for a relaxed evening paddling along the Miles River and up Long Haul Creek on Wednesday, August 11, from 5:30-7:30pm. During this paddle participants will have a chance to learn how to paddle using Greenaway's preferred Greenland paddle. For additional details visit [cbmm.org/Greenawaypaddle](http://cbmm.org/Greenawaypaddle).

Participants are asked to provide their own PFDs if they are not renting one of CBMM's kayaks. Facial coverings are required upon exiting vehicles and while launching and hauling kayaks. Once out on the water, while keeping a safe distance from fellow paddlers, coverings can be removed but are once again required upon haul out. Participation is limited and anyone age 16 or younger must be accompanied by an adult.

To register for any of the paddles and learn about upcoming on the water excursions, visit [cbmm.org/paddles](http://cbmm.org/paddles).

## Learn the Art of Caulking

On Saturday, July 24, join Master Shipwrights Frank Townsend and Ed Farley for a day in the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's working Shipyard to learn traditional ship caulking techniques. From rolling oakum to threading and making seams, participants will get a hands on lesson while helping to caulk *Maryland Dove*, a reproduction of the vessel that accompanied the first European settlers to Maryland in 1634. Currently under construction at CBMM, the vessel is owned by the state of Maryland and operated and maintained by Historic St Mary's City. To learn more, visit [marylanddove.org](http://marylanddove.org).

Participants are required to wear closed toe shoes and a facial covering, are encouraged to bring a lunch and a refillable water bottle and should dress for working outdoors. For additional details and to register, visit [cbmm.org/shipyardprograms](http://cbmm.org/shipyardprograms).



## Log Canoe Races

Join the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum aboard the 1920 buyboat *Winnie Estelle* this summer for an up close and personal view of the Chesapeake Bay sailing log canoe races on the Miles River. Log canoe

racers are a quintessential Chesapeake pastime and, from a shady spot onboard *Winnie's* deck, you will get an up close and exciting look at the action. Amateur photographers, sailing aficionados and wooden boat enthusiasts will all find something to enjoy on CBMM's log canoe cruises!

These iconic Chesapeake Bay sailing log canoes only race along the Chester, Miles, Choptank and Tred Avon rivers on Maryland's Eastern Shore. With tall masts and large sails, these boats keep upright as they accelerate to speeds of 10 knots or more, thanks to crew members climbing out on 15' planks that hang off the side of the canoe.

The two hour scenic cruises began on June 26 and 27 and continue on select dates through September 19. Boarding is limited with all cruises dependent on marine conditions. Cruises fill early with dates, departure times and online registration at [cbmm.org/onthewater](http://cbmm.org/onthewater).



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For over 80 years Sheepshead has been a Canoe Sailing Club thanks to the Loomis family and other sailors over the years. It takes many people to replace Sherrie Winkworth and Carol Loomis who have managed the Sailing Club and cabin for decades. The cabin was built close to 90 years ago in the WPA era.

Janet Weber and Kathleen O'Sullivan are managing the Sheepshead Canoe Club now by gathering a team to work on club membership, finances, dues, banking, club duties and also cabin maintenance, overnight reservations, communications, cleaning, upkeep and also social media, Zoom meetings, tracking current ACA membership data, hosting an Open House, work hours for the camp and reporting to the lake management to be in compliance with lake and ACA policies. And tracking the current squirrel population. Sherrie and Carol made it look so effortless, little did we know!

The Atlantic Division sailing committee, headed by Joan Krilla, will need volunteers to help officiate at sailing races, keep race records, manage trophies and other sail-



# CANOE SAILOR



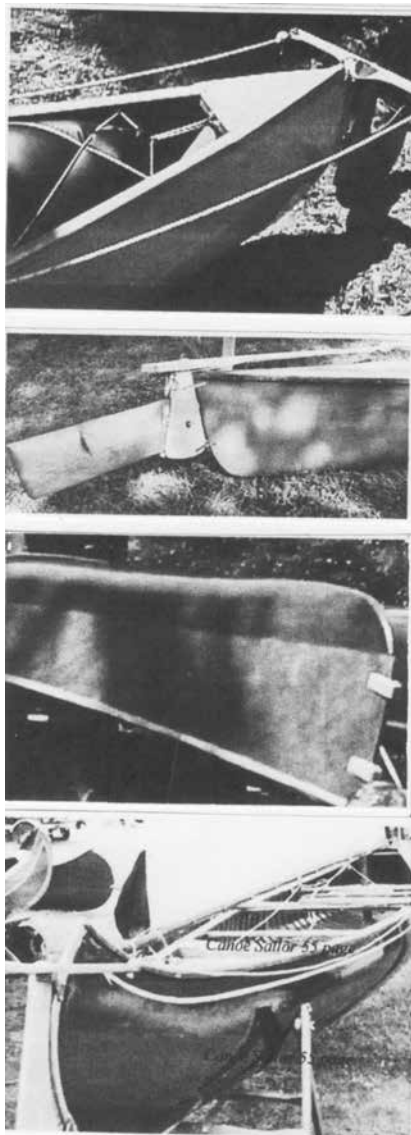
## Sheepshead Canoe Club 2021

ing duties such as having sail canoes available for all.

This 15 acre camp at Lake Sebago is located in Harriman State Park off Seven Lakes Drive, Slootsburg, New York, south of Bear Mountain, north of Suffern, New

York. Nearby highways are Route 87, exit for Route 17. Entrance off Seven Lakes Drive is at the gate for SB2, ACA group camp.

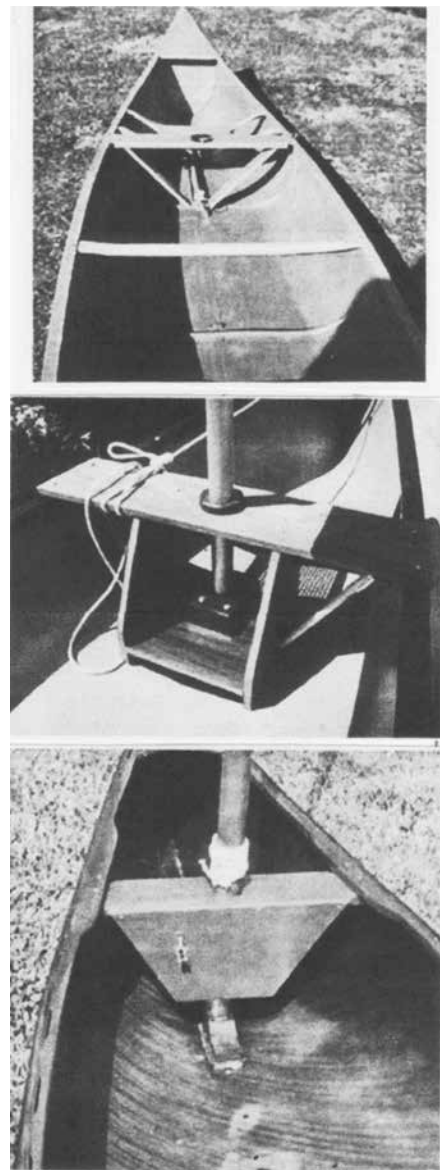
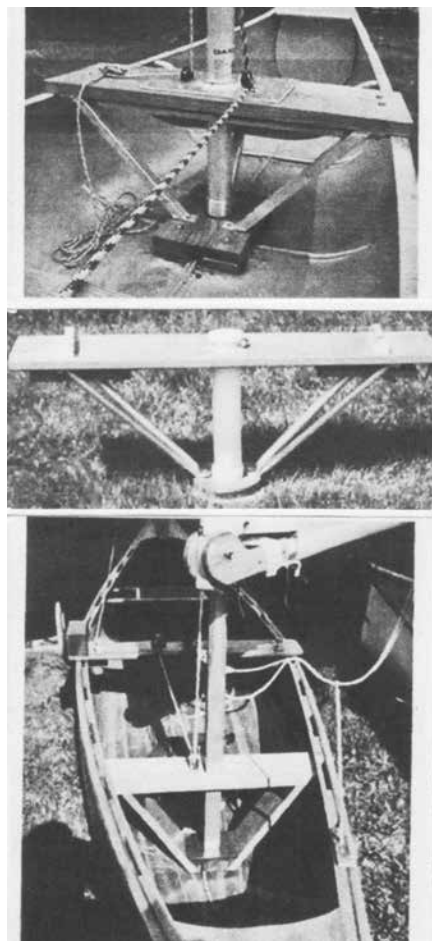
More information and directions to the camp are available from <http://aca-atlanticdivisionblog.com/>.



## Canoe Sailing Rig

Every sailing canoe has an individual rig. Here are rudders and mast steps. Since canoes are made of fiberglass, wood, aluminum or ABS, different methods are used to build a rig.

Hardware parts from a Sunfish or a Laser can be used for the gooseneck, blocks, rudder and other fittings.



A canoe out of water, tied down to a car usually doesn't attract attention. I was walking up to mine (canoe and car), parked in a parking lot, when a young, bearded, outdoorsy looking fellow approached me with a gleam in his eye.

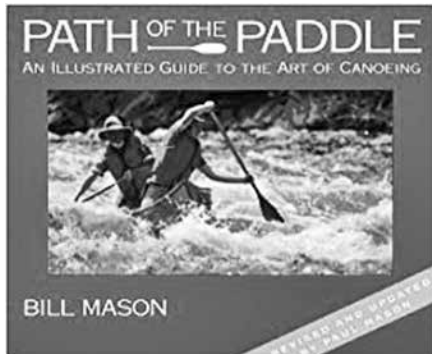
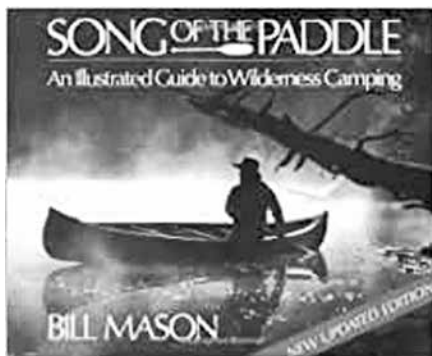
"Hi," he said, "that's a Prospector, isn't it?" I said yes, it was.



"I was looking at it for a while. It's a great canoe." I agreed. He strolled around to the back to look up inside and admired the shining varnished ribs and planking. I told him a little of the story of how I had rebuilt it but I was running late so I couldn't tarry.

"Well, so long," he said, "glad to see it." Such is the legend of the Prospector. No other model of canoe has achieved a mystique like the Prospector's. In Canada, where canoeing has a cultural importance rivaling hockey, almost every canoe manufacturer offers a Prospector model. South of the border the legend of the Prospector may not be so well established except among those who, like my stranger in the parking lot, are voyagers at heart.

The legend of the Prospector is due in part to its association with the late Bill Mason, a Canadian who made for himself a unique career and reputation as a paddler. In his books *Song of the Paddle* and *Path of the Paddle* he accurately and fairly assessed all sorts of canoes but gave first place to the Prospector. "If I could have only one canoe, it would be the original Chestnut wood canvas 16' Prospector. There are faster, slower, less stable, more stable, more beautiful and less beautiful canoes than the Prospector, but none that do everything as well."



# NORUMBEGA CHAPTER ~WCHA

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## Legend of the Prospector

By Larry Meyer

Mason's endorsement weighed so heavily because it was backed by a life, career and reputation fanatically devoted to canoeing. His fascination with the canoe began at an early age and never diminished. As a boy in Winnipeg he soaked up stories of the voyageurs and slipped away canoeing and camping whenever he could. He then worked summers as a guide for youth camps and winters as a commercial artist.

In the 1950s he began making canoeing and wilderness films. Soon his energy and passion combined with his canoeing and artistic skills to launch a full time career filming canoeing in the Canadian wilderness. He made over 16 films, two of which were nominated for an Academy Award. His culminating project was the film *Waterwalker*, an almost autobiographical summation of his vision and life's work. Five years later, in 1988, he died of cancer.

Mason mastered every skill and loved every style of paddling. He savored a quiet dawn paddle as much as a hairy whitewater run. He relished slipping up silently to a moose as much as braving Lake Superior surf. He often set out alone for weeks on end but was just as happy on a simple family canoe camping trip or a challenging group expedition.



Mason's love of canoeing might have gone unnoticed had he not been gifted with both the skills and the passion to share it. He was just as accomplished a painter, writer and filmmaker as he was a paddler. Through these media he was able to share with an audience the lessons he learned from his many lone-sojourns in the Canadian wilderness.

When Mason endorsed the Prospector, then it was, to those familiar with Mason's career, not just a technical appraisal but a lasting association of Mason's reputation with a particular model of canoe. If Mason's vision was the acme of paddling, the Prospector was the canoe in which to paddle as he did.

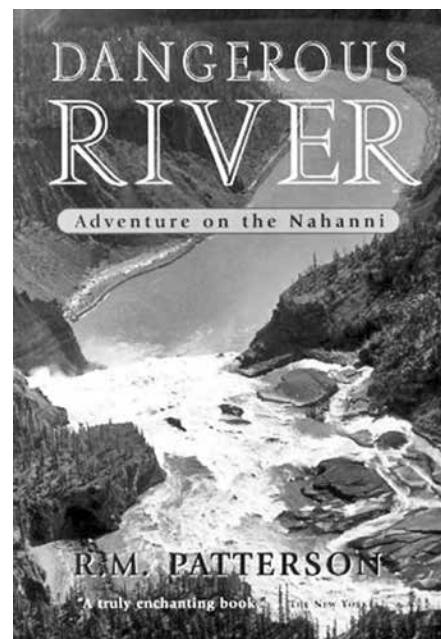
Ironically, just as Mason was cementing its reputation, the company that created the Prospector was slipping into bankruptcy. The Chestnut Canoe Company of Fredericton, New Brunswick, was founded in 1897

and, by the time Bill Mason began making films in the 1950s, had established itself as the leading and largest maker of wood canvas canoes in Canada. Its place in the market was based on its willingness to produce an enormous number and variety of canoes from 12' trappers to large freighters, all to a very high standard of craftsmanship.

Chestnut was always coming up with something new and specialized, whether it be a canoe for salmon fishing in the tidal flats of New Brunswick (the Ogilvy) or models adapted to airplane ferries (the Labrador). None quite caught on like the Prospector, though, a model developed in the 1920s. By then Chestnut had been making recreational canoes, guide canoes, freighter canoes and river running canoes for several decades.

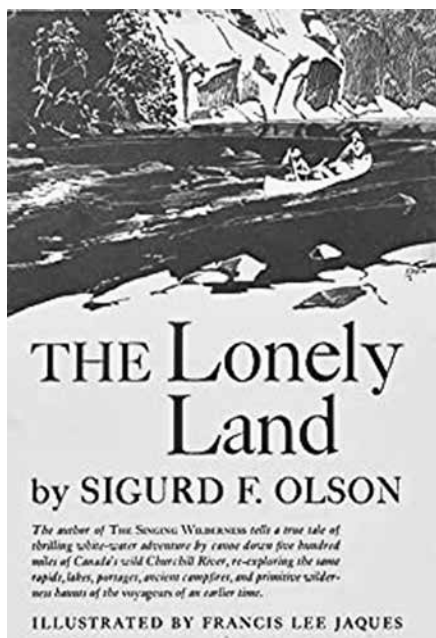
In the Prospector, Chestnut aimed for a canoe more versatile than any of these, a canoe that could carry a heavy load and still be nimble and fast and stable yet light enough to portage. A canoe for one or two men to take into unexplored wilderness for months at a time. A "prospector's" canoe. They adapted the round hull of their fast "Cruiser," a river running canoe, and added 2" to its depth.

Before Mason's birth the Prospector had established itself as the canoe of choice among those Canadian paddlers traveling to its scarcely explored limits. Among the earliest of its true believers was R.M. Patterson, an English expatriate who authored one of the most enduring classics of canoeing literature, *Dangerous River*, an account of two trips he made up the South Nahanni River in Canada's Northwest Territories in the 1920s.



Patterson was not an accomplished paddler prior to his trips up the Nahanni. In fact, he was a complete novice, poling on the Thames having been about all he had done on a river. But he evidently got good advice, selected a Prospector and learned fast. He paddled, poled and portaged his way up an unmapped river, sometimes in company but mostly alone. He loaded his Prospector heavily and recounted how it was then so stable he could walk from one end to other over his load. Patterson's evidence proves that the Prospector captured its reputation very soon after its birth.

Sigurd Olson added a Minnesotan endorsement to the Prospector, too. In *The Lonely Land*, Olson's story of one of his retracing of a classic voyageur route, he recounts how his party selected Prospector canoes. He describes them as having been made by the Peterborough Company of Ontario, but in this he was deceived. The Chestnut Canoe Company had a marketing arrangement with the Peterborough Company whereby the wood canvas canoes sold by Peterborough were actually made in New Brunswick.



Secret marketing arrangements (and not even the "patent" on wood canvas canoes Chestnut once held in Canada) could save it when, in the 1950s, an airplane manufacturer, Grumman, entered the canoe market. The use of aluminum and other materials in the making of canoes put the Chestnut Canoe Company of New Brunswick out of business in the 1970s.

Just as Mason was buffing the legend's luster to a high gloss, the Prospector itself was about to disappear. The survival of the Prospector depended upon either maintaining those already in supply or a reincarnation in some form of the wood canvas species, or transposing its form so that it could be made of the new synthetic materials being used for canoe manufacturing. In fact, all three occurred.

The breakup of the Chestnut Canoe Company was a messy affair. While there were efforts to scale down and reorganize so as to maintain a skilled labor force that could supply wood canvas canoes to a smaller market, its assets were instead scattered so widely that basically it ceased to exist for

a time. The two assets of the company crucial to the Prospector's survival, the forms the Prospector was built on and the men who built them, went in many directions. Some Chestnut workers did acquire forms and have reestablished themselves in their craft by opening small one man shops.

A less tangible company asset was its association with what had become a brand-name, the Prospector canoe. With Prospector forms in the hands of a number of builders, the Chestnut name was not so significant a guarantee of authenticity. The word "Prospector" itself eclipsed the significance of its parent, the Chestnut Canoe Company.

One admirer of the company and all its canoes has waged a very long struggle to preserve its history, its craftsmanship and even the company name. Kenneth Solway is not only a builder of wood canvas canoes but he's also the historian of the Chestnut Canoe Company. Solway also patiently waded through a morass of legal issues so that he could reincarnate his own Ontario shop as the Chestnut Canoe Company.

When Mason published *Path of the Paddle* in 1984 he noted that, with Chestnut's demise, acquiring a genuine Prospector was becoming problematic. By then, however, Canadian canoe makers who worked with synthetic materials had caught on to the allure of the Prospector and were offering it in Kevlar and fiberglass. Mason pronounced these alternatives acceptable but not as authentic and appealing as the Prospector in its wood canvas form.

Whether the synthetic Prospectors now so widely available embody the form, qualities and versatility so esteemed by Mason is likely subject to debate. Fortunately, enough builders continue to practice the art of crafting them from wood and canvas that I think, Mason, were he alive, could today buy a new made Prospector he'd come to love as much as his original.

Thus, the legend of the Prospector has survived and even revived the Prospector itself. Testimony to its durability is the display in the Canadian Canoe Museum of Bill Mason's famous red Prospector. When even the Prospector I own draws from a stranger in a chance encounter in a parking lot the exclamation, "that's a great canoe!" it shows the legend is alive and well.

Legends, of course, are a fragile blend of fact and fantasy. Skeptics might well contend that the technical virtues of the Prospector are not so exceptional as to merit all this attention. But the legend of the Prospector is about more than hull shape. It's about the load of dreams and visions they've carried too. Like Patterson's of a glimpse of the Falls of the Nahanni. Like Olson's of following in the wake of the voyageurs. Like Mason's of a lifetime of paddling for pleasure and profit. It's a link between the dreams of the past, like those of Patterson, Olson and Mason and the hopes of today's paddler that we, too, can have lives as full of adventure and places to explore as full of wilderness.



## Canoe Box

By Bob Bundy

This is about my Canoe Box. It is a 17' crate that was built to house two canoes piggy back or now one canoe and 300bf of soft maple. I never did build a garage and these fine canoes demand a proper shelter even if it cost \$1,000. During construction it experienced dramatic torsional forces that I probably will never understand but a come a long with diagonal braces trued it up enough that I persevered.

Many, many years ago, I learned that I could easily air dry rough cut lumber through the winter season, or October through April, and end up with a very satisfactory supply of firewood boards to mill. I proved this to myself when I made the mistake of culling the better boards and stickered them in the basement.

VERY bad idea. But do your own thing to learn the lesson that I had to learn the hard way back when rough cut soft maple could be purchased for (I kid you not) \$.30/bf (circa 1990). Now I pay "tree dollars" per board foot from my local Wood Miser guy.

I was able to "win" a "perty" red Prospector canoe at the 2019 WCHA Assembly in Peterborough, Canada. That keelless Prospector lacked, right, a keel. I realize that many keelless canoes point well enough for some folks, but not I! The less I stroke the better, I always say. I thought I got a true Canadian Prospector, it turned out that it was built by those clever Norumbega folks!

Out of necessity I sold my Prospector to a Maine Prospector enthusiast who couldn't have too many Prospectors. He needed a Prospector as his two other Prospectors are quarantined in Quebec, Canada. He stopped in last August and bought it for the same amount I paid and continued on to Minnesota to the Boundary Waters for a two week voyage. He was pleased with the Prospector canoe.





# Solar Sailing

By Pete Stevenson

All sailing is actually solar sailing, of course. Without the power of the sun to heat and move the wind around, we'd be sitting at the dock in our sailboats for a pretty long time. But recently we've been playing around with a new kind of solar sailing that lets us get a lot more fun out of our sailboat than we were expecting. It uses PV-panels to charge gel-cells which, in turn, drive the electric motor which is mounted on a pivot-down arm. So we're just a tug on the release lanyard away from having instant, quiet power any time we want it.

There's nothing startlingly new in any of our components, but the layout is so quick and easy to use that it's taught us some new truths about electric motoring on the water. And the most surprising was that the more convenient and surefire we made the system, the less we seemed to use it. I'll explain.

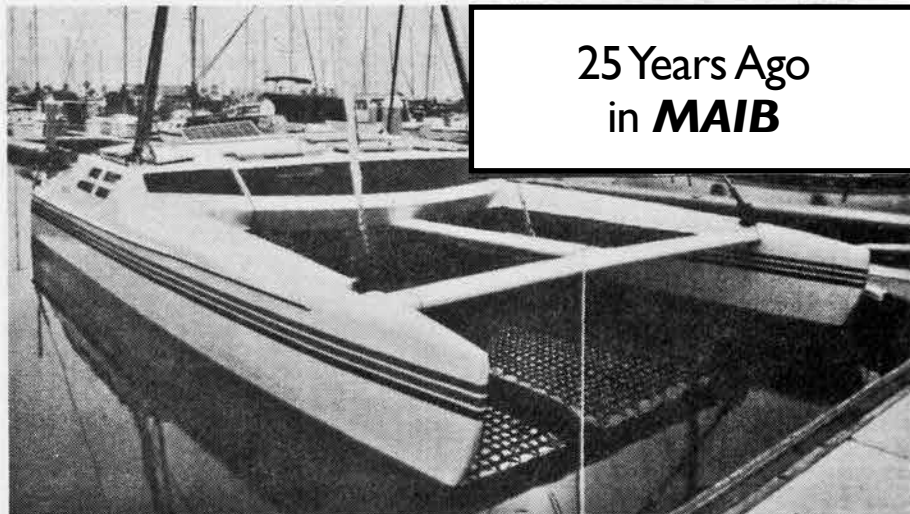
We first came across this phenomenon on our 36-footer we made from composites. It had a bi-pod mast, a fully-battened, boomless mainsail, twin jib rigs on roller furling, kick-up leeboards that tucked into little fender skirts and a whole lot of other experiments, some of which worked better than we expected, and others which didn't.

The point is, with a seagoing test-bed like this, we were nervous as cats about how it would actually perform on launch day. There were so many new systems to worry about, I didn't know where to start as I tossed and turned through the night before the launch. Finally, I tried to focus the worry on the most important thing I could think of: whether it would point to windward and claw its way off a lee shore in a stiff breeze.

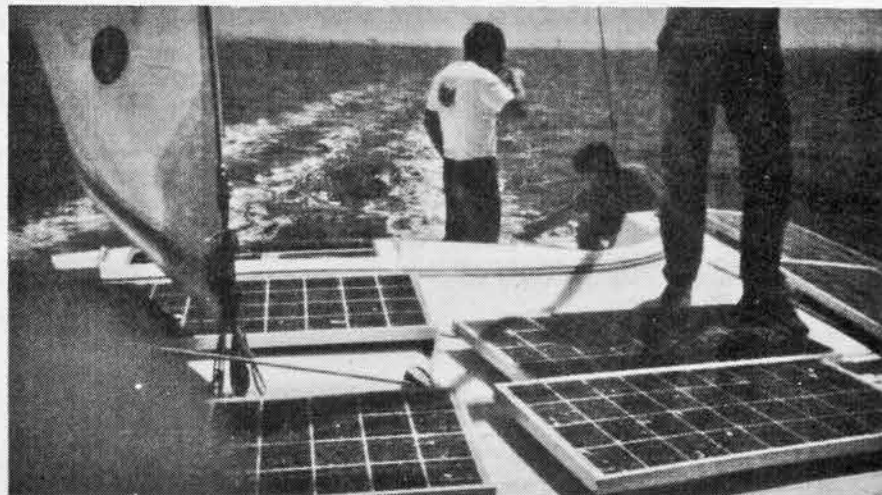
We hadn't gone a quarter mile after pushing off from the dock on launch day before we were slamming into a stiff breeze up a narrow channel with big, flesh-eating rip-rap rocks waiting for us on the downwind side. It was time to see if she could claw off a lee shore, sure enough. A crowd gathered like vultures on the jetty to watch the bloodshed as we threw our fates to the wind and plunged in. Might as well get it over with right away was the theory. Gradually the conversation went very quiet as every one of the crew, on his own, lined up a landmark with some part of the rigging to sight along and find out if we were gaining or losing (if we were going to crash or not). A boat designer friend was on board and was particularly silent as we all nervously squinted and sighted. Finally we began to exchange tentatively hopeful glances. The boat was actually going to windward like a witch, and the boat designer admitted the big cat was pointing better than his monohull would have.

Relief poured out in the form of celebration beers, and we toasted our bright new boat and waved to all the nice people on the jetty who kept waving back more and more as we plowed to windward. They were trying (we found out a few moments later) to warn us that we were shooting straight for the mud flats after missing the turn in the channel.

We found out soon enough when everything ground to a sudden stop. Trying to look as unflustered as possible, we lowered the two electric motors on their swing-down arms so they could propel us to hell out of there. They did this, bouncing obligingly along the bottom until we got free. Instant electrics to the

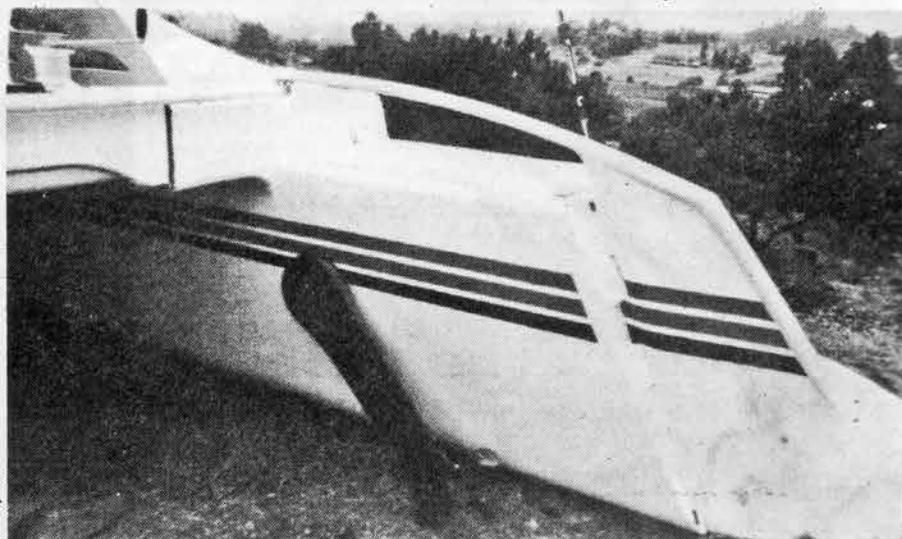


Our Big Experiment. The A-Frame Mast? Worked well upwind, was under rigged for downwind speed. The Electric Motors? Very handy, smooth, dependable, but in our set-up, undersized. The Double Roller-Furled Headsails? Handy, costly.



Panels, panels everywhere, and not a drop of a winch-handle allowed. Actually, the tempered glass P-V's proved to be very tough. We've walked across them regularly at night and haven't broken one yet. Panels are mounted up above deck level for cooling air circulation. Power output goes up a lot when the panels are cool. Cooling's almost as important as orientation (and a lot easier to rig than a tracker).

The pivot-down thruster on the 36-footer. Most people thought the unit was a gear-drive, not realizing the lump at the bottom was the submersible motor. This one was a "3-horse" Minkota which didn't take to salt water well. Most motors aren't hard to take apart and de-rust, however.



rescue!

The next test on my list of ordeals was to see how well this new rig layout on top these new hulls would tack into the wind. I threw over the helm, she started making her U-turn and then stopped right in the middle. We frantically backed the jibs, shouted a bit and got her underway again, going the same way we were before. It might take some careful sailing to get this boat to tack, I began to realize. We tried again, more carefully this time, and failed again. We tried this system and that theory, but nothing seemed to do it.

We tried everybody shouting at once, we tried making each guy captain so his timing instincts could be followed down to the second, we tried swinging wide, we tried cutting it sharp. Whatever we tried, the results were the same. It would swing her noses up into the wind and then stop and sit there bobbing like a brainless hobbyhorse. We could "wear ship" and go around the other way, of course. But that was embarrassing and took up a lot of harbor. So, finally I pulled the lanyard and dropped the motor on the downwind hull, turned it on, she zapped around pretty as you please and we took off on the next tack.

Since both the lanyard and the twist throttle were hidden away sort of out of sight, it was a very discrete maneuver. In fact, if you pointed out some landmark of interest while you were doing it, even people on board were unaware that you were using the motor to tack the boat (or "power-tack" as we called it to give it a touch of legitimacy).

We got used to power-tacking, and eventually got so brazen about it, that we'd sally

right on up in the lee of a parked aircraft carrier until we could read the bosun's newspaper, then quietly drop the motor, zip around and shoot out of there like we knew what we were up to. Following one of these showoff tacks, I was gathering my wits while the sails were quieting down after the tack when I realized that I hadn't raised the motor. I went to pull on the lanyard and saw that the motor was already up. I asked who had raised the motor, but nobody came clean. Then I looked at the motor and saw it was dry. I'd not only forgotten to raise it, I'd forgotten to use it at all. But somehow the boat had tacked! Curious looks of awe stole across our faces as we, one by one, realized what this meant. The boat, for the first time in its career had made a clean and neat tack, and nobody had even noticed it.

That, it turned out, was the system. The boat would tack only if you were concentrating on something else altogether. We tried it again, pulling into a tack and then getting into a deep conversation or studying the scenery really hard, and the boat tacked like clockwork. But the point of all this is that we never would have learned how to manage the boat if we hadn't had a very convenient, and ultra dependable motor system that we could sort of forget existed, until we didn't need it anymore.

Later we tried putting a similar, scaled-down version of the swing-down electric power unit on our little 16-foot friendship sloop, the *Weekender*. It's an easy boat to tack or do about anything with, but we thought we'd make it a little more convenient to get on the trailer by sticking the same sort of elec-

tric set-up we had on the 36-footer.

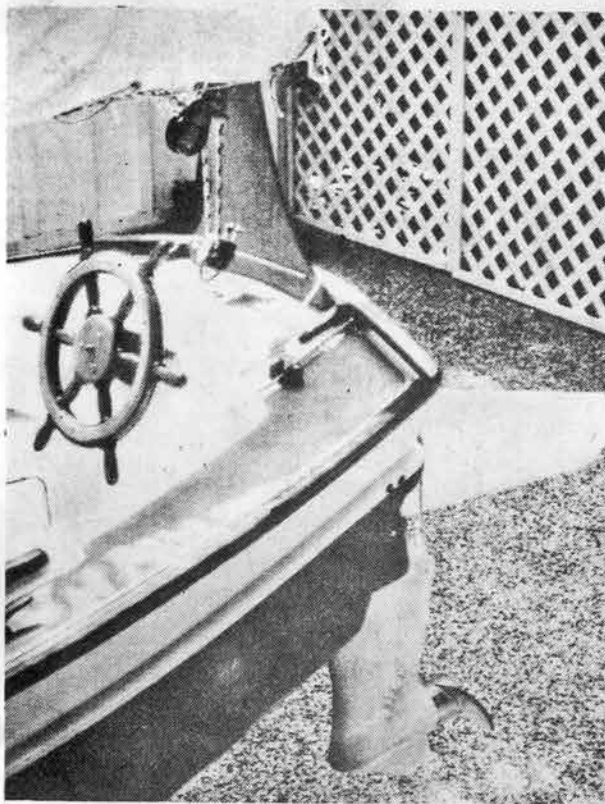
Again, we rigged it on a faired-strut that could swing down when we released a lanyard. The throttle this time was run by foot, which made cheating with electric power even harder to spot by the guys you leave behind, fiddling with their sails to make their boats go straight upwind like ours.

Eventually, as you'd expect, we began to use this ultra quick and convenient setup for other maneuvers than just docking. If there were a particularly expensive boat we wanted to leave in the dust (courtesy of the quiet electric afterburner), or if everybody else was having to tack back and forth up a long, narrow channel, we'd just suddenly move out in the right direction with angelic looks on our faces.

But most of all, we liked the thought that with absolutely no fuss, noise or embarrassment, in an emergency we could get a magic push in the right direction in seconds. It made us into bold sailors, unafraid of currents under bridges or approaching destroyers. And the curious thing was that, with this extra measure of confidence, we hardly ever actually had to use the motor. The extra ace in the hole was making us sail more confidently and challengingly. As a result, we were getting into fewer and fewer botched situations and eventually learning to sail reasonably smoothly out of all sorts of tight spots, enjoying not using the motor.

With a power system that takes absolutely no time to put into action, you don't have to fire it up the minute a threat appears on the horizon just to make sure it'll be warmed up and ready to use in time. You can put it off

An electric installation on a *Weekender*. The tube to the motor has been faired-in, cutting drag around the mounting pipe way down. The stock Lexan prop, though tuned for low-speed trolling maneuvering works fine for a sailboat, giving lost of thrust for emergencies, but plateauing off at speed for economic cruising at 4-5 knots. A 32-pound thruster would work fine.





and see what develops. Then you find out nine time out of ten that you don't need it after all. If you had to fire up early, you'd go ahead and use it to be on the safe side (since it's already running and it's silly not to use it once it's running) and then never find out the way to sail out of the situation.

Another advantage we really enjoy about solar sailing is that now we can go evening sailing, riding those last zephyrs of twilight when the water's calm, without having to row home or having to start up a balky, smelly, noisy outboard to ruin the mood.

We wanted to make the charging system easy and convenient, too, so we used the same sort of solar panel/charge controller system we used on the big boat. On it we had fourteen 51-watt panels so everything always seemed to be charged up. In fact, once the batteries were charged we were just throwing away solar power if we didn't turn on the stereo, the blender, the lights and everything.

But there was no space on the little friendship for panels, so we rigged two on a folding frame for use when the boat was parked at anchor or in the driveway. With our previous little 12-foot solar power catamaran bass boat, we found the charge level to be almost always a pleasant surprise. We couldn't figure this out until we started looking at it as a ratio between actual minutes sitting in the sun (in the driveway, on the freeway, stopping to get doughnuts, etc.) to the actual minutes of use. Then we began to see why we could trim down from four to two panels on the little powercat and still have plenty of battery charge. On a sailboat the ratio is a joke. If you're sailing most of the time and hardly ever using the motor, the panels will keep the batteries up with no problem just hooking them up once in awhile in the driveway. And the charge controller makes it a lot easier than using an auto battery charger to "tank-up."

We stuffed a couple of gel-cells on their side under the cockpit seats for a 24-volt system, which has plenty of punch and is well within the Coast Guard's 50-volt limit for boats. We used a 45-pound thrust trolling motor which has more than enough push for sailboats under twenty feet. We removed the motor controller handle and cut the mounting pipe. Then we glassed tapered 1 x 4's to the front and rear of the pipe to fair it in and provide a pivot hole. It's important to fair in this pipe because it has terrific drag at sailboat speeds without the fairing. We drilled a hole through one of the seat fronts near the bottom and poked the control handle through this so we could kick it into action with a flick of the toe.

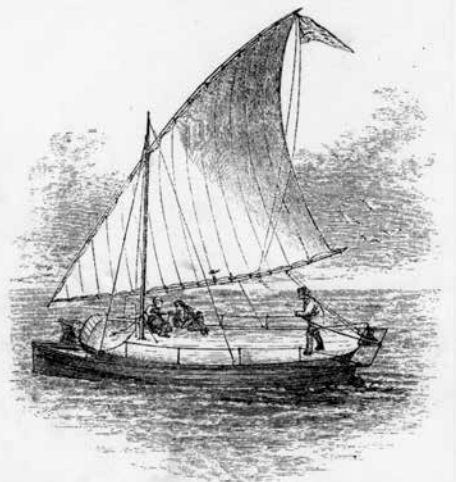
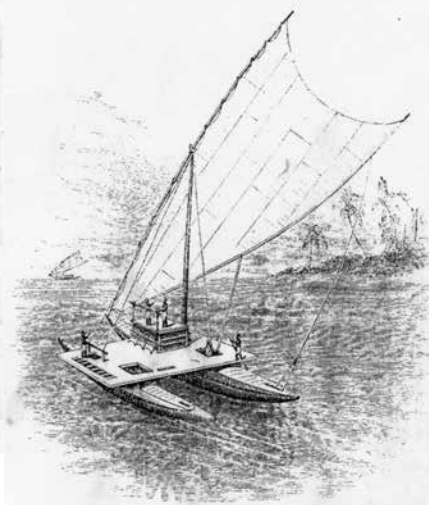
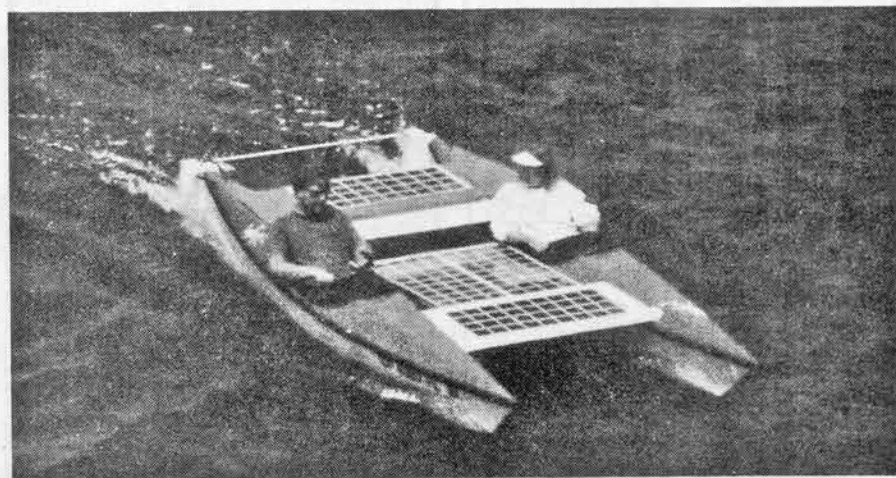
The stock prop for the trolling thruster turns out to be pretty usable. It has a lot of takeout torque if you need to get out of trouble, but then it tends to plateau at about four to five knots. You lose a higher top speed that the motor could pull, but you get good efficient running at very usable speeds. And the electric power system does make it a snap to get it onto the trailer, too (the reason we put it on in the first place). We think this simple solar/electric system can make any sailboat into a machine you simply won't hesitate about going anywhere with. Plus, with the solar panel recharge, you're still cruising on the quiet power of the sun, even when the sails are down.

Stevenson Products, P.O. Box K, Del Mar, CA 92014.



For a light boat like a Weekender (about 600 pounds) a 45-pound thruster is almost too much power. Electric motors on boats automatically use more amps when extra drag is induced (like a headwind or pulling a second boat) so speed doesn't really go down noticeable. The amp draw just goes up.

The first four-panel installation on the 12-footer (later reduced to two). The boat went over 25 miles on four batteries, at the usual 5 knots. (All electrics seem to do about five for distance runs.)

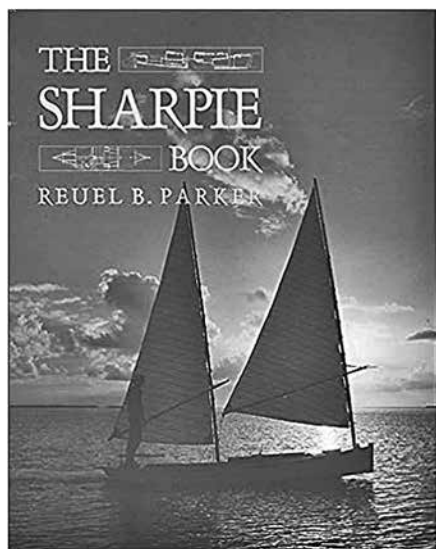


Here's more about building Ruell Parker's Lake Erie Pond Net sharpie design following on my report in the February issue. The building was a joyful experience despite the pandemic and the presidential election impact on our lives. What better way to survive these simultaneous traumas than building a boat, a selfish question to be sure. Building anything is inherently an act of hope.

Our small mobile home park in Bokeelia, Florida, has a boat storage area in which I put up a cheap 20' car shelter for the build. I was surrounded by the mangroves, eagles, ospreys, gators and little else. I used only battery powered Ryobi tools until I had to sand for long periods prior to painting. From that point on a small generator sufficed. And hiding out back there I was away from the contagion and the mania for a few blessed hours. My errors were hidden as well, although I didn't waste too much material. It was very effective social distancing and a strategy for surviving the loneliness and anomie.

I amassed the plywood, lumber, Dynel fabric, paint, fastenings and epoxy in about a week and set to work. Parker's fascinating *Sharpie Book* actually includes tables of offsets for a boatload of designs plus the general details of layout and construction including this "design." I put the quotes in as this boat is a generic take on a very old practice, no disrespect to Ruell, as putting it into this shape for us amateurs is no mean feat. Nor are my comments any great shakes either. Truly you can build this without my two cents.

So you don't actually have to buy plans but you'd be silly not to get them. Moreover, his *Sharpie Book* is a real delight. Many of the feats and delights of sailing sharpies of the past, well described by Ruell, were copied by me over a few dozen years of cruising in shallow water north and south with my *Egret*, a similar cat ketch that I converted to a so called schooner. The Crystal River Boat Builders in Florida picked up that wondrous burden responsibility and she continues to excite others.



Now I'm not talking about record breaking ocean crossings or expeditions, just the delights that *MAIB* and its larger small boat community have been promoting for decades. Quiet coves and bays generally, an occasional exposed night of anchored concern with the flat bottom pounding relentlessly, a thunderstorm or gale here and there and always the joy of ones butting ones head

## Lake Erie Pond Net Sharpie

By Dennis Bradley



against some wall cause it feels soooo good when you stop.

Ruell Parker's details and anecdotes about how to handle these boats are priceless. I'd built several stitch and glue designs by Philip Bolger beginning in 1991 with good outcomes, I think, and the source of more delight. And my volunteer decade at the Northhouse Folk School in Grand Marais, Minnesota, brought me into several other builds where I helped a bit, Nutshell pram of plywood, lapstrake Mackinaw boat, oar making, strip built herring boat. Do I make myself clear that delight is an important outcome?

Living in Minneapolis and St Paul at the time (late 1980s) there was an active group of more amateurs who called itself the Twin City Boat Builders and we generally met monthly at our individual shops. Out of all that cooperative fun St Paul established an urban inner city youth boat building and using organization that's still going strong for hundreds of youths. Brad Buxton and Phil Winger are just a few names that come to my mind, unsung wonderful citizens and all around good guys and gals, too. And, of course, the group cruised locally, lots of opportunity in Minnesota. One Great Lake Superior and 15,000 more give or take, others. And rivers, too.

*MAIB* carried many stories from this group, Mississippi Bob Brown is probably known to many of you, he of the Minnesota Canoe Association and a former Army Corps of Engineers Dam(n) tender on the Mississippi River. Always ready to help others.

But this was my first real effort in framed construction with plywood. There was much to learn but construction progressed quickly. Parker's drawings of the strongback seemed a bit light to me so I overbuilt relative to his drawings, but glad I did. Nor did I have a wooden floor nor ceiling to which to anchor things. While no steaming was required to bend anything, just in case it helped, I'm sure, when some forcing took place. It was built of 2"x4" and 2"x6", 4'x20'x2' high, cross framed at the location of the five major boat frames and transom.



Using this structure/table made the layout of bottom and sides and frames simple. Layout the grid for the sides and bottom as shown on the plan sheet where Ruell developed the true size and shape of these parts. I connected the dots with a batten and cut with a Skil saw set shallow to follow the gentle curves in bottoms and sides and 1/4" proud, that is, actually cut 1/4" larger. Huge amount of work saved here.

I spliced all the plywood with 5" butts, covered everything with epoxy and Dynel fabric (a polyester) both inside and out and then set them aside to cut out and assemble the frames, chines, risers and keelson from 1" Doug fir and plywood. I increased bottom and side planking from 1/2" to 3/4" and 3/8" to 1/2" respectively. All this fabric and epoxy was applied while horizontal on the strongback. No dripping or runs.

Backing up a little, it may be obvious to most builders, but reading the plans requires some practice and thought. Each view or drawing for the boat, front, rear, top/bottom must be thought of as a projection of the boat's shape on three different perpendicular planes. Think of these planes like the walls, floor and ceiling of the room you're building in. Because most actual boat surfaces are not flat, nor do they parallel the walls and floor but curve in various directions, the study plans do not show the true shape and size of virtually any surface in the actual boat you're looking at unless, that is, to get these true shapes and sizes the designer has already developed them for you. Ruell Parker's plans do this important task, saving much work which must be done right or a calamity is sure to ensue.

The actual developed plans for bottom and sides show the true size and shape of each surface to be cut out on the table. In particular, a real boat has usually been built by the designer or his shop and one can be sure the design you chose can actually be built as planned.

Nota Bene: One of the delights of building is seeing the boat take shape over time. On building Bolger's Long Micro design, a 19'6" cat yawl *Julia May*, I estimated it took about 600 hours over one and a half years. But I'll bet I spent almost as much time just



looking at what Bolger (and I) had wrought to that point. And while I'm on the subject of reflection, clearly I couldn't have built this craft without hundreds of folks in past and in the wider world who also contributed. It's very important to keep this in mind.

After cleaning up the shop each session (very little time wasted there) I'd take an easy half hour to imagine the future fun and adventure. Again, my expectations were modest, simply poking into corners of relatively unoccupied lakes and rivers. Then, off to bed. These plans all came true. And they also can for you.

Like so many builders before me, and despite my documented ignorance of boat design, I chose to refine Parker's good work. And befitting this affliction, I've also beaten my friends about the arrogance of their foolishness in this regard. Yet in the breach I couldn't help myself. Over the years, I had developed opinions. Like the proverbial example, every human has at least one, and come what may, you're going to hear it.

After much experience and, of course, many volumes of reading and heartfelt discussions, I am assured that sharpies demand heavy bottoms, or so Howard Chappell and others averred. So, following Ruell's suggestion, I also have 100lbs of lead in two ingots along centerboard trunk as well as two deep cycle batteries just forward of the centerboard under the fore thwart for my 24-volt brushless electric motor. Close to 180lbs of total ballast, about what Ruell suggested.

As the Outward Bound camp in Everglade City (run from North Carolina) had lost one of their Chappell sharpie's masts thanks to Hurricane Irma, I built another from high quality Doug fir. The surviving mizzenmast from the larger Chappell sharpie was 23' tall and just right for my new boat's mainmast.

But I still needed a new 20-footer. This was easily accomplished with full length lumber so no scarfing was required. I still marvel at the strength of good lumber, no shrouds required yet the bury of the mast was less than 2'. No shrouds or complicated hardware. Whooee! All that hardware expense is unnecessary for these elementary but surprisingly efficient designs. No, the America's Cup nonsense needn't worry.

Each frame consists of 1/2" ply supporting the sides from chine to gunwale, notched for chine, clamp, riser and inner deck coaming and a 2" bottom crosspiece or floor notched for the keelson (don't forget to cut the limber holes for drainage along the keelson). Again I used the assembled and epoxied bottom for a drafting surface to lay out all the major frames. Each major frame is tied together with a temporary cross spall, each frame is set vertical in its exact position on the strongback upside down, squared and centered on the strongback and strongly braced fore and aft to support the pressures of fastening plywood sides to the frame. Intermediate frames were cut and installed after the boat was turned over. Once this structure hardens, the chines could be cut smooth and the bottom laid on with glue and screws. All this was accomplished quickly as long as I checked the levels and alignments at the proper places. Can't have too many C clamps here.

At this point, I was ready to attach horizontal chines, clamps and the risers that support the thwarts, all with thickened epoxy and screws into the pre cut notches in each frame. But hold on a moment. Limit myself to using only C clamps at each point of a fastening.

Because I'm working with natural materials each chine, riser and clamp will take its own shape and their counterparts will not agree. I had to undergo a gradual process to make each piece of longitudinal lumber agree, only in large measure. Again, for perfection is not in us.

First, using a center line marked on each frame during its layout, I placed the dead straight keelson on each frame's centerline. Here is where my internal EYE came in. It was best to start at the chines and make trial fits on both sides and clamped firmly when it looked right. Rechecked frame position and its counterpart. Two people were required generally speaking to make various distance checks and parallel checks. Next I did the same process at the clamp, that longitudinal in the notches supporting the gunwale.

In this whole process of building a square and level frame, individual longitudinals may not agree precisely. By EYE, and using temporary cleats with screws only, bar clamps, or Spanish windlass, etc, I pushed and pulled such miscreants in or out, or up or down to go where it was meant to go. Once where it all makes the most sense, I made marks on each material crossings so I could do the fastening. Or, while clamped, I simply drilled each fastening location and installed the screws, leaving the C clamps in place. When chines and clamps looked good it was time to fasten with epoxy and screws.



After epoxy went off, it was time to trial fit the actual boat sides to the rigid and braced frames and all the horizontal chines, clamps, etc. Here again a very strong strongback is required as one can only bend and fasten one side at a time. Without such stiffness the pressure to fasten each side will distort one side relative to the other and I would have ended up with a crooked boat. Occasionally I noticed some adjustments were required, even repositioning a fastening. My eye was the best judge. Once she's in the water any minor misalignments will be invisible probably, but if not, I didn't despair. I actually arose from my couch, in contrast to literally millions of potatos who will die never trying. Remember, "the perfect is the enemy of the good," for by definition the perfect is impossible.



Of course, the epoxy took quite a while to harden so there was little need to hurry, assuming I had chosen the correct hardener epoxy mixture for the temperatures I was working in. But losing control of some thickened epoxy from time to time is not too serious. At least it happened to me. But I got the feel in no time about batch sizes. When mixing epoxy and thickeners focus on getting the mix correct, no chatting with friends as I'd lose count. I know. The chemistry allows some margin of error in the mix so that small volumetric errors will only slightly change the time to harden or, most important, its strength.

Fumed silica thickener is for structural reasons or fillets, purple phenolic micro-balloon thickener is for fairing. Further, the fumed silica with epoxy is very hard, I'd clean off excess before it hardened or I'd much regret the sanding and grinding later. Now that I think of it, I wish I'd applied the fairing compound and did the smoothing work on the outside of the sides only right after splicing the sides laying outside up on the strongback table. No runs and a lot less sanding later, even though its much easier to sand than the fumed silica epoxy.

Also, with the micro balloon mix there was no need to get it as thick as the fumed silica version. Doing this while the sheet is horizontal, the thinner glop will self level to some extent. Robb White, another luminary

from *MAIB*'s past, called this glop "do-get-around," a perfect description for any caulking compound. No matter taking care, I'd find it later in the most mysterious places. Now I've never done this, but I will bet that if I shinnied up my flagpole to look I'd find it on top of the Ball one always finds there.

Doing it this way gave the topsides a great base for painting. I used Interlux Brightside enamel, Hatteras off white, rolling it on with foam roller and tipping it with foam brush, too. Inside and on the side decks I used their Sundown Buff, a lovely tan easy on the eyes.

Taking care with the layout of bottom and sides using the strongback as a table, checking frequently for squareness and leveling, all went well. My good friend Fred Ebinger of Ipswich, Massachusetts and Bokeelia, was of immense help in attaching the side planking, not to mention all his invaluable experience in his own building and restorations. I installed some temporary across the boat 1"x2"s on each frame at the correct height of the gunwale there so the real clamps, the 1x2"s just inside the gunwales, didn't have to support the sides while fastening and gluing them to the growing structure.



The now dumpstered Chappell sharpie contributed several other parts I incorporated in the new boat, the old centerboard much reduced in size but with all its unnecessarily heavy, for this smaller boat, lead still in place, rudder and sprits. I should have built a new rudder, it would have been faster and less trouble. I cut out a quite different shape to the old rudder and drifted all the parts together with 1/4" SS ready rod. However, I did add a bottom plate of plywood to the rudder, a la Bolger's practice on his shallow draft rudders, for the length of rudder and about 2" on each side. I attest to this feature's effectiveness after my using it on my Bolger Long Micro and on my own Egret. Amazing reduction of weather helm on Egret, before and after, as this plate confines horizontal water flow along the entire length of the rudder thereby imparting the water's momentum to turning the boat rather than letting the water turbulate over the rudder's bottom and side on its way aft, without steering effect.

With the bottom and sides on the frames all glued and fastened, the stem buffaloeed me for a bit. I ended up making the stem in two parts, as is often done, and as Ruell demonstrates, using some double treated high quality southern pine. Never knew such stuff existed. The first half of the stem backed the

side planking as it came to a point on the bow. Cutting this shape was a puzzler. Took my time. This first half extended from the bottom to about 3" above the deck, making a pleasing shape.



The second or forward part was lagged and epoxied into the first part. It was also tapered from front edge of side planking to a 1 1/4" final forward stem thickness. Total stem thickness fore and aft is about 8" with a 1 1/4" inch solid SS half round on its front! The boat should be about 8" down at the bow due to this mass but it wasn't. But concrete docks or oyster bars now hold no fear.

"Looka here, 4 guys, a dog, 4 duffles, 2" freeboard. Sure, it's an AdirondackGuideboat!



## From the Boat Building Shop



We are grateful to have plenty of work to keep us busy for the next two years. Our current boat building projects include a new model of the 22' APBY Cat. Bill Nash and Tony started from scratch and drew a new lines plan and innovative rig for a customer who requested a catboat that would be light and very fast.

Our previously built 22' Cruising Catboat and 24' Custom Catboat are more traditional cruising catboats with spacious interiors and all the comforts above and below deck. The 22' we are building now will have a very simple interior with everything above deck designed for racing, featuring a traditional look but with minimal trim.

We are also finishing up two 16' Cabin Lynx catboats, one will call Chatham home, the other is off to Maine. We are installing our first Torqeedo Cruise 2.0 pod drive



## From Our Spring Newsletter

in a catboat. We have been installing electric inboards from OceanVolt for five years, but this will be our first Torqeedo and we're excited to offer another electric option to our customers. Soon we will also start production on a 16' Open Cockpit Lynx with an Ocean-Volt engine.

Our long term goal, as the electric motor and battery technology becomes more reliable and longer lasting, is to have all boats under 2,200lbs powered by electric energy. Within a couple of years we plan to add a charging station for customer batteries that

runs off of our waterfront solar panels. The hope is that people will not have to transport batteries home to charge them.

Also on our build list are three new 14' cats, one going to upstate New York this spring, one to the Great Lakes and one staying in the waters of Pleasant Bay. The future is busy and bright for our boat building team. Once these projects are out the door we will roll into two new 19' Caracals and a 23' Cruising Cat

## AP Worlds 2021



Production of AP Cat 14s is approaching 300 hulls, which are sailing worldwide. This August we are hosting the first AP Worlds regatta. This just for fun regatta will bring together 14' Arey's Pond catboats from far and wide and registration is open now! This event will take place on Friday, August 20, 2021 (Sunday, August 22 rain date). Our annual Cat Gathering is the next day (August 21), we encourage all participants to sail in both events.

### Arey's Pond Boat Yard

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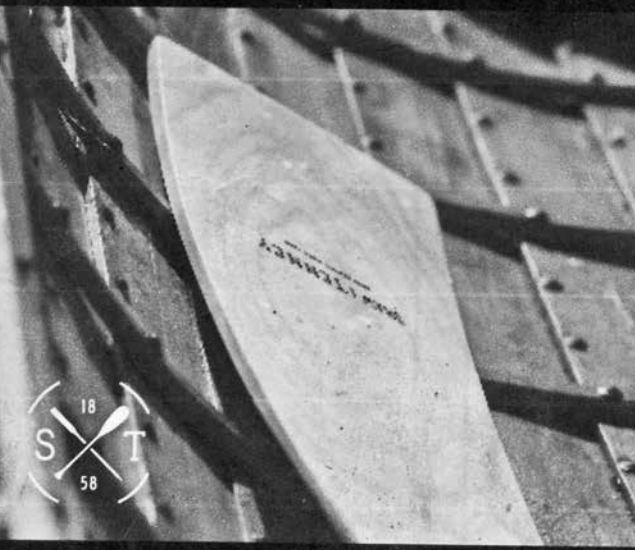
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College or trade school, which is the best use of time and money? It's a common question and (of course) the answer is, it depends. It depends on the students and what their motivations and interests are. In my case, I never visited a college during my senior year of high school. I ground out an education the old fashioned way. Opting not to go to college, I applied for a job at a boatyard.

My parents had been advised to send me to a boarding school starting in sixth grade (1968) by some of the best dyslexia experts of the time, in particular Charles Drake, founder of the Landmark School. He and I became good friends as he drove me all over New England to his teacher conferences. I was with him to demonstrate my dyslexia to the teachers. He explained smaller classrooms would allow me to receive more one on one attention for my learning disorder which would provide me with the best education for my future. So, with the encouragement of Charles, I agreed to a boarding school education (and summer school) hours away from home and my friends.

I remember it like it was yesterday. I graduated high school in the spring of 1976. It felt like I had been set free. Years and years of frustration and teasing were behind me. My learning disability, dyslexia, was such a handicap for me. I was told, in so many words, by my high school college advisor, "You do not have the grades that would interest a college."

In November of 1977 I turned 18 years old. I had by then years of sailing experience, I could tie many knots and splice rope. I loved to climb and spent time aloft in bosuns chairs fixing broken parts on masts. During my years sailing I was in and out of boatyards all along the East Coast and in Europe. I became familiar with how they operated from hauling procedures, stepping spars, bottom work, engine repairs to working around cranes and yard equipment. Many of the riggers I met at these yards inspired me and I wanted to be like them.

So, nine months after graduating from high school, about the same time that my friends were heading to college, I had to make a decision. Do I keep sailing as crew, traveling the world and work my way up to be a captain on a boat, or should I move ashore and learn a trade?

After a lot of thought I decided to move ashore and get a job at a boatyard. I sent out a resume to many boatyards along the south-

## Grinding It Out

By Tony Davis

east coast that specialized in sailboats, asking for a job as a rigger.

A couple weeks went by and only one boatyard responded to me. It was Spencer's Boatyard in West Palm Beach, Florida. They sent me back a letter saying I could start any time. I was in Antiqua when the news came. I stuffed a duffel bag full, grabbed my passport, driver's license and \$100 in cash and I moved to West Palm Beach.

I arrived in West Palm early on a Friday morning. It was a beautiful September day. I had 48 hours to find a place to live and only \$100 in my pocket. I walked around, stopping at every real estate office I could find. Each charged me to look at a book of available apartments and rooms that were within walking distance of the boatyard. No luck, everything offered was taken, too expensive or demanded first and last month's rent. After a frustrating day searching for an apartment and making calls from phone booths, I sat on my duffel bag at the corner of Flagler Memorial Bridge and 5th Street to watch the sunset.

I was now down to about \$10. Feeling defeated, I noticed a young woman wearing a waitress uniform walking toward me. She walked by and into the building behind me. A few minutes passed. I thought about finding something to eat and a park bench to sleep on. Then a voice came from a window above and behind me, "Do you need help?"

I looked up, the waitress was leaning out of the window. I explained my situation and she said she would be right back. She returned to tell me the landlord would be over shortly and that there was a vacancy for \$155 a month. I met the landlord and we worked out a deal. She insisted on driving me to work on Monday to meet my boss and confirm I had a job. Then she handed me a key to the apartment on the second floor. Her name was Rose and the waitress was Karen. I will forever be grateful for their kindness.

My first day of work was not what I hoped it would be. After the awkward introduction of Rose meeting my boss Hal, who thankfully did confirm I had a job, I learned my dream of being the boatyard's rigger was not what my boss had in mind. The yard was slow. They were awaiting boats from up north to arrive for service.

Hal did say I would eventually be doing some rigging work but what they needed at the moment was a bottom painter. I had experience painting bottoms but not yachts with 120' waterlines. But my first task was not a bottom job. It was three long eight hour days foraging through the yard, in particular the haul out railway system, picking up nails, loose debris and stacking misplaced blocking.

In those days a crib of blocking that would support the hull as it was lifted out of the water would be nailed together. Imagine a submerged barge lifting a boat up and out of the water on a neatly stacked pile of 12"x12" blocking. A diver would go down to confirm the shape of the hull so the yard could build the cribbing to support it when out of the water. It took a lot of nails and blocking for a 90' yacht, which was the average size of the boats hauled at Spencer's.

After a couple of days picking up nails and stacking blocks, I reported to Hal that I could not find any more nails. I asked him what I should do next with my remaining time. He told me to straighten all the bent nails so they could be used again. To this day I wonder if this had been a test that Hal used to size up young, inexperienced employees. All my previous jobs were working for my dad's landscaping business. In the '70s his company had a lot of Hal types, so being talked down to and pushed hard was something I was used to.

Once the nail exercise was over I was painting up to 120' yacht bottoms. I was pushed hard to get my side of the boat done, including all gear picked up and put away, in eight hours or less. I was making around \$5 an hour. Weeks went by like this. I'd spend one day sanding and prepping a bottom, by the day's end, I'd be covered in dust (no vacuum sanders in those days). The next I'd spend painting, by the day's end I'd be covered in paint.

Many times, it was close to dark before I was allowed to punch out. The hard work did not bother me at all but I was not doing rigging work. Again, I began to second guess my career choice. I missed offshore sailing. I wondered, where is this job going to take me?

Still, as time went by I settled into a routine. The four mile walk or bus ride to and from work was getting old fast so I got a bike. I also bought a used surfboard from a friend and hid it in the palm groves at the end of Sunset Ave on Palm Beach Island. Every day I would ride from work covered in bottom paint and dust and jump into the ocean. I would surf or swim before heading back to my apartment for a shower and the usual mac and cheese dinner.

It was getting to be late November and the yard was filling up with sailboats from up north. Then the day I was waiting for finally arrived. Hal gave me a rigging job. It was a chance to prove myself and show off my skills. Soon I was working daily from a bosun's chair at the top of spars 80' high or more, changing out light bulbs, adjusting wind indicators, running wires or whatever was needed.

I was working with Hal, who ran the crane, and John, the foreman, stepping and unstepping up to 100' spars on some of the most beautiful yachts I had ever seen. We also worked on race boats preparing for the Southern Ocean Racing Conference and other ocean racers, like the Swan 57, which became my favorite boat to work on. Sometimes we would work through the night to

Spencer's Boatyard in 1979.





get a race boat with a broken spar rerigged in time for the next race. Generally I was testing and tuning rigs for the type of sailing the yachts would be doing. Gradually, as weeks passed into the new year, I worked my way to the position of head rigger (and only rigger) at Spencer's Boatyard. It felt great. They issued me a shirt that had my name on it. I was 19 and feeling pretty good about myself.

Then disaster struck. I made a big mistake on a job. I was fired as rigger and sent back to bottom painting. The only reason they didn't throw me out of the yard was because bottoms and bilges needed cleaning. I was shaken by my error but the years in boarding school had hardened me when it came to making mistakes. The feeling of disappointment was not new to me.

My mistake caused by inexperience cost the yard a lot of money to fix and all the employees were aware of my mistake. I felt terrible and embarrassed. I took the demotion and went back to being covered in bottom dust and paint. I stuck with it for the rest of that season as a bottom painter and bilge cleaner. Soon, the '77/'78 season was coming to an end. The hot Florida summer was approaching. I had made a lot of friends and I was completely self sufficient. I had money to pay my summer rent to keep my apartment and Hal let me fly to Boston for a two month break as long as I was back in early September.

While home, I went to visit my family in Maine. During my time in Maine my dad introduced me to a fourth generation wooden boatbuilder named Arno Day who had a boat building shop on Deer Island. At this stage of Arno's career he worked alone building lobster boats of his design and he was known to take on apprentices and pass along his skills and wisdom. He also had a reputation of being tough, a man of few words and impatient with mistakes and tardiness.

My dad had an idea. If Arno and Spencer's Boatyard would agree, I would work for Arno during the summer and Florida during the winter. My dad's message to me was, if you want to learn the marine business you need to learn to build a wooden boat. My dad could sense my passion for boats from years of family sailing adventures aboard his boats and others. I believe he originally thought I was going to choose to be a crew member working on yachts with the goal of eventually becoming a captain of a cruising yacht. But he realized, despite the tough experience at Spencer's, that I liked the boatyard work and wanted more.

He needed a plan to help me find a path. So he kept telling me if I could build a wooden boat it would educate me on the groundwork for many of the different methods of boat building and design. But I had no woodworking skills. I had never handled a chisel or a hand plane. I also had no math skills. How would I learn how to work with wood, let alone design a boat? The only other trade I had some skill in was landscaping and tree work from working for my father.

When it came to boats, my dad had self taught mechanical skills rebuilding motors and wiring up components. He built an electric inboard motor for his 10' wooden tender. My brother and I helped him completely gut and redo all the plumbing and wiring in a 32' fiberglass sailboat in our backyard. He worked nights and weekends in a temporary shed. I watched him (and helped where I could) build a crane truck from the frame up for his business.

In the mid '70s, he engineered a car phone by taking a phone from a phone booth and building it into his work vehicle so he could call his customers and office from the car. This increased his work orders, allowing his landscape crews to move more efficiently from job to job. He was one step ahead of what was soon to come in the modern world. His forward thinking ability was inspiring and the key to me finding and developing a skill.

Arno agreed to take me on. He liked having an apprentice for a number of reasons. He could teach his way without any backlash from experienced builders saying or implying there is a better way. For Arno it was his way or the door. But this stood out to me the most, he really enjoyed teaching the craft of building a wooden boat. From my perspective Arno was not motivated by money. It was his love for the craft, his love for his customers and his love for teaching the craft. He designed his lobster boats to be fuel efficient, fast and seaworthy. These were the things that got him up in the morning. He also took pride in the satisfaction of showing the boat building community he could build a first class 26' plank on frame lobster boat on his own in ten months or less depending on weather.

He would work in a shop with no insulation in the walls, no ceiling, no help (except maybe the owner or an apprentice from time to time) and a wood stove as the only source of heat. I learned all this about Arno because, after my dad introduced me to him, my life took a whole new course. Spencer's agreed to my request to work the fall, winter and spring months and the summer season for Arno. Had I gone to college I would have just finished up my freshman year. Soon I was headed to Florida for my sophomore year.

On my return to Spencer's for my second winter I had a new goal in mind, to learn as much as I could about wooden boats and win my rigger position back. It was only after a few bottoms that I was back to my rigging job. I guess Hal figured I had learned my lesson, or maybe he was grateful I returned since they had yet to find another rigger.

During my first week back I was up on the crane cable in my chair, leathering spreader boots. I heard the 4pm horn go off. The guys were heading for the clock to punch out. While waiting for a crane operator to show up and lower me, I was soaking up the Florida sun and a view of the soft Caribbean blue ocean from my perch. I was putting my tools away in my attached tool bag, feeling excited to be back to my routine and the friends I had made. As more time passed I realized Hal had forgotten I was aloft. In those days there were no rules that said someone had to stay in the crane.

It got awfully quiet at ground level. I hollered to a boat owner to let the office know I was still up there. They did and a few minutes went by before Hal and John came out. They looked up and said, "Hey, Davis, no screw ups this winter, got it?" I nodded and gave a thumbs up, smiling.

Hal hopped into the crane. I waited to descend and finally felt the head of the crane shift, in the wrong direction. I was heading out over open water. I thought to myself, "Oh sh\*\*, he is going to drop me." And he did, a free fall. Just before I hit the water he pulled back on the brake. My topsiders were in the water when I came to a sudden stop. He lifted me and swung me to the bulkhead. He greeted me with a smug laugh, along with a crowd of remaining employees, administra-

tors and boat owners who clearly enjoyed watching my ride.

Secretly, I enjoyed it as well. I understood why he did it. Many in the group of employees, captains and crew watching were friends. They collectively handed me a beer and welcomed me back. After that initial drop they would drop me from time to time in the basin. But for a different reason, to cool me off from a long, hot day aloft.

My objective that winter, along with being a good rigger, was to learn all I could about how boats are designed. And from there, how they were lofted and built. Spencer's had a lot of wooden boats in their yard so I began to hang out with the carpenters and ask questions about everything they were doing. Hal would tell me stories of his years working with L. Francis Herreshoff. He let me work with the carpenters when they needed a hand. He also let me work in the machine shop.

They gave me tasks from time to time on the drill press and metal lathe. I was starting to use some hand tools and learning to appreciate the skills involved. I watched the carpenters replace a mahogany cabin side on a large power yacht and lay a new solid teak deck down on a beautiful Sparkman & Stephens sailboat.

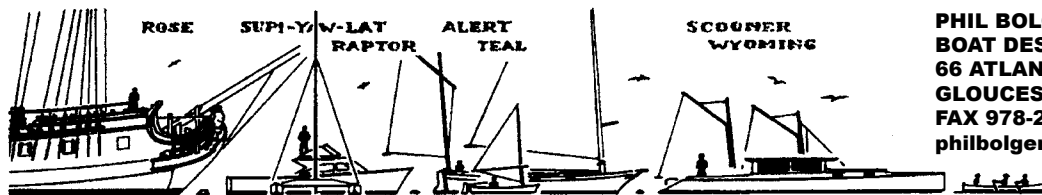
At night in my apartment I had all the boat building and design books available out and earmarked. I was figuring out Simpson's rule (a mathematical formula for figuring out the area and displacement of a hull section). I was learning and quizzing myself on the boat building and design terms. This was important to be ready for Arno. He had sent me a letter letting me know this summer we would be lofting the boat I wanted to build and planking one of his lobster boats.

My friends at Spencer's were very helpful. They would quiz me on terms and definitions of boat parts. Hal let me help replace a transom on a beautiful wooden Trumpy. He also let me help the carpenters where I could (mostly just cleaning up their work and ask questions) replace the damaged topside planking from a collision in a race on the famous double planked 12 meter *Heritage*. With her varnished topsides, the fits had to be perfect.

I remained head rigger for two more winters, equivalent to a junior and senior year in college. While in Florida I bought my first car, a Toyota Tacoma, with money I had saved. Believe it or not, my landlord Rose cosigned for me. I loaded all my belongings accumulated from my four years in Florida and said goodbye to all my friends and coworkers. I drove to Maine to work with Arno year round. I was off to grad school in Arno's shop to finish a 29' Lyle Hess cutter we had started during my summer internships.

I look forward to sharing my two years with Arno in a future story. Despite him firing me, not once but twice, we became very close. He became another father figure to me, and he and his wife Dorothy attended my wedding on Virginia Beach in 1986.

Sail on. Tony Davis



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## Phil Bolger & Friends On Design

### Design-Column #560 in *MAIB*

### Study for Design #68x Kayak and Canoe Cruiser

### 30'8"x7'5"x1'5"x25/50 hp Outboard 7,000lbs displacement

In the context of *MAIB*'s substantially altered format going bimonthly as of May/June 2021, I can offer longer pieces such as this one.

Three sections to this discussion:

1: One more layout (#12!) to the hull of approximately 31'x7'5"-7'8" that has already served to support a range of 11 quite varied layouts each typically to a different purpose, presented in an on and off sequence starting with Design Column #522 of *MAIB* Vol 35, #12 of April 2017 running until #534 April 2019.

2: A long overdue discussion of the two different hull shapes touched upon here with their particular displacement, their characteristics for which purpose and layout.

3: Finally, also indeed long called for, pulling all these 12 proposals together, each with a modest commentary.

And since this adds up to quite a few pages, this all will come in two pieces as column #560 in this and #561 the September/

October 2021 issue of *MAIB*.

#### **The Kayak and Canoe Cruiser Proposal**

This study was triggered by someone who owns a big aluminum single deck houseboat/cruiser, rather sprawling and heavy and very dependent on the annual marina services just to get her launched and retrieved, a tedious dependency he had come to have second thoughts about. In stark contrast to that boat, he prefers to carry aboard her very light kayaks and canoes such as the remarkably sophisticated Aerolite types by the late Platt Monfort, several of which he has built himself.

Living within direct reach of the Great Lakes system, he enjoys taking the big boat somewhere to launch whichever one of the super light translucent skin boats to then get lost for the day along intricate shorelines, up some creek, into the mysteries of the marshes. Back on the mothership there

would await a warm shower and a decent galley to end the day over a rich meal. Often he does this solo to get away into nature upon a long week dominated by office life around hard and software creativity.

Online he had found the rather smaller, but also far more portable, Design #359 30'x6' Tennessee (*MAIB* July 15, 2006), intriguing him with the casual freedom to launch when and, better yet, where at will using just some old truck or SUV as a tractor vehicle for no more than limited miles every year. And her simplest of shapes and construction suggested to him that he might even be able to build something like her since he had done several of these superlight hulls to get at least certain basics squared away. Instead of finely crafted minute structural details on these, using plain plywood, far more epoxy and fiberglass and indeed thicker sticks would seem crude and yet perfectly appropriate as the structure of the possible

new mothership to carry one or two of the light ones.

And then he contacted me to kick this and inevitably more ideas around. Beyond Tennessee he came to study several of those 31-footers I just mentioned above, bigger than #359 by weight but still quite mobile by trailer and truck/SUV. One obvious option to look at in his broad range of waters was the study in Design Column #532 of February 2019, the so called Two Some Coastal Power Cruiser.

On a modest lake, around brackish estuaries and along the protected waters of the Intra Coastal Waterway simple power sharpies like 30' Tennessee or Design #624 Dakota measuring 38'6"x7'3" (*MAIB* of August 15, 1995) would be perfectly fine choices if reasonably handled and the weather observed. However, the vast open waters of the Great Lakes system can get sea states comparable to those of exposed coastal salt waters with large commercial ships having foundered in storms.

Hence for better head sea action that immediate reference to the hull featuring the slicing Vee Nose for all these studies beginning with Column #522, a concept developed across a number of our smaller and larger monohull and multihull designs. Readers may recollect the immediate precedent #650 31'1"x7'4" Topaz (*MAIB* of July 15, 1998) and then using that proven geometry on #679 Monitor (*MAIB* of May 15, 2009) as well, thus again in all these studies here, including this one here of column #559.

With either type built in plywood/epoxy/fiberglass/foam construction we end up with a light, stiff hull structure that can often be made a hard to sink hull depending upon use. This cruiser here can certainly carry enough built in foam inside most of her topsides and here and there elsewhere to counter the heavier than water weights aboard, in addition to the natural buoyancy of her wooden hull structure. The foam core roof is almost a must to reduce inside heat in summer and condensation dripping early or late in the season.

As we exchanged ideas by phone and email, a number of questions came up around his current step by step process to get the kayak or canoe launched, and himself into the hull, along with ending the day with boat and man safe back aboard the mothership. And that is more or less what you'd expect, with the moving of the light hull apparently less the issue, but the movement in and out of the floating small boat at times challenging, having resulted in unplanned swims and the need to change into dry clothes to start the day once more. Early in the season certainly just refreshing for now, but long term increasingly a dubious proposition, eventually dictating an end to this precious pastime as a matter of plain health, if not survival at advancing age. If one were to invest in a new, more portable mothership, then a more secure way had to be figured to not face that dicey challenge twice a day until something unfortunate happens.

On this end here, apart from the cruising accommodations, the Two Some Coastal Power Cruiser study looked promising to plausibly leverage its basics to offer a far safer way to get in and back out of the kayak and canoe, possibly up to an age that Bob Hicks has seen long ago pass in the rearview mirror. Yes, the Old Town canoe he is restoring could safely be launched off a cockpit solution such as this one, assuming his canoe is no wider than 36" to clear the two outboards.

After a first brainstorm, here is what I wrote to Great Lakes Man:

"I am looking at that 31' Two Some Cruiser hull with a longer house, more wet cell volume, a longer galley and an approximately 5'10"x6'4" open cockpit over a sloping self draining sole with two Yamaha T-25s near the transom corners (could be two T-50/60s) to leave a 36" wide transom opening between them.

This transom opening accommodates a two part bottom hinged folding ramp consisting of a 38" wide upper half and a 35" wide lower half which closes up flush with her high cockpit coaming with the outer narrower half folding in on top of the wider inner half which together do close securely that transom opening with a compression gasket for serious stern seas. Unfolded hanging off SS cables, this ramp provides 7'3" of combined/hinged length sloping well into the water (adjustable up and down) allowing launching a kayak or canoe with crew already in it.

Returning the kayak or canoe with momentum back up that ramp will allow getting out of the kayak sideways onto to the reasonably solid ramp for safe egress at whatever age or just scampering forward in the canoe, painter in hand with the first foot left or right of the canoe bow on the ramp and then the cockpit, to pull either one up into it, all looking quite clean, purposeful, with a stern geometry obviously of interest to swimmers and divers as well.

This transom design allows real twin screw opportunities with her props as far apart as possible on a hull of some 7' beam.

Looks like talking with you was useful after all."

Today I'd add that I might put in hinged cockpit benches left and right for daytime utility and even modest overnighting accommodations for shorter folks, kids, under a plain awning off the house top rear edge.

And, of course, the big concern, that low lightly sloping cockpit sole is only conceivable by leveraging the opportunities of a fully fibreglassed construction to end up with a one piece assembly from station 22.5 on aft for structural integrity and, of course, to keep the water out of her cabin. Exact slope, door gasketing and self drain geometries will be further fine tuned in the final design process.

However, within the givens of maximum ramp length and the limits of human power to build momentum to slide the hull up that slope under paddle power, the cockpit height above the waterline and its slope may already be roughly where it needs to be to allow kayaking off her way into old age. Raising the outboard edges of the cockpit sole to have water drain towards centerline and around that ramp hinge may be a good idea.

For best illustration of this particular kayak and canoe centric thinking in correct scale and spatial context, I am using Phil's #240 Kotick kayak of 15'x1'11" in cedar strip construction, actually designed in 1971, when few folks knew what a kayak actually was. The original prototype model built by Harold H. "Dynamite" Payson, is still around, intact, safe inside.

### Widely Spaced Twin Outboards

#### Allowing Opening Transom on Centerline

Hanging the two 500cc two cylinder outboards (136lbs each) far enough apart to allow this centerline ramp is limited by this hull's overall 7' beam. We sure would want to not have these vital, costly and reasonably fragile units go unprotected moving along pilings, marina floats, lock walls, whether the

motors are hard over or not. So the rub rail runs as far aft past the outboards as possible in this hull length. And since typically four cylinder 50hp units are simply two more cylinders added to the two cylinders of the 25hp unit, we should find that this hull geometry will fit the 50/60hp (248lbs each) versions as well since these will be taller, but not wider nor much deeper fore and aft.

Not well shown here is the hull structure on the hull's rear quarters to support the weight and the thrust of the 25hp units or the 50hp types, with, e.g., a Yamaha T-50 listing a propeller thrust of over 950lbs, nothing to take lightly on so many levels. That narrowest of slopwell has its rim about 16" above the waterline, reasonably adequate to keep most stern seas out over that self draining cockpit.

While throttle, harness and fuel supply is a bit more complex with these two so far apart, much more detailing will be called for in the final design around the matter of steering these without any straight linkage between them to coordinate their steering movements via, say, a push/pull cable or a single hydraulic ram. It could be that old fashioned cable steering with a fair bit of installation effort may work best with the cable to the port unit running right under the front windshield framing, or a push pull assembly hooked into one steering rack up front. Some aviation minded might propose pushrods and bell cranks for least friction at least most of the way. These are matters to dwell upon to allow this stern ramp geometry.

One unusual opportunity with two steering outboards well apart would be to study how whether one in forward and one in reverse at whatever steering angle might produce useful hull movements for certain challenging conditions alongside docks, inside lock chambers or just to impress the yacht club critics.

Finally, as shown in her outwards appearance on top of these drawings, she could be run with one motor up and the other one down when there is no need for more power, to save fuel, and to move her with least engine hours being put on the clock for progress at less than full speed, still likely averaging more than a comparable sailing cruiser would offer going A to B. It would soon become apparent which one to have down for what crosswind conditions at what steering angle for best course keeping advantage.

However (a big however), this unusual transom geometry would not allow the motors to be raised to the up position at any angle but straight fore and aft. To do otherwise would dictate disconnecting the up motor from the steering system, weird, unexpected but necessary. The steering linkage end would have to be modified to accept a tapered pin that would engage with the motor's steering bracket, secured by a safety clip of the type we see on pins holding a trailer hitch in the tow vehicle's receiver.

Seems clunky in the age of push button all wheel drive gearbox engagement, but can readily be done without that massive R&D budget. And if need suddenly arises to have both motors down, a dash to the cockpit to swiftly reconnect everything would arise, aided by chains/lanyards to all components to avoid losing any of them overboard. Various scenarios could be envisaged lowering the second motor ahead of time, reconnecting it, perhaps even warming it up, but leaving it in neutral, running, or shut off again, but ready to double the available power.





Perhaps the disconnecting/reconnecting could be done directly at the helm where the starboard and the port steering linkages come together. Either way, the inactive outboard can only be tilted up in the straight position unless a better geometry emerges on this end.

One more question. Who would e the first to 3D scan in the standard propeller to then flip it in the computer to reverse its handedness towards 3D printing in metal a matching counter rotating propeller for the full range of twin screw handling-options? Then the decision of which handed prop should be on which outboard arises as text-books may not discuss this question in this configuration.

So much fun to be had between testing that 3D printing's structural claims and then the exploring of her handling. And yes, what that would cost may actually be worth it, for some. Certainly a good report on all this could be shared in magazines and online.

### Handling the Kayak or Canoe Onto the Roof

Taking a closer look at the ramp there would be detailing options to help the boat launching process with ramp integrated near flush rubber rollers out of the boat trailer universe, likely some slippery sheet polyethylene or nylon to protect the light hull sliding down and up that ramp, etc, things that will be clearer yet after some actual experience across the first season. What may seem wonderfully slippery for the boat to slide on may prove to be too dramatic for humans to walk on.

The 15'x23" Kotick kayak illustrates how this unusual cockpit geometry should work in its various functions. We see her in solid lines as paddled halfway up the unfolded and partially submerged ramp with experimenting showing the actual extension of those ropes/cables/wires to get the angle of the half or fully unfolded ramp just right for the given boat and paddler. And detailing the ramp structure will indicate whether it would need a tad of ballast for its lower end to stay below water, while some might see the outer half as tempting aluminum welding opportunity to break in that new Lincoln machine.

Divers and swimmers may just want the upper half of the ramp, with or without a vertical ladder attached, possibly even doing a 180° hinge setup and bolted on stainless bathroom grabs for steps reaching 3'+ down to allow ascent with all that compressed air breathing gear and deep sea bounty, they don't feel much lighter after using up all that compressed air.

In plan view we see Kotick pulled up into the cockpit off to starboard to allow unloading the gear after the day's outing and having good access to the cabin. Using an angled depression in the mothership's roof structure over the toilet where that loss in headroom won't matter, Kotick can be slid upwards on to her housetop to rest between the railings, as shown in the upper profile drawing. Folks will have ideas for applying more slippery plastics, modest horizontal and vertical rollers to guide that kayak movement, all to aide the lift and shoving by the kayaker towards making that effort safe, predictable, and least damaging to both kayak and mothership structure, never mind the kayaker's back, harness around her stern to allow power winching her up there with pushbutton strains.

Two Koticks will readily fit up there side by side and certainly a super light skin kayak and a fuller bodied skin canoe. Despite

the railings, either types would need to be tied down for strong winds and hull movements through waves to prevent chafe and thudding around, if not the actual kiting off to lee of one of these super light open canoe types scooping up some wind. There may be ways to use a mast or an A frame/U frame to lift the boat up to the roof. There will be fruitful thinking triggered by this question around this boat geometry for this task.

However, for just an easy movement across the bay for a few miles, Kotick can be slid down that ramp tethered with the painter, then the lower half flipped inwards and on top of the upper half to pull the kayak over inboard all the way into the cockpit. In profile the dashed lines of Kotick's stern would be 18" above the waterline, resting on the folded over lower ramp half with bow against the cockpit bulkhead, safe to have the mothership open up the throttles to go places without any effort to put the kayak back on the roof, or the excitement of towing Kotick at 7+ knots.

And that brings up the issue of the clearance between ramp and the outboards flanking it when it is down. Up front, the outboards will need to be in dead center position for the moment the ramp gets dropped downwards, unfolded or not, meaning she could be powering forward in gear but at idle, just not steer for the few seconds of the ramp going from dead-vertical to 85-95°+ degrees.

The outboard's power head is usually its widest and often longest dimension, with the lower units tapering downwards, meaning that once the ramp has been lowered from its dead vertical position to 85-95°+ down, it will be well below the power head. Actual manufacturer's drawings or direct measurements of the given outboard model should settle the question whether the upper ramp is good as shown, or has to be narrower and thus the width of the stern opening on the mothership narrowed as well, which in turn would affect the maximum canoe width.

Or finally, whether chewing a few inches of a cutout into the upper ramp half would allow the outboard's lower unit to steer through its full arc with that cutout ramp retracted to dead vertical to be at about the height of the slopwell, looking unexpected but not a deal killer on this very useful mothership stern geometry. If the 25hp were to need a smaller cutout, the 50hp unit may need a somewhat bigger one, but nothing catastrophic as it looks for now. Just something to look for walking on the ramp.

So again, whether still underway or on anchor, the outboards should be down when using the ramp to protect both the fragile propellers and crew bodies and their kayaks and canoes from each other. And if a fishing line is snagged around the prop, or a log hit, the ramp in 85° down position would support weight, likely awash some, to untangle the line or swap out altogether the damaged prop for a new one, preferably with a bag under the lower unit to catch the pin, nut, washer etc. I'd carry spares, as one will be humiliated.

Some may go further with their kayak or canoe and do their fishing and hunting from these small craft, possibly even bow and arrow style for silent effectiveness. The aft sloping cockpit should serve well to gut that fish and dress that four legger, with a bucket of water to clean things up afterwards.

Finally, looking at this stern configuration from abaft, that vertical wall of a folded stern ramp suggests exploring all sorts of aes-

thetics, artwork painted or bolted on to actually attract the eye with intrigue rather than the current in your face harshness of plain functionality. However, whether her name and homeport should be routinely flipped and hidden under water is a reasonable question, if not a legal matter in some jurisdictions.

### Cruiser Layout

In terms of her overall layout as a cruiser, a moving wilderness camp on the water and (unlike that heavy type at the marina now) also on the road, her layout on that 7'5" hull is what it is on those lean proportions, not implausibly pinched but narrower than most RVs, indeed more comparable to that of van conversions, around which there has evolved its own live aboard culture. As already touched upon, it all looks quite straightforward in function, clearances, and utility. For easy, safe movement inside her in choppy sea states I'd have a few vertical posts and perhaps two fore and aft ceiling mounted grab rails, like the hand holds from city buses and streetcars.

Beyond the cockpit door and opening windshield halves, a number of window opening options can be contemplated, from hinged types to drop windows, as done on other cruising designs. And not shown here, there certainly would be the option of investing in an actual companionway hatch over that cockpit door if needed above this 4'10" high door. After all, bending the body's various limbs may be in short supply aboard such a modest boat and thus a good thing, right next to extensive daily paddling duties.

Not shown is pivoting table geometry on one or both sides over the settee or one of those folding TV dinner tables. Some might even prefer one of the settees to be a 1+1 dinette for the day, configured as a berth for the night, not an issue if cruising solo. At their current height, sitting normally on them should allow seeing over her bow whether at rest on anchor or running under autopilot keeping an eye on the course ahead, in the latter case perhaps called for when bucking steep waves making that forward helm station less comfortable than moving 6' aft, actually helping that bow action by moving weight that much out of the bow.

We see options for lockable ground tackle addressed in her bow with that dedicated compartment, with extra lines storage hanging left and right of that bow hatch, with a few steps up to allow safe hip deep handling of line, chain and anchor. One could readily picture a permanent cathead left or right, out far enough to readily allow dropping the hook without risking damage to the hull. Two would provide for a plow and a Danforth for different bottoms.

Starter and house batteries will go where trimming her will require, with fresh, grey and black water managed in modest quantities, with that roof certainly allowing topping off with rainwater for washing up of body and dishes with bio correct soap, leaving black water matters to be taken most seriously.

Which leaves fuel tankage, likely via built in two or three narrow units under the forward end of her cockpit sole with pickups, valving and filters behind or inside the house bulkhead, depending on preferences about having fuel in or always outside the cabin. Either way, it might hold 100-110 gallons, perhaps more in portable jugs in the cockpit or even under the settees. However, between the available cabin volumes for water, provisions, personal gear, hard reali-

ties that come with this hull's modest overall footprint, suggesting minimalism all around, not an unfashionable idea, indeed one of virtue to be fine-tuned for best returns at hopefully least cost.

Finally, in light of her proposed routine house top kayak and canoe carrying duties, the overall house profile was lowered by a few inches for an interior headroom of around 6'2", adequate for many of us. For NBA players we'll resort to more heroic measures if and when that contingency should arise, like adding that headroom under that rooftop load, to then balance that weight and windage out with some ballast way down low.

### Very Mobile by Sea and by Land Cruising Minimalism

This study has been a good exercise so far, a mild but gratifying challenge of decent appearance and fine functional appeal, which looks like a good addition to by now 12 different layouts and purposes on that basic hull configuration. For a decade or two longer than may seem reasonable with the current more acrobatic approach, Great Lake Man may be able to take his mothership nearby or far away into tempting stretches of shoreline to then get lost in with his kayak or canoe.

Certainly not knowing how far all three or four may travel upon retirement, one could head down the St Lawrence River to explore the Maritime Provinces, to then head southwest along North America's eastern shore all the way to Key West, then home by interstate.

Or picture hauling/shipping her to the headwaters of the northwestern Mackenzie river system to really get lost far away from even cell phone coverage, starting just north of Edmonton in Alberta on the Athabaska River, then the Great Slave Lake, etc, all the way into the Arctic Ocean at Tuktoyaktuk. Short season between the ice, and better a good plan to refuel and reprovision along the way, and, of course, plans to keep her safe for the winter that may come too early. Or how to get her back home. The latter less of a challenge doing a circumnavigation of the eastern United States all the way around on her own bottom instead. Lots to see, lots of options.

Whether going far, or at best slightly regional, this layout is actually big enough to support one person and even a tight couple comfortably for quite a while across likely three seasons even north of the border. Yes, there are gasoline powered cabin heaters out of the taxicab universe. Or just carry extra 20lbs bottles of propane for heat. More insulation as deemed necessary, better installed during construction. I'd file this layout under the heading of Agile Competent Cruising Minimalism, verbiage challenging enough to make people ask "what?" until they see the full kayak routine, and get to study a chart of cruises.

### ISO-40 Container Correct Hull Configuration

Finally, and this will be discussed some more below, after a full day of joy unbolting what can be removed off her rooftop to get her low enough to slide her into the box, she will just barely fit inside a standard normal height 40' shipping container. That option means literally opening up the world to ship her to wherever to start that next voyage from that distant container yard. Hence her triple skeg indicated in that cross section to allow her sitting inside plumb level on a layer of axle grease to slide her in and protected left

and right with her 2"x2" commercial rubber extrusion rub rail. The box makes for good winter storage near home against wind and snow loads, and safety against pilfering by crafty two and four leggers.

### Several Hull Configurations

We will remember the original #679 go fast 20+ knots hull having a 6' wide bottom to ride low on the frame between the wheels of a single axle trailer with limited hard top hamper and with her topsides flaring out some to add up to 7'8" over her rub rails. Sitting this low on the trailer allows the hull to float up earlier and easier on shallow angle ramps.

And that still holds true on these non planing 7+ knots far more efficient displacement speed types to the same or similar layout under discussion here. But once we add the larger house structures, all that glass, bigger roof areas to invite putting bigger weights like larger solar panel arrays or kayaks and a canoe up there, then we'd want to go to a 7' wide chine hull geometry on approximately 7'5" overall beam. Furthermore, once we go with inboard shaft drive propulsion via a skeg or, e.g., sail drive approaches behind a protective skeg, then the hull would ride so much higher on the trailer to suggest going straight to the 7' wide hull geometry as well.

Someone would be tempted to stay with the 6' chine beam and opt for a modest Diesel for least resistance and thus fuel burn running, and that remains a plausible option in the layouts with limited top hamper, certainly the center console open workboat and the off center house landing craft with that industrial air cooled V2 gasoline engine and sail drive, doing duty to run out to that distant camp or the island with heavy loads down on their bottoms, burning the least amount of fuel due to those lean hull proportions.

Why only 7' hull width plus the 2"x2" rub rail for near 7'5" overall finished width? As just touched upon earlier, there are a lot of advantages to making boats up to certain size fit inside globally standard ISO containers, here the 40' version. This opens up opportunities from secure seasonal hull storage to the shipping of the hull regionally, nationally, internationally by truck, rail and container ship.

Should we not see much use in those particular opportunities, consider these layouts leveraging a full length plywood sheet of 8' turned 90° to arrive at a fuller bodied 8' wide hull for more elbow room, carrying capacity, likely a more stately ride but also requiring measurably more power and thus more fuel burn, etc. That 8'+ wider hull would not sit any higher on the trailer than the 7'5" footer will, meaning no losses there.

For those interested in 8' wide cruisers, I'd propose to start by looking at outboard powered Design #636 Champlain measuring 22'6"x7'11" in *MAIB*, August 15, 1996, and outboard powered Design #633 Windermere measuring 31'x8'3" first discussed in *MAIB*, January 1, 2002, plus the range of studies based on these since, adding length, layouts and drive train options.

Not featured here for no particular reason is any modest tilt up I/O drive propulsion option, in part not immediately on the mind since they are not cheap by themselves and often can end up being less space efficient than a modern outboard for the same power. But there are times when these match given requirements better.

On the waterlines shown the leaner 6' bottom option adds up to just above 7,000lbs displacement, with the open working types weighing in at less than half that, to thus really offer lots of cargo carrying capacity, assuming it is kept on her bottom down low.

On the waterlines shown, the 7' bottom option hull will amount to about 7,900lbs of displacement, meaning added capacity to carry more structural weight and added stability to carry the top hamper of substantial house structures and adding light boats on top, apart from greater provisions, fuel, water, big house batteries etc.

### Summarizing the Other 11 Layout Studies on These Two Hulls

Based on the #679 go fast hulls, these go 7 knots studies pretty much are all around 31' in length and up to 7'8" in beam as well, just on one 25-50hp high thrust outboard, and began with #1 and #2 in the April 2018 issue (Vol 35 #12), pp45-47.

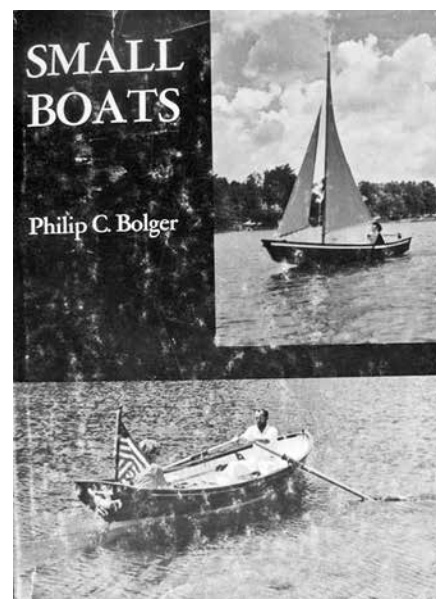
Study #1 is the Raised Deck Cabin Cruiser good for two friendly folks, and like #679 on a 6' bottom beam hull shape, ready to do interstate and intracoastal trips.

Study #2 is the very trailerable wide open working dayboat, again on the 6' bottom, ready to haul a floating workshop around with welders, compressors, all sorts of tools and supplies, or just serve as a six pack sport fishing or sport diving platform with the least amount of complexity and up front budget.

Next issue we'll revisit Studies #3 through #11, done off and on between June 2018 and April 2019.

### About Kotick

Kotick is featured in Phil's first book, *Small Boats*, in Chapter 13 on Page 64.





Does your instrument panel come up when you turn the key to start the engine on your boat? How about your “extra electronics” (radio, GPS, depth sounder)? If the answer is yes, you might want to consider adding a switch to activate those items after the engine is running. For lack of a better term, there can be a “power surge” just after the engine starts. I had a CB that had the fuse “blow” from that problem when starting my Atomic 4 on the modified whaleboat we owned at one time. The solution was to leave the CB off until the engine was idling. I kept the same practice on all the non sailboats I owned since, start the engine, then turn on the other stuff.

Your boat has a bilge pump rated for X number of gallons per minute. Without regard to the loss incurred pumping through the hoses to the outlet, the pump is probably not sufficient for more than handling a minor leak. There are a number of sites on the web that have the formula to calculate the rate of inflow based on the size of the hole and the depth of the hole. At one time I considered adding a “Y” valve to the hose from the seacock to the raw water filter. The idea was to use the engine’s raw water pump as a backup to the bilge pump if there was a major inflow of water. I opened the “Y” valve and shut off the seacock. With a wire filter on the end of the hose to the “Y” valve and the raw water filter, the cooling system would be protected from debris in the bilge. However, careful reading of the boat’s insurance policy prohibited the use of “Y” valves for such use. Oh, well.

Research into the subject of “Y” valves and their uses noted that most of these valves were not “marine” rated and could fail through corrosion. If they were shut off but left connected to the water holes above the seacock, and the seacock was left on, a sinking could occur. All of my boats were open enough that I turned on both the seacock and the fuel valves when going through my starting checklist. When we were through for the day and the boat was secured to its float, part of the shutdown checklist was to turn off the seacock and the fuel valves. Thus, an open seacock would not have been an issue for me.

If I was in a hurry I would sometimes forget to turn on the seacock for the raw water to the engine. Such a mistake, not turning on the seacock, was quickly recognized when the raw water overflow did not put water out the side of the boat. Quick, turn on the seacock! Turning off the fuel valves and the seacock was both a safety item (no leaks into the bilge) and an anti theft procedure. With both fuel valves and the seacock turned off (the fuel valves were not obvious), if anyone stole the boat (bypassed the ignition and electric fuel pump switches), they would only get about 100 yards before the safety cutoff for an overheated engine shut things down or the engine ran out of the fuel in the line.

We sold a sailboat, filled out the paperwork and all was well, we thought. A few months later I received a legal notice about the yard bill. It seems that the new owner did not submit the paperwork for a new title (and thus had not paid the tax on the sale price) and the boat was still in our name. A phone call to the lawyer and a copy of the cancelled check and all was settled.

I later sold a vehicle, only to have the law enforcement people call when it was involved in a wreck. I had a copy of the bill of sale and all was again OK. The law enforcement people told me to file a special notice



## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

with the Division of Motor Vehicles the next time I sold a vehicle noting that it was no longer mine. If your state has such an arrangement, it would be a good idea to file a notice that any titled boat, vehicle, etc. has been sold and who the new owner is.

We had a sailboat race that started on a Saturday afternoon and ended Sunday morning. It was the same weekend that we had a time change and the race was an hour “longer” at the end than at the start. After some discussion (the boat’s rating was based on time and distance), it was decided to use the “original” time for scoring the race. It is the little things that come back and bite you.

Sailing in a fog is always interesting, especially low level fog. We were coming back at night to Shell Point from a sailboat race. We knew where the entrance to the channel was supposed to be but could not see it. Yet we could see the stars overhead and the lights of an airplane headed for the Tallahassee airport.

I was caught in the same situation with ground fog at the airport one time when I was flying back from an air photo run over Shell Point. I could see the airport quite clearly but they were reporting visibility just under three miles. Where I was located in the sky was clear but there was supposed to be at least three miles of horizontal visibility for me to land. After a short discussion with the tower about the condition, I was given a special VFR clearance and landed the plane. In both cases the horizontal visibility was restricted by the low level fog while the vertical visibility was quite good.

Fan belts break now and then. I carried a spare set on my powerboats just in case. If you do not do the same, consider used nylon hose or pantyhose as a temporary replacement. From all reports, the material works quite well for getting the boat back to the dock (or a car to the repair shop). Simply release the tension pulley and string the replacement over the pulleys, draw it as tight as possible and tie in a small, tight knot. Then use the tension pulley to finish tightening the “belt” and head for home, slowly and carefully.

“Stop the boat!” is easier said than done. With a canoe, kayak or rowboat the paddles/oars can be reversed to slow or stop the vessel. According to an article I read on the subject many years ago, coastal sailing freighters would come into a familiar port and anchor just before reaching the pier or wharf with a stern anchor. The method was to have an anchor hung at the stern of the vessel. At a given distance from the intended location on the pier or wharf, the sail was lowered and the anchor released and a measured length of rode let out. The anchor caught and the vessel stopped just short of the pier. A line was cast to those on the pier and the vessel was slowly moved into position as the line to the anchor was let out. Once all was secured, the anchor was retrieved by a crew using a small boat.

Once steamships became common and much larger than most sailing vessels, revers-

ing the paddles or propellers was a common practice but did not always stop the vessel in time. One solution was to install iron “shutters” that when released would open 90° to the hull and provide resistance to the vessel’s forward motion. For more on the idea, find a copy of the April issue of *Sea History* and turn to page 10.

Many years ago I read about an aluminum boat that had a hole in the bottom. The hole was not discovered until the barnacle covering the hole was scraped off. It was believed by the writer that the hole had been created by a hearing aid battery known to have been lost somewhere around the boat’s head that had landed positive side down in a somewhat inaccessible space and had been forgotten over time. Galvanic action had taken place and the small, round hole appeared.

A member of our yacht club had his former boat sink after the bottom was scraped by a diver as the new owner wanted the bottom cleaned. It seems that there was a metal plug in a old fitting on the bottom of the boat that had been covered with bottom paint over the years. In this case, the scraper damaged the plug and water came into the boat overnight. In the morning the boat was on the bottom. After hearing about the loss of the boat, I always went over our boat after the diver was through to make sure there were no leaks. A few minutes looking was worth the effort.

On the subject of holes on the boat, do you know where all the fittings exit through the hull and are they all still in use? I had holes in the hull of the Sisu 26 for the head that had been installed when the boat was built. The holes were “capped off” on the inside when the previous owner removed the head and installed a self contained unit. When I had the no longer working speed sensor and depth sounder transducers removed, I had the holes covered over on the inside and a fiberglass cover added to the outside. I also had the two holes for the head arrangement patched on the inside and then covered over with fiberglass on the outside which gave me fewer items to be concerned about.

According to an article in the February 2021 issue of *Science Focus* (p. 41), a new lithium car battery, developed by StoreDot, is coming on the market. The new battery is reported to have a very fast charging capability to a full charge (5-10 minutes) while not overheating. While being developed as a battery for electric vehicles, it will probably have a “marine” version in a year to two.

For those sailing, as the wind picks up, the “pull” on the sheets increases. The amount of increase is based on the sail area and the strength of the wind. The load in pounds on the sheet(s) can be estimated with the formula (Load=Sail area \* (wind speed)<sup>2</sup> \* 0.00411).

The hull speed of a displacement boat, in still water, can be calculated with one of two formulas, either 1.25 or 1.36 times the square root of the waterline length of the vessel. Another still water calculation that might be of interest is that for every knot of boat speed, the boat is moving about 1.7 feet a second. If your vessel is moving at 6 knots, it is covering about 10’ a second. What may be considered more important is the vessel’s actual speed over the ground which can depend on wind and current.



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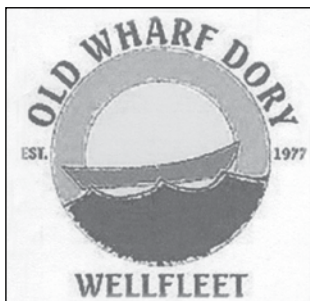


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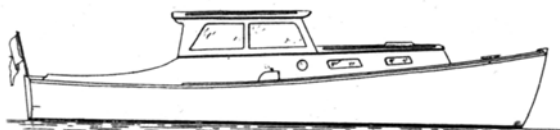
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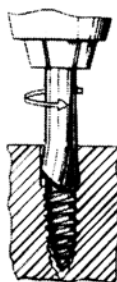
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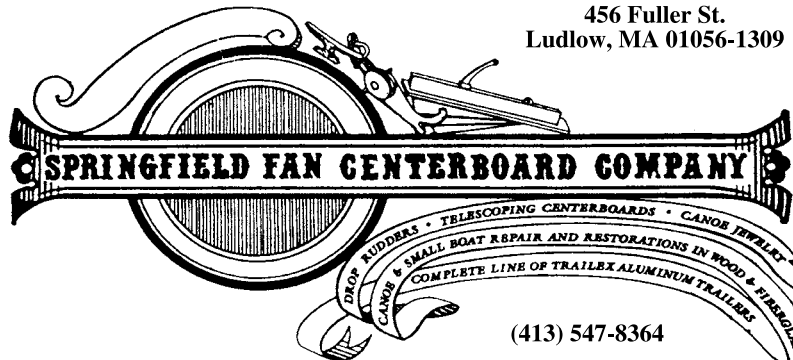
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By 2006 her running and standing rigging had been replaced, she had received new sails, a roller furling jib and a main Stack Pack furling system. All her lines lead aft so sails can be raised and lowered without leaving the cockpit. Below deck improvements include a new head and holding tank and a new fuel tank. All work was professionally done and maintenance records are available for review.

In the fall of 2019 *Dulcinea's* brightwork was re-varnished, a new cutlass bearing was installed and she was placed under shrinkwrap at Parker's Boatyard on Cape Cod. Unfortunately, medical issues now prevent us from sailing her. *Dulcinea* is a strong, safe and stable boat that is well equipped for day sails and weekend overnights. She can teach big boat handling skills to dinghy sailors or provide safe single-handed coastal cruising experiences to someone older who still wants to go out on the water. She is ready to sail and comes with life jackets line, fenders cushions all aboard. \$6,000.

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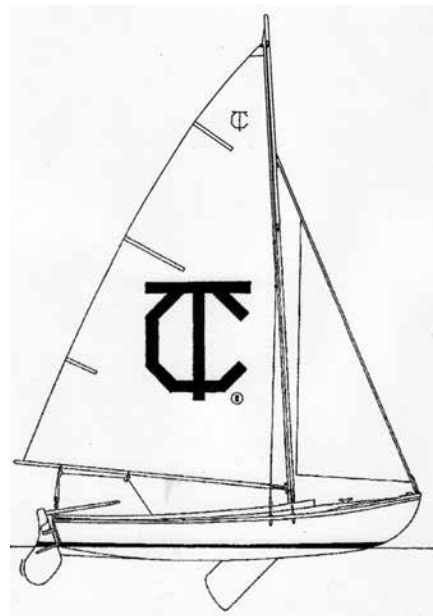


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We once got a call from Grounds For Sculpture, a sculpture garden and museum in New Jersey, just outside of Philadelphia. It was founded by a man named Seward Johnson, descended from one of the Johnsons as in J&J. He was a sculptor and one of the things he did with his money was create an outdoor museum, part of whose mission was to turn classic paintings into sculptures. (Don't ask why.) They sat outdoors and apparently their original boat in Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe (Luncheon on the Grass) was rotting away. Could we build a

similar boat? We were familiar with the painting..... but recalled no boat. Oh, yes, over on the right, above the man's head. The first photo is the original painting, the next is their diorama with our boat. The last photo is that boat's twin, as it goes out to our customers. How about a museum quality work of art for your own? Give us a call or visit our website

